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Vol. II.—No. 10. JANUARY, 1900.

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(*See* "MACDONALD, V.C., A Story of the War," *p. 371.*)

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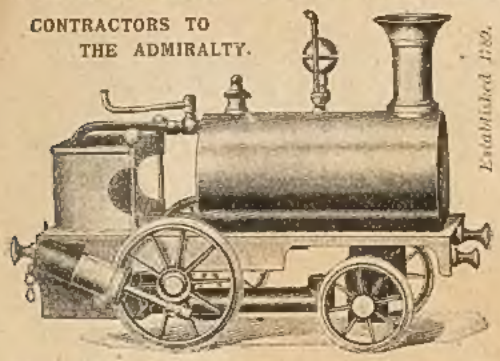

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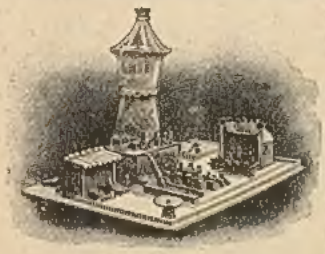

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THE CAPTAIN.

Contents for January, 1900.

		PAGE
MR. HENRY E. DUDENEY	*Frontispiece*	
PUZZLE: THE WAY TO PRETORIA?		313
A CHAT WITH THE PUZZLE KING	THE EDITOR	315
Illustrated with Puzzles, and from Photographs.		
THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER	J. A. K.	320
TIPPING HIM A STAVE!	T. W. HOLMES	321
"THE NEW YEAR"	FROM THE POETS	322
SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS. (II.)		323
ST. PAUL'S; WESLEY COLLEGE, DUBLIN; BRADFIELD; NEW COLLEGE, EASTBOURNE; BANCROFT'S; LEAMINGTON.		
THE TIP MICROBE	ALFRED T. STORY	324
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.		
CURIOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL CUSTOMS	C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS	328
With Illustrations by J. JOHNSON and from Photographs.		
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (III.) ...	C. B. FRY	334
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	C. B. F.	336
SACKY THOMSON	JESSIE POPE	337
Illustrated by F. PATTERSON.		
THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE. (CHAPS. XV.—XVII.)	JOHN MACKIE	340
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.		
SPECIAL PAGE (CONTRIBUTED BY READERS)		353
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (IV.)	W. W. MAYLAND	354
Illustrated with Photographs.		
THE END OF HIS JOURNEY	ATHOL FORBES	356
Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.		
HOW TO BOX (I.)	JEM MACE, JUNIOR	362
Illustrated with Diagrams.		
THE STORY OF THE CYCLE	WALTER DEXTER	365
With Illustrations from Old Prints.		
MACDONALD, V.C.	DAN WINSLOW	369
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.		

[Continued on next page.

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CONTENTS—*continued.*

		PAGE
TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL. (No. 4, "The Professor and the Plot.") Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	R. S. Warren Bell	373
WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL (VIII.—The Cape Mounted Rifles.) With Illustrations from Photographs.	A. E. Manning Foster	380
THE FIRST BOYS' MAGAZINES		383
ROLLY POLEY'S REWARD ... ... Illustrated by G. Henry Evison.	Rev. Spencer J. Gibb	384
HEROES OF THE LINE ... ... Sketches by T. W. Holmes.	J. A. Kay	389
CHRISTMAS WITH A TIGER ... ... Illustrated by Sherie.	H. Hervey	392
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (War: Its Effect on Postage Stamps) With Illustrations.	H. M. Gooch	397
HOW TO BECOME A PHONOGRAPHER	A. E. M. F.	401
THE RODEN SCHOLARSHIP ... ... Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	Fred Swainson	402
CHESS COMPETITION	The Chess Editor	407
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		408
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY		410
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		411
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		413
RESULTS OF NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS		416

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November, 1898.

42nd	C. S. Hunter	8,777
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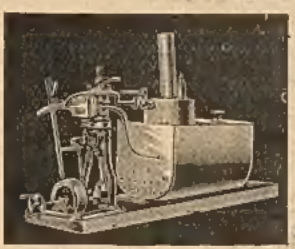

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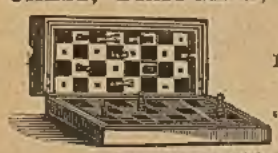

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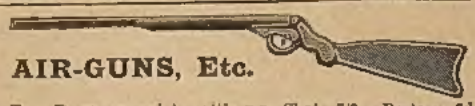

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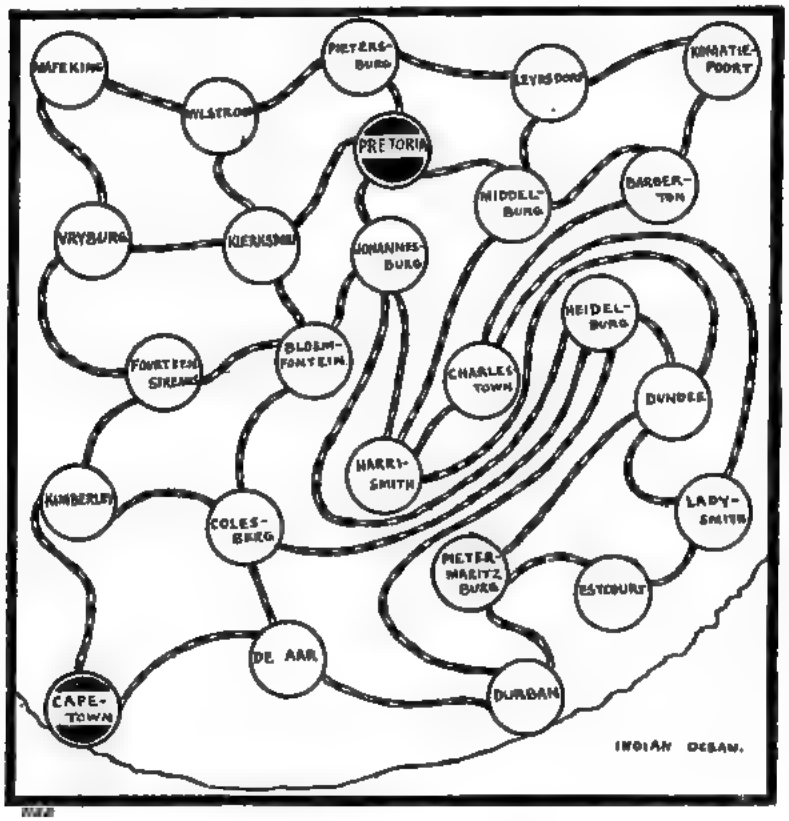
HOW TO GET TO PRETORIA.

A SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PROBLEM.

By Henry E. Dudeney.



Place the point of your pencil at Capetown, and show what route you would take your regiment in order to reach Pretoria, after visiting as many of the towns as possible.

You cannot travel across country except by the imaginary railways, nor may you visit the same town twice.

We offer a prize of £1 1s. od. for the best solution of this problem. Simply send a list of the towns in the order visited, and state at the top of your letter the town or towns that you have found it necessary to leave out of your route. Competitions should be addressed to "Sphinx," The Captain, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should be received not later than Jan. 16th.

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

MR. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

"SPHINX."

[See back of this portrait for "War Puzzle."]

Google

A Chat with the Puzzle King

By the Editor.

Who has not heard of "Sphinx," which his name in real life is Henry E. Dudeney? Who has not pored over the puzzles of this modern magician? Who has not racked his brains to discover the why and the wherefore of the knotty problems he sets forth week by week and month by month?

Mr. Dudeney is acknowledged to be the master puzzle-maker of the age, and, as The Captain insists on having the best of everything, I have cornered Mr. Dudeney, and I have cross-examined him, and I have extracted from him an assortment of his best puzzles for the delectable bewilderment of my readers.

The home of the puzzle king.

Subscribers to *Tit-Bits* (The Captain's big brother) and many other publications have for years been tying their brains into knots in wild endeavours to get level with his posers.

Mr. Dudeney has fairly beaten all his brother puzzle-makers—he stands out to-day, a very Gulliver, yards and yards above all of them.

Physically he is a bit of a giant—not the narrow-chested, bleary-eyed individual you would suppose him to be, by any manner of means. He is tall and big-shouldered, bluff and breezy in manner, a hearty soul, and a capital fellow.

He is forty years of age—just when a healthy man's brain is supposed to be most fertile—and lives away down in Surrey, among the green fields. And he doesn't come up to town oftener than he can help. When he does, it is to take on sundry doughty opponents at the British Chess Club—and perchance beat them.

As to his beginnings—well, as a very small infant he used to fix a glassy eye on the hired girl, and ask her how many beans she would suppose made five. Or he would awake his father in the small hours (having climbed out of his crib for that purpose) and demand what number of herrings he could obtain for a shilling if one and a-half cost three halfpence!

Chaffingly opening my interview in this way, I asked Mr. Dudeney when he really *did* begin to puzzle-make.

"It must have been at a very early age," said he, "for I distinctly remember asking myself, when being kept waiting in the perambulator while the nurse was apparently giving army instructions to a tall soldier in the park, '*Why*

can't I push this thing along with my own hands while seated?' The articles that interested me most in the toy shop were the mechanical puzzles, and when I was only about nine years old several of my little posers appeared in a boys' paper. I can only say that during all my life my interest in the subject as a fascinating hobby has never flagged.

"But," I interrupted, "have you devoted the whole of your life, from your youth up, to the manufacturing of puzzles?"

"Oh, dear, no! In early life I entered the Civil Service, but the monotonous character of the work proved very wearisome, and in time I became a London journalist, and edited two or three different publications, besides contributing to a host of others. I was also for several years organist of a prominent London church, and have written music."

"However — the puzzle's the thing. Let's start from the beginning. In your youth, what was the state of the puzzle market?"

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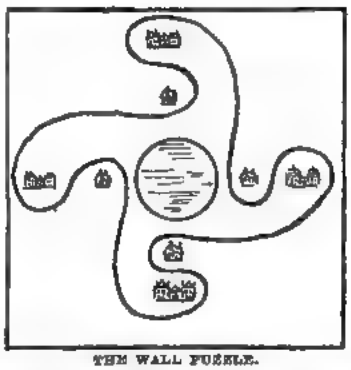


THE WALL PUZZLE.

"When I was a boy there were only about a dozen really distinctive puzzles that came my way, and the solutions of perhaps ten of these I found to be incorrect. For example, there is the well-known 'Wall Puzzle': *Four men built their cottages round the sides of a lake, and then four rich men built mansions at the back of the cottages.* Here is a sketch of the thing. The puzzle was to show how the rich men might build as short a wall as possible, so as to shut out the poor men from the lake. I have shown the line of the wall as it is always given, but the answer is quite incorrect. Then there is the old digital problem: *1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. Place as few arithmetical signs as possible between these figures so that they shall equal 100.* The solution that is usually given is: $1+2+3+4+5+6+7+(8\times 9)=100$, but the correct answer is beautifully simple. I will mention one other old poser: *Place sixteen counters in*

Photograph by THE HALL, "LITTLEWICK MEADOW." *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

such a way on the table that they shall form as many lines as possible with four counters in every line. The answer they used to give me was that the puzzle was a 'catch,' for all you had to do was to arrange the counters in the form of a square, when you would get ten such lines. This is, of course, obviously ridiculous, and 'miles off' the correct answer."

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

THE STUDY OF THE PUZZLE KING.

"But there were always plenty of word puzzles, were there not?"

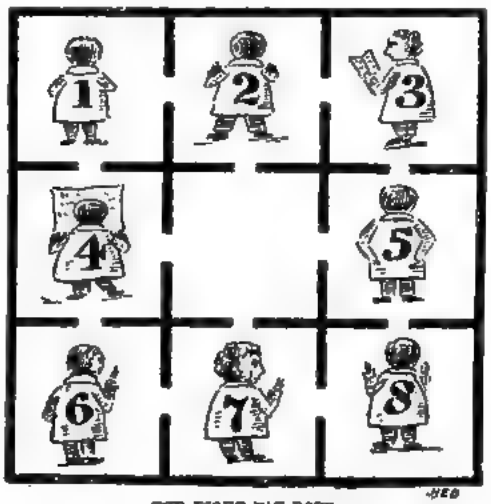
"You mean acrostics, charades, buried words, and similar things. True, but I always had a contempt for these as being rather babyish. Dozens of them may be made easily by anybody in an hour, and there is no satisfaction to be derived from solving them. A puzzle should generally contain some little principle, trick, or 'wrinkle,' which in a great many cases may happen to prove unexpectedly useful in the every-day affairs of life. Still, one has produced a few special things in this direction. For example, perhaps my seven-letter Word Square has not been beaten. Have you ever seen one in more than six letters? Here it is:—

"'Twas spring. The abbey woods were decked with *second*.
The abbot, with his *fifth*, no trouble reckoned;
But shared the meats and *seventh* which every man
Who loves to feast has *first* since time began.
Then comes a stealthy *sixth* across the wall,
Who *fourths* the plate and jewels, cash and all,
And, ere the abbot and his monks have dined,
He *thirds*, and leaves no trace or clue behind.

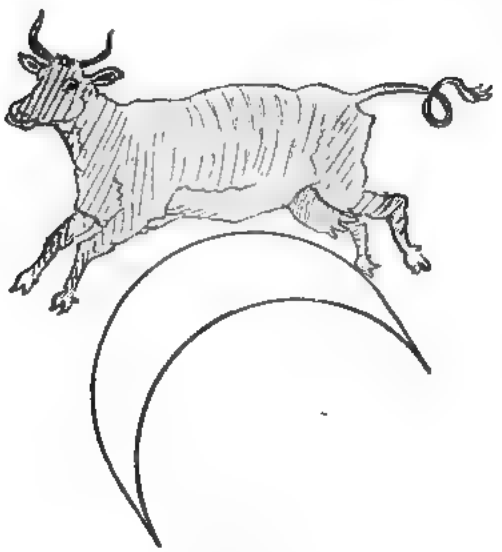
"But there is one letter puzzle that interested me a good deal. It is the well-known one—to make a sentence out of the letters of the alphabet, using them all once and as few additional letters as possible. When I was a boy the record sentence was '*Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.*' This contains the complete alphabet and six additional letters—one 'e,' two 'i's,' two 'o's,' and a 'u.' But let some of your boys try to beat this sentence: '*Blowzy frights vex and jump quick.*' This, it will be seen, requires only an additional 'i' and 'u'—two letters."

"Were puzzles your sole hobby as a boy?"

"Well, I made, in addition to a large number of mechanical puzzles, some working models, conjuring apparatus, a Punch and Judy show, etc., and when I was still a youth I gave a public entertainment in the country in aid of local charities. It included an original pianoforte monologue, a few absurd performances on a fiddle, some conjuring tricks, and a ventriloquial sketch. It was, I believe, a success, but then, you know, country audiences are very tolerant, and mine was exceedingly so. Every conjuring trick is, of course, a puzzle, and



THE EIGHT FAT BOYS.



THE MOON PUZZLE.

ventriloquism itself is merely a trick in the perspective of sounds—an aural illusion."

"Were you ever successful as a competitor?"

"As a boy I used to enter any interesting competitions that came under my notice in magazines and newspapers, and won a good many prizes. Of late years I have, of course, confined myself to the inventive side of puzzledom, with the exception of a competition a few years ago in connection with the New York Chess Association, which was open to the world. A prize was offered for the first correct solution of Loyd's great 'Souvenir Chess Problem' in fifty moves, and I was successful in 'lifting' the prize (as Sir Thomas Lipton would say) for the old country."

"You must have a rather wide acquaintance with the world's puzzles, Mr. Dudeney?"

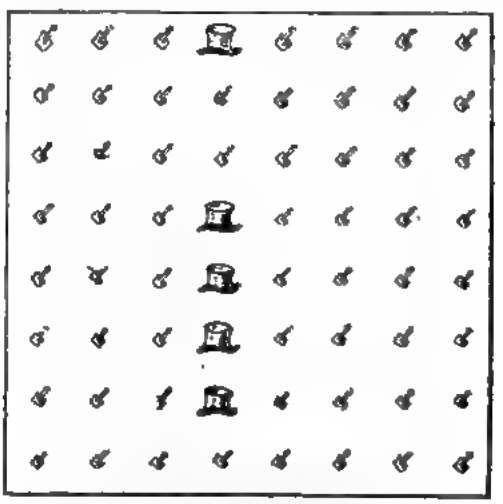
"During the whole course of my life I do not think I have ever intentionally allowed a good puzzle to pass me unnoticed; and I always make it a rule to probe these things to the very bottom—to get right down to bed rock, as we say—and so learn all that is to be known about them. Simply to get the solution of a puzzle never satisfied me. There are some puzzles that I have had under examination at intervals for ten years and am still investigating. Some of my own have taken two or three years to perfect."

"Will you enable me to show my boys some of your favourite productions in the puzzle line?" I asked.

"Well, it would be rather difficult to say which are my favourites. You see, a just father tries to love all his children equally, though it is only natural, perhaps, that he prefers the good ones to the bad. And, as my puzzles run into a good many hundreds, I fear I must have propounded some dreadfully bad ones in my time. Perhaps, instead of hunting up my favourites, it will be better if I give you a few of my posers that seem likely to especially interest your boys, if they have not already seen them. My most widely known arithmetical puzzle is, I think, a little one in farthings. *Find a sum of money in pounds, shillings, and pence that may be reduced correctly to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the pounds from the shillings and the shillings from the pence.* Thus, £10 : 10 : 7 would be 10,107 farthings; but this is not correct, because the amount really represents 10,108 farthings.

"The 'Eight Fat Boys' is an easy moving-counters puzzle. *A school-master had in his school eight boys who were growing so fat that he decided on a way of giving them more exercise. There were nine class-rooms communicating with one another.* (Let me make you a sketch.) *He first of all placed one boy in each of the outside rooms, as I have shown, each boy having a number on his back. Before the boys were allowed to sit down to dinner they had to so arrange themselves by moving one at a time from room to room until their numbers added up the same sum in each of the three rows, three columns, and two diagonals. If two boys were ever in the same room together they had to begin all over again. One of the boys was fond of magic squares, and he worked out the shortest possible way to perform the trick. What were the moves?*

"Here is a little geometrical puzzle that will repay the solving — 'The Moon Problem.' *Divide the crescent into the fewest possible pieces*

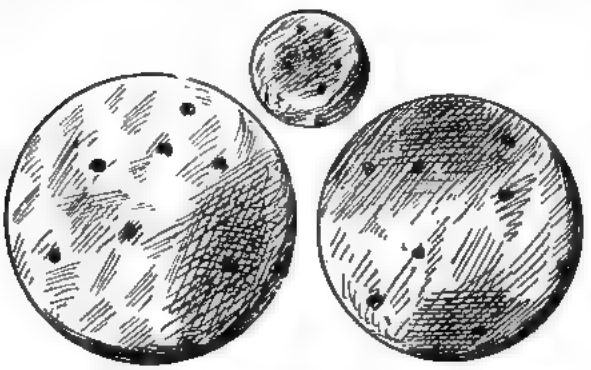


THE HAT-PEG PUZZLE.

A PROBLEM IN MOSAICS.

that will fit together and form a perfect square. This curious problem has greatly interested a large number of my readers, and the solution is astonishingly simple — when you know how it is done. The cow is a mere ornament, like the curl in a pig's tail.

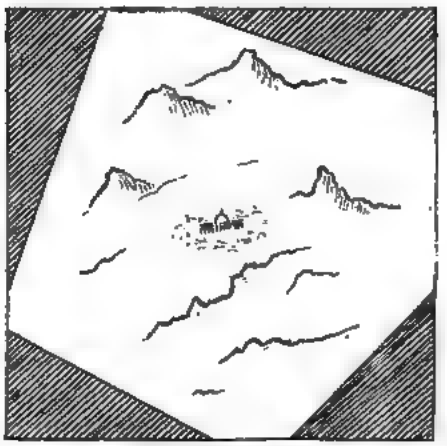
"In the case of my 'Hat-peg Puzzle,' strange as it may seem, there is practically only one solution possible. *On a certain wall were fixed sixty-four hat-pegs, as shown in this sketch. It will be seen that the five hats are so placed that they are all in line with one another, and that every peg is in a straight line (either horizontally, vertically or diagonally) with at least one of the hats.* The puzzle is to remove one of the hats to another peg so that still every peg shall be in line with a hat, then move a second hat under similar conditions, then a third hat, and finally a fourth hat. After the fourth move no hat must be



THE BUN PUZZLE.

in line with another hat. Remember, the point is to get the hats out of line with each other in four moves, every peg throughout being always in line with at least one hat. Tell your readers to try to solve this puzzle on their chess-boards with pawns or draughts.

"Here is another little puzzle that they may try the same way. It is called 'A Problem in Mosaics.' *I have to pave a square piece of flooring in the simple design I have shown. The black or shaded tiles are already placed, as are also two special tiles at the bottom corners bearing coats of arms. We are only concerned with the sixty-two white spaces, into which tiles have to be inserted. But the only tiles that I possess are Violet, Red, Yellow, Green, Orange, Purple, White, and Blue, and the puzzle is simply this: to insert as many of these tiles as possible so that all the colours in any row, column, or diagonal line shall be different.* What is the greatest number of tiles that can be



FOUR PRINCES PUZZLE.

placed, and how should they be arranged? I have inserted the first row of tiles, and perhaps some of your young readers can carry on the work.

"You might also give your readers this little 'Bun Puzzle' that I gave out a short time ago; I think it can hardly fail to interest them: *Divide the three buns amongst four boys so that each boy may have an exactly equal share and there shall be as few pieces as possible.* It sounds easy enough, does it not? I wonder whether many of them can do it. Of course, the buns must be supposed to be of equal thickness throughout, and of equal thickness to each other."

"Perhaps you will kindly give me a good tough nut for our advanced arithmeticians?"

"Well, I would recommend them to have a try at my 'Four Princes Puzzle.' *The dominions of a certain Eastern monarch formed a perfectly square tract of country. The king*

discovered that his four sons were not only plotting against each other, but were in secret rebellion against himself. After consulting with his advisers he decided not to exile the princes, but to confine them to the four corners of the country, where each was given a triangular territory of equal area, beyond the boundaries of which they would pass at the cost of their lives. Now the royal surveyor found himself confronted by great natural difficulties owing to the wild character of the country. The result was that, while each was given exactly the same area, the four triangular districts were all of different shapes, somewhat in the manner of this sketch.

"The puzzle is to give the three measurements for each of the four districts in whole numbers. You may use miles, furlongs, or yards, but must keep to one measure only. When this puzzle appeared in *Tit-Bits* only four persons solved it, and three of these were wranglers. It is a curious fact that up to the time of its publication it had been repeatedly stated, from Montucla downwards, that more than three different right-angled triangles of equal area could not be found in whole numbers. The solution I gave was not the smallest possible, so those who saw that answer may like to try to find one in smaller dimensions."

[Mr Henry Dudeney will be glad to receive solutions of the puzzles in this interview, and will publish the names of the best puzzle-solvers. Age limit: Twenty-five (class I.); twenty (class II.); sixteen (class III.). Volumes will be awarded as prizes.]

[We shall give Mr. Dudeney's solutions to his puzzles in THE CAPTAIN later on.]

THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

WHETHER the chief attraction of the Christmas cracker lies in its dainty external appearance, or its amorous motto, or the cap or toy to be found inside, or even the part that "cracks," or all four combined, it is not easy to say, as, somehow or other, the cracker has come to be recognised as quite an indispensable aid to merriment at this festive season of the year.

Crackers, like most other things, have sprung from very small beginnings, and those that delighted our grandfathers were very feeble affairs compared with what now brighten the windows of the grocery stores. As a rule they simply consisted of small screwed-up pieces of brightly coloured paper containing a strangely spelt and not particularly rhythmical "rhyme." In those days the part that cracks and makes your sister (or somebody else's) shut her eyes and turn aside her head in terror, lest it may contain more than its proper allowance of fulminating powder, had not then been invented.

Crackers seem so linked together with the celebration of Christmas that few indeed of us realise the amount of money and forethought expended on their preparation throughout the year. Very early indeed are the ideas thought out for the coming season's novelties, and when these have been definitely decided upon the artists and motto writers are kept busy for several months working them out till, at length, the actual construction of the crackers themselves commences. Every individual cracker is the outcome of the skill, not of one, but of many busy workers, all of whom are specialists in their own particular line. One will slip in the cracking part—its technical name is "detonator"—and then pass it on to her neighbour, who, in the twinkling of an eye, twists up some paper over a small tube, and hands it on to the next girl to insert the cap, or toy, or whatever it may be; and in this manner the cracker quickly travels down the room, growing more and more recognisable to the spectator every time it changes hands, until at last it joins the many thousands of others awaiting package.

Over one thousand people are employed all the year round by one big firm of cracker makers alone, and some fourteen million crackers are annually disposed of. The toys and nick-nacks they contain are collected from all parts of the world, though it must be confessed that most of the "jewellery" hails from Birmingham.

From time to time some very curious crackers have been manufactured to suit the special requirements of certain customers, and Messrs. Tom Smith & Co. have quite a little museum of these cracker freaks. The biggest cracker ever made was 7ft. long, and used by the late Harry Payne in one of the Drury Lane pantomimes, whilst the smallest cracker in the world cost its purchaser £400. It was just 4in. long, and contained a beautiful little ring set with pearls, taking over six months to design and construct.

TIPPING HIM A STAVE!

Google

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

TENNYSON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep,
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead cold year to-day.
Solemn hours! Wail aloud,
For your mother in her shroud.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Year in, year out, the days roll on,
The blossoms come when snows are gone;
A while to sow, a while to reap,
A little play, and a little sleep.
Something to lose, and much to win,
And still at the end—year out, year in.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

From sounds of merry bells,
Breaking the midnight silence with their ringing,
From hymns borne upward which glad lips are singing,
From where the New Year's song in beauty swells,
I turn and whisper a soft prayer for thee,
And for thy sake ask what the year shall be.

M. FARNINGHAM.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell,
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

WHITTIER.

A guid New Year to ane an' a',
An' mony may ye see,
An' during a' the years to come,
Oh, happy may ye be!

An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn,
To sigh or shed a tear;
To ane an' a', both great an' sma',
A hearty guid New Year!

P. LIVINGSTONE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

New Year coming on apace,
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face;
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Still on—as silent as a ghost!
Seems but a score of days, all told,
Or but a month or two at most,
Since our last New Year's song we troll'd,
And lo! that New Year now is old.
And here we stand to say "Good-bye!"
Brief words, and yet, we scarce know why,
They bring a moisture to the eye,
And to the heart some quakes and aches.
We speak them very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh,
"Old Year, good-bye! Old Year, good-bye!"

BURLEIGH.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Old Year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun!
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Not yet the end, not yet repose;
We hear our Captain say,
"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

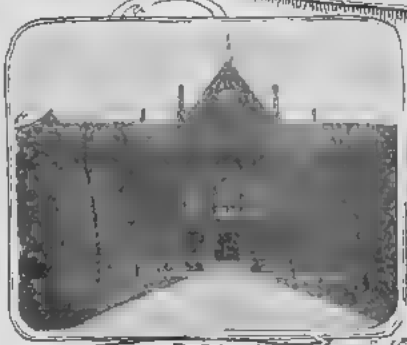
Farewell Old Year the New is here,
Hope fares to meet it singing:
What perfect hours, what fruit, what flowers,
Its hidden hands are bringing!

Shed we no tear for this dead year,
Whose ways were paved with sorrow;
'Tis fled away—'tis yesterday,
And life begins to morrow!

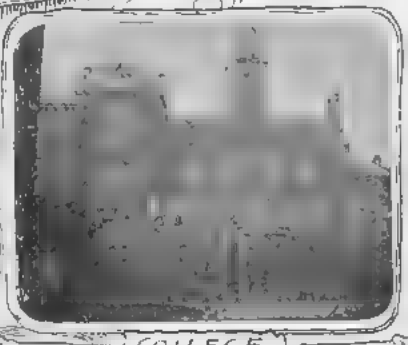
E. NE-BIT.

SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS

II



ST PAUL'S



WESLEY COLLEGE DUBLIN

BRADFIELD COLLEGE

NEW COLLEGE EASTBOURNE

BANCROFTS

From Photograph by Readers of

THE CAPTAIN

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE

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Pictures by Stewart Browne.

ZACH WALKER was of a scientific turn, and had been reading about the micro-organisms that are held to exist in all living tissues, and in a high degree to condition their existence. He had read, too, that nearly every species of matter had its special bacillus, as such organisms are called, and that these creatures have the power of transmitting the conditions of such matter to beings with which they are associated.

He had heard, for instance, of the cholera bacillus, and of that connected with the propagation of consumption. He had read, too, in the medical papers, of the diseases that are contracted from licking postage stamps, through handling dirty coin, through reading novels from the public libraries, and—still more horrible to think of—from kissing. As regards the latter, Zach had resolved that he would, in future, kiss no more babies, and only a few of the nicer sort of girls, for fear of the consequences!

It will be seen Zach did his best to profit by what he read. But he did more than that. Being of a speculative turn, he imitated the editors of medical journals, and tried to discover new bacilli.

During the holidays, indeed, he hit upon something quite novel in that line. His grandmother, being short-sighted, could read with difficulty. But she was exceedingly fond of a certain old book of sermons, which Zach could not bear, but which he was required to read to her every evening. True, he was given a trifle by the old lady for his trouble, but he did not consider it sufficient, and would gladly have got out of the infliction if he had known how. He had tried several expedients to that end, but hitherto with indifferent success.

Finally, however, towards the end of the holidays, he scored something of a success. Reading one evening to his grandmother, he yawned so much that the old lady asked him if he found reading to her very disagreeable.

"Oh, no, grandma!" said he. "I like it. Only, you know, there are so many of those beastly microbes in these old books, and they get into your eyes and make you sleepy. In time, too," he added, a very happy thought occurring to him, "the tissues of the eye become so full of them that you go short-sighted, if not completely blind."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the old lady, who had never heard of such things before. "What are they like?"

"They are quite invisible to the naked eye," Zach made answer; "and so small that millions of them could live on a pin's head. They cause all kinds of diseases—consumption, rheumatism, and no end of things, but they begin by making you tired and sleepy."

"Don't they get into the boys' books you read so diligently?" grandmother questioned.

"No; it's only the beastly old books they get into," Zach replied. "They can't live in boys' books—at least, not well," he added.

The old lady was surprised to hear this, and her grandson proposed that they should test the matter. As grandma was willing, one of Zach's favourite stories was fetched, and he proceeded to read it aloud with so much zest, and with such peals of laughter, that the old lady could not help a chuckle now and again.

The two were in one of their most vivacious outbursts when Zach's "mater" appeared upon the scene, and was naturally much surprised at what she saw. A great deal more surprised,

however, she became on learning from grandmother that it arose from the fact that Zachariah had found a book with "no microbes on it," as she explained the matter.

The reading was shortly after concluded, and the young experimenter retired. He had barely entered upon his first dream, however, ere he was startled by a loud guffaw from below stairs.

He knew it was his father's laugh, but he did not realise that it was occasioned by his mother's description of their hopeful son's ruse to substitute one of his own books for his grandma's favourite volume. His father's comment was: "The youngster evidently has no microbes on him."

But during the first few weeks after Zach's return to school he went one better than this. It was really an inspiration, and arose as follows. The last week of the holidays was spent in paying a round of farewell visits to uncles and aunts. From many of them Zach received tips of more or less value—sixpences, shillings, and so on. None of them, however, rose to the munificence of Uncle Tom, who never failed with a convenient half-sovereign whenever his nephew paid one of these farewell visits. True to his anticipation, the yellow coin pressed his palm with a benediction on the present occasion. But when it came to the other uncles and aunts there was such a falling off that Zach, being a public-spirited, as well as an inventive youth, considered how he could improve them.

It was a large order, of course. But that did not dismay Zachariah. He turned the subject over in his mind for several weeks without success; but at length an idea struck him.

What could be more probable, thought he, than that there was a "tip" microbe, and that his Uncle Tom had got it? The more he thought of the matter the more convinced Zach became that such was the case; nor was he long in becoming convinced that it would be a great thing achieved if he could inoculate his other relatives with his Uncle Tom's tip microbe!

It was a dazzling thought, and no sooner was the idea fully conceived in the youth's mind than he sent his exercise-book flying with the cry, "Eureka!" There were such vast possibilities in his discovery. For instance, if he could only give his various relatives the tip microbe—bad—what might he not expect?

HE SENT HIS EXERCISE-BOOK FLYING WITH THE CRY, "EUREKA!"

Zach could not, at first, see how it was to be done; but after deliberating for a day or two he hit upon a plan which he thought might work. He wrote and asked his uncle if he would send him one of his old silk handkerchiefs. He could not, he wrote, tell him at present what he required it for, except that it was to try a scientific experiment.

Naturally enough, good-natured Uncle Tom sent the handkerchief, and with it, to his nephew's no small delight, he enclosed a half-sovereign, remarking that, as experimenting cost money, he enclosed a trifle to aid him.

"What a thoughtful fellow Uncle Tom is!" Zach cried, adding, "When I'm a man and have nephews I shall encourage them just as he does me—if, that is, they prove to be as clever as I am."

Zach now set to work to inoculate his relatives. He felt sure that his uncle's handkerchief would do the trick, and so he cut it up into tiny squares, and sent a piece to each

with a letter, telling them about his experiment, and asking them to carry it about with them for a little while.

All wrote that they were pleased he was devoting himself to science, and several enclosed small sums, saying, like Uncle Tom, that as his experiments would cost money, they sent him a trifle, etc.

When Zach opened the fourth of these missives, and saw what it contained — five shillings — he fairly howled with delight. He thought he had found an El Dorado. In acknowledging the receipt of the money he did not fail to send a bit more of the handkerchief, and to inform the giver that he was pleased to say that his discovery was already promising well.

Of course Zach was greatly elated at the success of his experiment, which naturally he attributed to the microbes in his uncle's handkerchief. But, in his excitement he forgot one thing, and it remained for others to put him on his guard—or was it off his guard that they put him?

In his elation over the wealth flowing in to him, he was tempted to let two or three of his school-mates into his secret; and they, being extremely cool and practical, at once spied a weak spot which the discoverer had overlooked.

If, said they, the bits of Uncle Tom's handkerchief inoculated with the tip microbe those to whom they were sent, the large portion which Zach retained ought to have infected him still worse. "Now," they questioned, "have you felt any infection yourself?"

This was a decided pull back for Zachariah; but, after a moment's reflection, he answered:—

"Yes, it has taken hold of me a little, and I am expecting to have it worse; but, of course, I shall struggle against it."

"If you don't get it pretty bad," said Dennis, "everybody will believe it a bit of hanky panky," and he winked at his friend.

Zach made no reply, but that same afternoon a youth who was not in the know came to one of those who were, and said:—

"I say, Jarnock, what's up with Walker? He's been giving tips to all the Lower Form kids."

While they were still discussing the event another boy hurried up, crying:—

"I say, look here! There's Walker tipping the fellows in ours right and left! He says he's been experimenting, and has got something—I don't know what!"

"IF YOU DON'T GET IT PRETTY BAD," SAID DENNIS, "EVERYBODY WILL THINK IT A BIT OF HANKY PANKY."

"*Microbiensis Zach*," put in Dennis.

"Well then, if that's it he's got it bad," replied the youth. "Come up and see the fun."

They all went in search of the experimenter, but found that he had left the playing-field; and, on inquiry of little Chirpy, they were told that he had "gone to write his composition on the Sewage Canal."

As a matter of fact his essay on the Suez Canal was already written, and Zach had in truth gone in to put down some "notes," as a discoverer should, touching the tip microbe. He wrote a full account of his investigations, then, having folded up his MS., he put it, as he thought, in his box. In reality, however, he put away his essay on the Suez Canal, and sent in to the head master his "Notes on the Tip Microbe."

It was unfortunate, because when, later in the evening, the head master got hold of the "notes," he was so surprised thereat that he sent for Zach to his room.

Instead of going, however, the youthful discoverer wrote him a polite note explaining that, owing to an unfortunate fit of "tiposity," he was not in a condition to obey his summons. This brought the Head to Zach's dormitory in great haste with a cane.

However, when he saw Walker's helpless condition, his arm fell powerless to his side. You may hit a fellow with his clothes on, but when he has little to hide the buff beyond a necktie and a pair of socks, even the hardest hearted school-master must relent. Mr. Finlay relented when he saw Zach's condition. Some of the elder boys then told him how Walker had been giving his things away right and left. Every domestic in the place had received something, and Zach had besides sent parcels away by the dozen.

When he had obtained all the information he could, Mr. Finlay sat down and wrote to the boy's father.

It may be well imagined when, the following morning, Mr. Walker received the head master's letter, he looked rather glum. However, before deciding what to do, he resolved to go and see his brother Tom.

He found Tom in a mild state of amusement.

"You seem to be mightily tickled about something," exclaimed Zach's father.

"So would you be under the circumstances," Uncle Tom replied.

"And what are they?" queried Mr. Walker.

"You shall see," said Uncle Tom. "May, dear, bring the present you had from your cousin this morning."

May, a blooming girl of twelve, with a smile just like her father's, immediately brought in a parcel containing a pair of knickers.

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Zach's father. "What's taken the lad?"

"This will tell you," said May, handing him a letter. "Dear May" (it read), "I am taken bad with a new disease called *bacillus tippiensis Zach*. If it should prove fatal please accept the enclosed as a token of affectionate regard," etc.

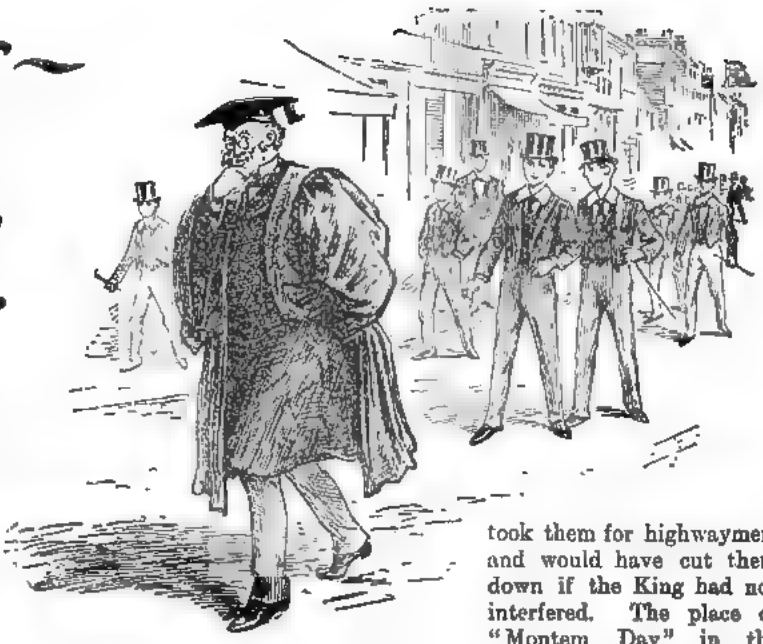
"So-ho!" laughed Zach's father. "It's another of those microbes he's got! I know how to cure that, so I'll just drive over and see to it."

But Uncle Tom persuaded the irate parent to leave the matter to him, and in due course he reached the school, where he found Zach "doing penance" in a girl's petticoat. The youth "bubbled" a bit, and Uncle Tom laughed —and so the matter ended, except that when, a little later, they parted, the latter slipped a coin into his nephew's hand and bade him "experiment with it in the good old boyish way."

"GREAT SCOT!" EXCLAIMED ZACH'S FATHER, "WHAT'S TAKEN THE LAD?"

Curious Public School Customs

By C. L. McCluer Stevens



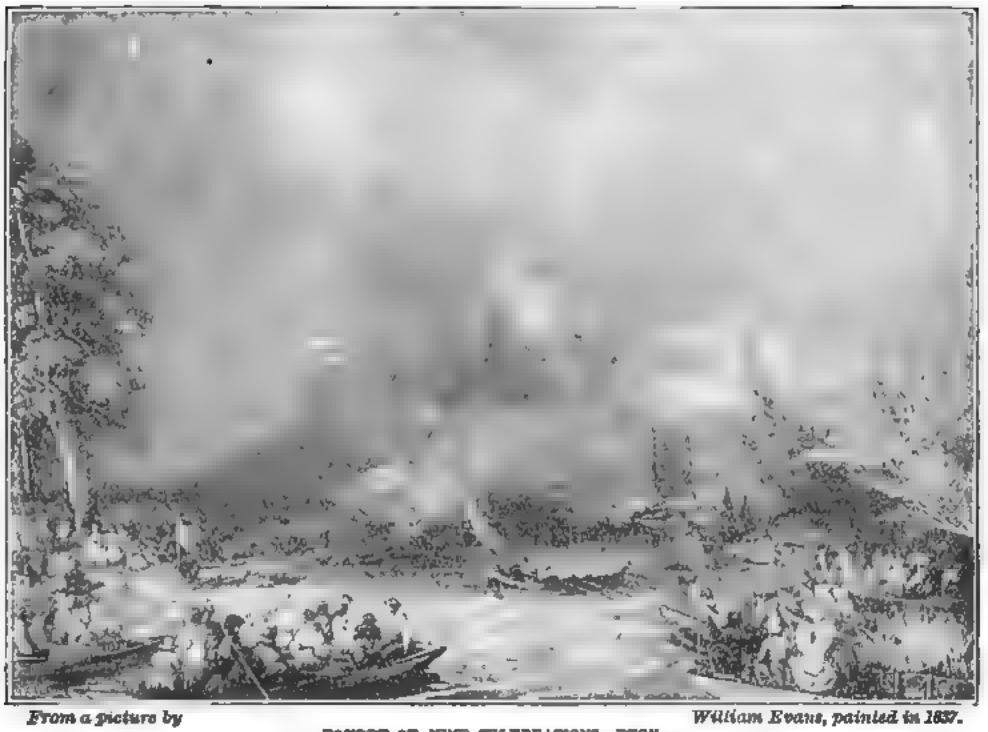
"ETIQUETTE FORBADE HIM TO LOOK ROUND."

PERHAPS the oddest school custom is that formerly known at Eton as "Montem Day." The quaint ceremonial was celebrated for at least three hundred years prior to 1847, when it was finally abolished; and has been, by many antiquarians, traced back to the proscribed boy-bishop and his attendant retinue of semi-military, semi-sacerdotal satellites. At first it was an annual affair, but was afterwards held triennially. The method of procedure varied somewhat with the changing years, but the main characteristics of the festival were always the same. The boys, dressed in various quaint and pretty costumes, scattered themselves all over the surrounding country, demanding money from all and sundry, in return for which they formerly gave a pinch of salt out of an embroidered silken bag. Later on tickets were substituted for salt, but the "cry" remained the same—"Salt! salt!" meaning "Give us money and we will give you salt." George III., George IV., and William IV., all deemed the ceremony worthy of being graced with their presence, as did also, in the early years of her reign, our own Gracious Majesty.

The constantly growing audacity of the small tax-gatherers had, no doubt, much to do with the final abolition of the custom. Neither gentle nor simple were spared, and those who would not give willingly often came in for some roughish treatment. Not infrequently this was resented, and unseemly brawls were the result. It is on record that, on one occasion, the salt-bearers actually stopped the carriage of King William III., to the great surprise of the Dutch Guards, who took them for highwaymen, and would have cut them down if the King had not interfered. The place of "Montem Day" in the modern Etonian calendar, has, it may be mentioned, been occupied by the Fourth of June celebrations, on which date there is a grand procession of the boats, the festivities concluding with a firework display.

New boys are always subjects of peculiar interest to the scholars of all public schools, and many and unpleasant are the trials and penalties they are called upon to endure. At Winchester, for instance, a custom was formerly in vogue which, while not without its humorous aspect, was particularly trying to the luckless novice. Haled before a committee of seniors, he was solemnly asked whether he was of the "founder's kin," *i.e.*, of the family of William of Wykeham. No matter what the answer might be, whether "Yes," or "No," its accuracy was tested by breaking, or attempting to break, a plate over his head; the theory being that if the plate broke first his ancestry was clearly proved. An even more barbarous bit of bullying, once freely indulged in, was to "fit" the unlucky wight with a "pair of tin gloves." This consisted in scoring his hands with a red-hot faggot-stick, by way of breaking him in to handle heated things.

Another unpleasant custom, the weight of which fell (literally) upon the latest arrival, was christened "Scheme." A rush-light—known in Wykehamican slang as a "puncture"—was the humble article they used for "Scheme." This was carefully measured, so as to ascertain the exact



From a picture by *William Evans, painted in 1837.*

FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS—ETON.

point to which it would burn at getting-up time next morning. A piece of paper was then inserted there, and connected with a string, to the other end of which a heavy book was attached. This latter was suspended over the luckless junior's bed. When the flame reached the paper it, of course, burnt the string, thereby releasing the book, which in its turn descended upon the sleeper's head, and enabled him to waken the prefect. Outsiders may wonder that the unhappy

"AD PORTAS"—WINCHESTER.

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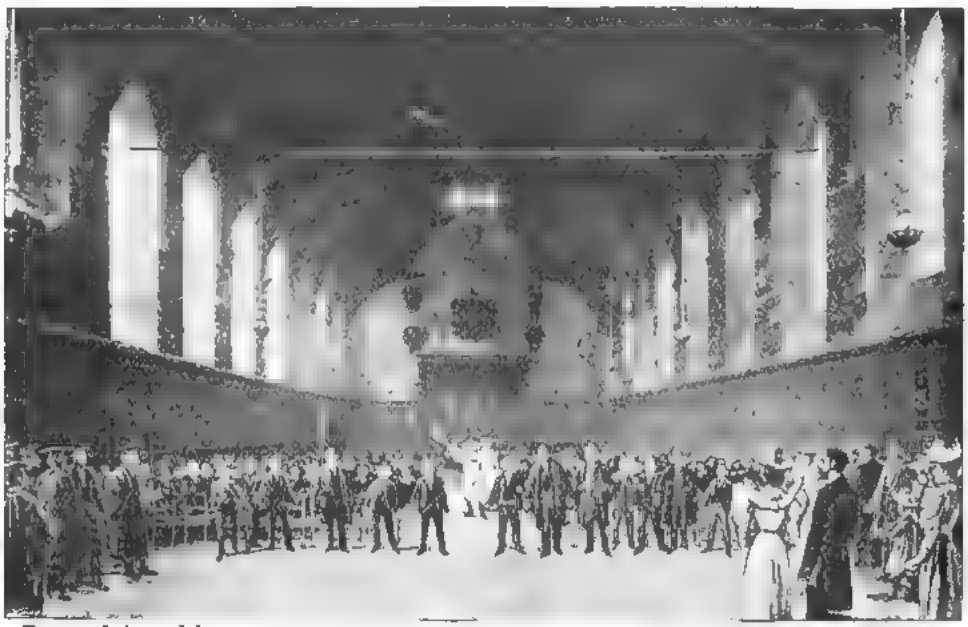
"new boy," thus condemned night after night to undergo this peculiar variation of the punishment meted out to Damocles, should have been able to sleep at all, but they who think thus know nothing of the college junior.

Among other curious Wykehamican customs, which have now, alas! to be numbered among the things that have been, may be mentioned the quaint ceremony known as "Taking the Oath," when all boys over fifteen paraded at chapel and solemnly vowed (in Latin) to befriend and defend their *alma mater;* "Standing-up day," an annual institution, at which the lads were wont to be tested in their knowledge of Greek and Latin lines, learned during the preceding twelve months; and the festivities of "Election Week," the last seven days of "Long Half."

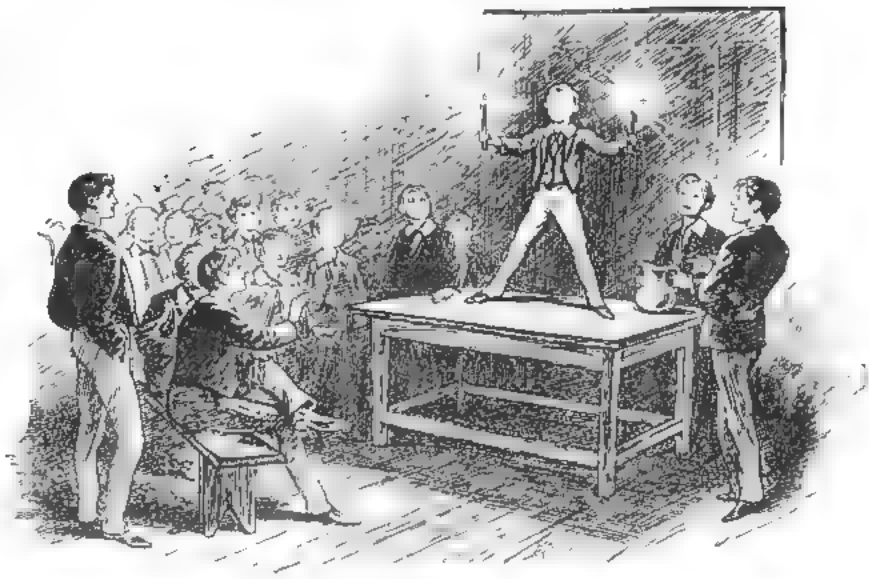


From a photograph by *W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

PANCAKE TOSSING—WESTMINSTER.

Everybody has heard of the Westminster Play. It is performed in Latin, and has been given annually, with perhaps half-a-dozen omissions, since the early years of the reign of Bluff King Hal, of much-married memory. More popular with the boys, however, is the pancake-tossing on Shrove Tuesday. This takes place in the centre of the great schoolroom, across which there is fixed a bar, from whence formerly depended a curtain, dividing the Upper School from the Lower. Over this bar the pancake is, or ought to be, tossed. On the appointed day the cook, in a clean white apron, takes his stand in the centre of the room on one side of the bar, the boys clustering in a dense mass on the other. In the cook's hand is a frying-pan, and in the centre is the semblance of a pancake, an inedible mass of greased putty. A few preliminary shakes of the pan herald the performance, and then, with a sudden jerk, the "pancake" is tossed clean over the bar aforesaid, right into the middle of the expectant throng of boys. Instantly there is a rush and a tumble, each lad striving to get possession of at least a piece of the "dainty." Any boy securing it whole is privileged to receive a guinea from the dean, but this is a feat which is by no means easy of accomplishment. During the years 1863-4-5 there was no scramble; the cook, a man named Tolfrey, so bungling the throw that the pancake fell on his side the bar. On the third failure the scholars got exasperated, and bombarded Tolfrey with books and slates. He, in his turn, retaliated by hurling the frying-pan amid the crowd of lads, felling a boy named Dasent unconscious to the ground; and this latter outrage, again, was avenged by a junior, who stole behind the quick-tempered cook, and stunned him by a blow from a heavy brass-bound lexicon. A very pretty quarrel, no doubt! But hardly, one would imagine, an inspiring subject for a rolling Homeric poem of 140 lines such as was composed upon it next day by the then head master, Dr. Scott—of "Liddell and Scott" lexicon fame.

Another equally curious, although not so well-known, Westminster custom, was that which resulted in converting all the usually trim boys into mudlarks on the first of March. On this date all the Queen's scholars and town day-boarders, dressed in white jerseys and spotless ducks, were wont to proceed in boats up the river, with a view to demonstrate the possilibity or otherwise of leaping all ditches between Battersea Bridge and the Rod House. As some of these were 18ft. in width, and as "shirking one's jump" was strictly prohibited, it will be readily believed that few boys escaped without a ducking. Indeed, there are unpleasant stories of small boys having been completely immersed in one exceptionally wide and particularly noisome ditch, known as "Spanking Sam," from whence they were rescued only when at the point of death from suffocation. When all the lads were sufficiently wet and cold, the return journey was made in more decorous fashion. But what a change from the neat, spruce-looking procession of the early morning! White ducks had turned black. Countenances were only partially visible through their masks of dirt. No mudlarks by profession, in short, ever presented a more disreputable appearance than did the Westminster boys on this particular occasion.



A HARROW CUSTOM.

Mention has already been made of the ordeal inflicted upon a new boy at Winchester. This has its counterpart at Rugby in what is known as "Hall Singing," so called, presumably, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it takes place, not in the hall, but in one of the dormitories. The victim stands on one of the old wooden bedsteads, flanked by two small boys, each of whom holds aloft one of those tin sconces known at Rugby as "parishers." If the performer selects a popular tune with a swinging chorus, and sings it with any semblance of melody, he gets tremendously applauded. But if, on the other hand, he breaks down, he is forced to swallow a mouthful of soapy water, which, presumably as an encouragement to keep up his spirits, is deposited on a table at his elbow. Stories, by the way, are still rife of other infinitely more dreadful penalties which used to be visited on failures in days gone by.

THE MARLBOROUGH "CUSHION."

A far more delectable kind of singing is heard at the "concerts," held twice a year, when the boys, packed in a sort of

LEMON FIGHT—CHARTERHOUSE.

cage-gallery at one end of the Big School, shout the "Floreat," and listen with eagerness for the jokes of the "Vive la." The ceremony known as the "June speeches," when the prizemen recite their compositions and the Sixth act Greek and Latin plays *à la* Westminster, is another red-letter anniversary in the Rugby calendar. Nor, while upon the subject of college singing, must mention be omitted of the Harrow "House singing," in the evenings of the Christmas and Easter terms; and of the great gathering of the Wellington College boys for part-carolling, at the foot of the "Hopetown" stairs, on the night before the school breaks up.

At Shrewsbury the novice is initiated into school life at the "new boys' races," a series of semi-mock athletic contests held in the college gardens. They are brought off, with great ceremony, on the afternoon of the first Monday following the beginning of the school term; and in the evening of the same day the "hall elections" take place. These latter are peculiar to Shrewsbury. Among the "officials" elected are the hall crier, hall constable, hall postmen, and hall scavengers; and time was when the elections were an almost exact reproduction of similar functions elsewhere. Hustings were built, a temporary polling-booth was erected in one corner of the hall, and free fights in shirt-sleeves frequently ensued between the more ardent partisans of the rival candidates. The day wound up as it began—with the luckless "new boy." He first had to go through a singing ordeal, similar to that which is in vogue at Rugby; after which he had to give an exhibition of his capabilities (or lack of them) in the boxing line.

Harrow is curiously deficient in ancient ceremonial; but there is one, the "House Chor," which is held in high honour by all old Harrovians. One house chor, it may be mentioned, is very much like another. On the appointed

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL "MASTER BOBS"—AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

evening in the Christmas Term the whole house assembles in pupil-room. A table, two long candlesticks, a toasting-fork, and a racquet having been procured, all the "fezzes" (football eleven) sit in state, in red dressing-gowns, on a bench placed in front of the table. Then the performance begins. Everyone present has in turn to sing a song, standing with legs apart on the table, with a candlestick in each hand, an "officer" armed with a toasting-fork ready on the right, and another with a racquet on the left. If the singer shows any hesitation, or refuses to sing out properly, he is unmercifully "progged" by the two officials. Besides having to undergo this ordeal, all new boys are required to answer questions on the Harrow football rules. These, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, are usually more puzzling than useful; as, for instance, "What is the relative diameter of the inside of the bladder compared with the outside of the ball?" or, "How many nails are allowed in the boots?" If unanswered, "progging" *ad lib.* is the result. The alternative to singing a song is drinking a glass of salt and water.

Similar new-boy customs prevail at Marlborough, but the terrible ordeal of being suspended in a sheet over the banisters of the upper corridor of "A" house, no longer, as of yore, awaits the unhappy novice. Neither is it permitted any more to bore holes through his ears with pins, under the pretence of initiating him into the "Marlburian Mysteries." He still, however, has to produce his "cushion," and submit to be promptly whacked over the head with it for his pains. This cushion, by the bye, is peculiar to Marlborough, and is carried almost everywhere and put to all manner of unexpected uses. It is said to date from the old stage-coach days, when seats were far from comfortable, and journeys to and from school were often unduly protracted.

At Charterhouse, Shrove Tuesday was, until quite recently, signalised by a "lemon fight." Directly after dinner the ammunition was wont to be got ready; and, at a given signal, a desperate encounter was waged between gown-boys and boarders. It has now, however, been suppressed, and for the following reason. At old Charterhouse, in London, "under green" was so small that the rival armies had perforce to maintain their compactness. But at Godalming, on a space ten times as large, close formation gave place to skirmishing, and this again degenerated into a series of petty attacks upon unpopular individuals.

Of all the ancient ceremonials that once lent life and colour to the every-day existence of the blue-coat boys, but one remains; and that will almost certainly not survive the coming change of the habitat of the grand old school from London to Horsham. The custom is familiarly known among the lads as "Easter Bobs," and consists in their marching four abreast, in a sort of triumphal procession, to the Mansion House. There, in accordance with time-honoured precedent, they are regaled by the Lord Mayor with two buns apiece; after which each boy receives a piece of money, varying in value according to his standing in the school. More buns and a glass of lemonade complete the "festival." At one time brown sherry was permitted to the "Grecians," but this has now been abolished.

A "BIG-SIDE" AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

From a photograph kindly lent by Mr. A. G. Guillemard, ex-President of the Rugby Football Union.

Google

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: and How to Play It.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

When you have a grasp of the underlying principles and the main lines of the theory of the game, there is no quicker or more effective way of improving your own play than by studying and imitating the methods of the best exponents of football.

It is essential to understand that a thing cannot possibly be right in theory but wrong in practice, or wrong in theory but right in practice. Theory and practice are the same thing under different aspects. Given a certain object, and a certain individual or group of individuals intent on achieving that object, then the best means and manner of attaining that object are first a matter of thought, and then a matter of action; there is the idea, and then the carrying out of the idea. Now you may have an idea as to the best means of doing something, and then find out by experiment that the idea will not work; in which case

THE THEORY IS WRONG

and the practice founded on it is wrong. If the idea is right, it will work. Given a certain object, you may have a wrong idea of the best means of achieving it; the test of your idea is whether it succeeds when translated into action. Mistaken theory is the result of imperfect reasoning or imperfect knowledge, or both. In football, a man or a team knows the object of the game is to get as many goals as possible, and to prevent the other side getting any. The manner of carrying out this programme is limited and prescribed by the laws of the game. The theory of the game is the intellectual aspect of how best to score goals and prevent them being scored against you. Now there are two chief ways in which your theory is likely to be mistaken. First, you may form a wrong idea of your own personal capabilities as a man, or as a team, *i.e.*, you are mistaken about your powers; you do not know them. Secondly, you may form a wrong idea as to

HOW YOUR POWERS CAN BE BEST USED

for the object in view, *i.e.*, you are mistaken about the right means to employ. For instance, you might have an idea that you could hold the ball between your knees, jump over the heads of the opposing side, and score a goal. Experiment, however, would show this theory to be defective, for the simple reason that you are physically incapable of carrying it out; that is a case of mistaken capability. Again, you might have an idea that the best means to take the ball down the ground is for one man to dribble it all the way, with the rest running in a pack behind him. Experiment would prove that this manœuvre does not achieve the desired end; in other words, your theory as to means is wrong. When you know the object in view, possess a correct or approximately correct idea of your capabilities

AS AN INDIVIDUAL OR A TEAM,

you are in a position to deal with the question of how best to use your capabilities in order to attain your end. You can arrive at this in two ways—first, by forming theories yourself, and testing them by experiment yourself until you arrive at a right theory and right practice; secondly, you may avail yourself of the results obtained by others—you should do both. Obviously, the quickest and best way to find out how football should be played is to study the methods which the most successful men and teams of the day themselves adopt. You thus have the advantage of their experience. But you must not fall into the error of concluding that what is best for Sheffield United and Needham is necessarily best for your team and you. It may be, or it may not; that depends on how nearly your powers approximate theirs. Remember that your capabilities are at any given moment

A FIXED QUANTITY,

and therefore it is useless for you to adopt methods you are incapable of carrying out effectively, however excellent such methods may be in the case of other players or teams.

I am afraid this is rather abstruse, but I am absolutely convinced of the importance of young players grasping the facts about theory and understanding the right use of imitation. To sum up, the saying, "Right in theory, but wrong in practice," really means nothing but that a theory may be mistaken. It is quite true that many theories are not only formed but even promulgated, for all the world as though they had stood the test of searching experiment, when as a matter of fact they have never been subjected to the test at all. It is likewise true that many theories prove mistaken when subjected to the test of experiment. This does not alter the fact that what is right in theory is right in practice. Your business is to find

THE RIGHT THEORY AND THE RIGHT PRACTICE.

Furthermore, the imitation that will improve you is not absolute identical reproduction of other players' methods. You should study the methods of others, and suit them to your own

case. Adapt rather than adopt. Assimilate rather than appropriate. Make a thing your own before you reproduce it.

It is necessary to warn you of the importance of distinguishing between what is essential and what is not. It generally happens that the points in a man's play that catch the eye of one who does not know the game, are by no means those that really constitute the player's excellence. Such a spectator notes striking pieces of play, the soaring kick, the dodgy turn and twist, the trick of style or manner rather than the unselfish co-operation, the unobtrusive being in in the right place at the right moment, the judgmatical passing, the skilful making of opportunities. Some imitators even think they are reproducing their model's game if they succeed

IN CATCHING HIS MANNER OF MOVING,

the jerk of his head, or the action of his arms in running. I knew a village left-hand bowler who fancied he was getting to bowl like Peel, the only reason being that he managed to grow and trim a moustache of the same colour and shape as that of the famous Yorkshireman. I knew a boy who, on the strength of wearing a silk shirt, fancied he was imitating Ranji's style of playing to leg.

Obviously, there is no connection between moustaches and bowling, or between shirts and glancing to leg. It seems absurd. But similar and scarcely less flagrant fallacies are as common as buttons.

The moral is that in studying a model player for purposes of imitation you must not pay attention to his peculiarities or mannerisms, but to his methods of achieving essential results. If you read and digest good books and articles on the game you ought to gain a fair idea of

THE ESSENTIAL POINTS OF PLAY.

Study, then, how these points are effected by the great exponents of the game. Nowadays you ought to have no difficulty in seeing as much good football as you like. Imitation, to be fruitful, must be guided by common sense and intelligence. You must observe and discriminate.

Perhaps it may be of use to you to suggest a few models, and a few points connected with them.

G. O. Smith is the best centre forward for you to copy. You may not be able to learn his quickness, elusiveness, and unerring accuracy, but you can fruitfully study how he keeps his line of forwards together, how he sometimes passes short, sometimes long, always trying to dispose of the ball in the direction most open for the next move. Note how he receives; how he gets rid of the ball; on what occasions he keeps the ball himself and goes straight through; on what he passes right across the field.

HE HAS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING HE DOES.

You should try to understand why he does what he does on each occasion. Good players know what they are about. If you gain an insight into their intentions you will stand some chance of their results.

The best inside-wing forward for you to imitate is Bloomer, of Derby County. Mark the position he takes to receive a pass from the centre or the outside forward, or from the half-back. Note particularly how he makes opportunities for his outside forward, and in what position he gets in order to receive the ball back again. See what he does and what he expects others to do. He and G. O. Smith have a consummate judgment that amounts to instinctive knowledge of what ought to be done in any collocation of circumstances

As outside forwards I recommend Athersmith, of Aston Villa, and J. Vassall, of the Corinthians. Both have great speed, and are nearly always on the look out for a sheer sprint. Athersmith is particularly good at repassing with advantage to his inside man, Vassall at rushing through past the defence. Athersmith middles with great cleverness and accuracy; he has, however, less rushing power than Vassall.

AN OUTSIDE SHOULD BE ABLE TO RUSH.

As half-backs, take Needham, of Sheffield United, Crabtree, of Aston Villa, and Forman, of Notts Forest. Mark how they assist both in defence and in attack, how they get rid of the ball on various occasions, how they draw their man before passing, how they tackle, and how they use their heads. Each of the three is, in his own way, a perfect tackler. Needham is equally good in attack and defence; Forman is particularly clever at feeding his forwards; Crabtree at saving his backs trouble. All three have a marvellous instinct for being where required and doing just what is necessary.

As a back, I prefer W. J. Oakley as a model. He combines in a greater degree than any other player powerful and safe defence with judicious and helpful kicking. He tackles with splendid certainty, and is very fast; he clears with strong, long kicks when in difficulties, but when there is no danger passes accurately to the forwards or half-backs; he is also certain and strong with his head;

HE NEVER KICKS IN HIGH, GALLERY STYLE.

His methods are excellent.

As a goal-keeper you could not take a better model than W. R. Moon. He is watchful and

cool, and displays perfect judgment; he makes a rule of getting behind the line of the ball and catching it with both hands; he never punches, or tries any one-handed saves, unless he has no time for the safer method; he watches what his backs are doing, and is always ready to run out in the nick of time, or to accept a pass sent back to him.

I do not mean to say that the players mentioned are in every case the best men in their positions now playing. That is not the point. They are certainly as good as any as models for the young player. Of course, if you see other good players you ought to study them in the same way. And please do not say to me, "Physician, heal thyself." I assure you I try to, even if I do not succeed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. Hughes.—Nearly all good cutters make a half step with the right foot towards third man, so that their right foot is just in front of, and about eighteen inches from, the off-stump. This is the usual and the most correct position; from it you can cut both square and late. Some batsmen, however, step across with the left foot almost as though driving to the off. This method is all right for cutting a short ball square past point, but gives far less command for cutting between point and the slips. A good late cutter, or a good natural cutter seldom puts the left leg across. There is a great difference between the man who can cut a good length ball with certainty and precision, placing the ball where he means it to go, and the man who can merely force a short ball in a set direction, somewhere between point and third man. The text you quote is wrong—it is a slip. Diver's peculiarity is that, though he often puts the left leg across instead of the right, he is an accomplished and versatile cutter. A right-hand bowler is said to bowl over the wicket when he delivers the ball from the left side of the wicket, his end; the reason for the term is that his hand is over the wicket, or nearly so, when he delivers the ball. He is said to bowl round the wicket when he delivers the ball from the right side of the wicket, because his hand and arm in delivery are well away from the wicket, probably quite outside the return crease, *vice versâ* for a left-hand bowler.

Albert Smith.—I should say Captain Wynyard, Tunnicliffe, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, are as good a trio of short slips as you could name nowadays. Ranjitsinhji, on his day, is unequalled, because he is appreciably quicker than anyone else. Tunnicliffe is very safe, and has an enormous reach. Captain Wynyard has a wonderful power of concentrating his attention upon the ball and anticipating its direction from the bat. My favourite hobby, apart from work, study, and various sports and games, is the collection, possession, and use of rifles, guns, and fire-arms of all sorts.

Enthusiast.—Could you not manage to get hold of the professional engaged by the Upper Tooting C.C.? He might be able to do something for you. I cannot advise you without knowing how much you could afford to pay for coaching. Good coaching is extremely scarce. The ordinary coach knows nothing whatever about the art of batting, or how to teach it. Most clubs open on May 1st, but whether you can get practice or not depends on the weather. You can begin in April, or even March, if you can get a cocoa-nut matting wicket. Football cannot possibly do your cricket a tittle of harm, unless you meet with an accident, which is unlikely and not worth thinking about. "Saturday afternoon clubs" play matches, I suppose, only on Saturday afternoons, but it does not follow that they play every Saturday. I strongly advise you to read my articles on cricket carefully and thoughtfully, and to study the text and pictures in the "Book of Cricket." Note especially L. C. H. Palairet for forward play, Shrewsbury for back play, and A. C. Maclaren for everything.

T. H. Durrans.—Your letter, sent on to me by the "Old Fag," must have given you some trouble to compose. I expect you will have stitch for ever if you do much in that style. Possibly you are in bad condition from lack of regular exercise. You will not have stitch when you are fit.

A. G. M.—You cannot compare batsmen like C. L. Townsend and H. T. Hewitt. The former is a steady player, the latter a pure hitter. You might just as well show me a first-rate revolver and a first-rate rifle, and ask which is the better article. Each is better than the other for its own purpose. As to the rest, it is impossible to compare batsmen of different times; quantity of runs is not necessarily a criterion of merit.

Beatrice Hale.—(1) As you state the case the goal was fairly scored. Your opponent's appeal for "kick" was absurd. (2) Any player whatever may roll the ball in from the side line; the outside forwards, as a matter of convenience, usually perform this duty.

Flier.—If you once get your knees wrong you are sure to have trouble. My advice is, rest until your knee is absolutely all right; that, I expect, means a month, if not six weeks. Then, by careful exercise, strengthen the muscles of the leg and the knee connections. For this bicycling is excellent. I have an idea that bicycling is the best possible exercise for strengthening the knees and obviating knee troubles. I also recommend the leg part of Sandow's physical drill, and the exercises for the legs described in Alexander's "Physical Training at Home." Straightforward running is not likely to hurt you; it is a wrench or twist that does the mischief. I had a thoroughly useless knee one football season but it got quite right during the summer. The mistake is to go on playing while your knee is unfit, or to begin straight away after a rest without gradually building up the fibres that support and protect the knee-joint.

C. B. F.

Jacky Thomson

by Jessie Pope

Illustrated by

WE called ourselves "the Innermost Circle," and we were nothing if not sporting. This season Bert's average had gone up to thirty-two; Sandy and Hal were the finest pair our country-side could put on a tennis lawn; Cutty was a flyer on his bike and captain of the hockey team; at golf the Badger's record remained unbroken, while Gwen herself was a fine all-round sportswoman, and, for the matter of that, the keenest of the whole lot.

The news that an intruder was about to be thrust into our midst filled us with alarm. His name was A. F. Thomson, he was to read with Armitage, and he might be an acquisition or he might be a nuisance.

Never shall I forget his first appearance on our tennis lawn, one evening in June. He came in through the Armitage's little gate, and Gwen was on the point of smashing a lob when the gate clicked. I never saw a girl smash like Gwen, and on this occasion she would certainly have won the point if the Badger hadn't been the other side. The gate clicked, Gwen looked round—and I saw her face darken.

We were not only sporting—we were smart. Not a member of the set but knew how to adjust his or her attire to the prevailing regulations.

Mr. A. F. Thomson wore a pair of brown trousers, baggy at the knees, an old flannel shirt, and a new red tie, a black coat, a pair of white canvas shoes, and a black cloth cap. He was fair, with very thick curly hair, small grey eyes, a large nose, and no chin to speak about. His expression was pleasant, and a little bit sleepy.

We made a set for him, and waited for his first stroke in painful anxiety. That stroke justified his appearance and settled his fate. Gwen played with him first, but the partnership had such a demoralising effect on her form that that she did not repeat the experiment. Then I played with him, and afterwards he joined in a men's four. At the end of the evening he told us in a slow, drawling voice, he had "enjoyed it very much, tennis seemed a good game, and he should have to get a bat of his own." We looked at each other.

Gwen was particularly polite to him—a bad sign in Gwen—and at supper I heard her going through the usual formula:—

"Play cricket?"

"Er—no—I don't care for cricket."

"Football?"

"Er—yes—I like a game of football—very well."

"To play, or to watch?" inquired Gwen, briskly.

"Oh—er—I prefer watching, of course."

"Goff?" remarked Gwen.

"Er—I beg your pardon?"

"Do you goff?"

"Oh, golf—er—no, I don't play that game."

Gwen had finished—and he ate his supper in peace.

We had him on our hands the whole of the summer. It was a necessary courtesy to ask him to share our festivities, and he generally came—beyond that we took little notice of him. To the outside world he was one of us; in

reality we kept him at a distance, and he was either too thick-skinned or indifferent to notice it, but sauntered about by himself in his torpid way, and smoked a pipe.

Though the others were Sandy, and Hal, and Cutty, and the Badger, *he* was Mr. Thomson always, except in his absence, when he went by the name of "the Absolute Rotter," nothing else fully expressing his merits or our feelings.

But the worst part of the whole situation was the fancy he evinced for lawn tennis; he became almost keen in trying to get up sets; needless to say, *ours* were always arranged beforehand. It was *impossible* to play with him; we had our form to consider. Selfish it might be, but sport is selfish.

FLYING, DODGING, TWISTING, SQUIRMING BREAKING CLEAR AND FLYING AGAIN.

At last he made some acquaintances of his own, people we did not know or care to; and we always felt thankful to see him sloom off to the town with his "bat" in his hand to go through those extraordinary evolutions with them they called lawn tennis.

It was a still greater relief when, at the end of August, he took his departure, and except that he was immortalised in one or two of our classic jokes, we were very glad to forget all about him.

One fine Saturday, the following February, we all went in a brake to a grand footer match at Bradfield. The town was playing Ballington; we expected a beating, but an exciting game. The whole "Circle" wore Bradfield colours, which the girls had cunningly designed out of some violets and two button chrysanthemums. Sandy would have had a place in the team, but at the last moment had been asked to stand down in favour of a better man. We were sorry for Sandy and for ourselves, but glad for the interests of sport; the fame of his substitute as a three-quarter, and his pet name in sporting circles of Sacky Thomson, had reached us last season.

What a glorious day it was, a big crowd round the ropes, and quite a gathering of county people in the members' stand People may say what they like, but I think that a footer match on a fine day—the blue sky, the green square lined with dark figures and dotted with the bright colours of the players, the wall of faces in the stands, and the winter sunshine over it all—makes a picture that more artists would find it worth their while to paint. But perhaps I'm wrong after all, and it is only the life and movement in the scene that gives it so much charm—the deadlock of the scrum—the sudden whisk in of the half-backs—the ball high in air—and then—the whole parti-coloured field breaking up and spreading out and away—after that one figure, whose flying career means so much to thousands of beating hearts.

"OH, GOLF—ER—NO, I DON'T PLAY THAT GAME."

We were all very anxious to see the famous "Sacky," and scanned the Bradfield team with interest.

Gwen's blue eyes were the

first to encounter the shock. "Look!" she exclaimed. "*Look* who they've got!"

Sauntering along in his old slack style, but looking strangely neat and well built in his football things, was "the Absolute Rotter" himself.

We faced each other with ejaculations, such as—"It's a mistake!" "They can't know!" "He'll ruin the game!" "They ought to be told!" "He's sneaked in somehow because his name's Thomson!" "What *absolute* folly!" Only the Badger and Cutty did not speak, but sat watching the game with grim faces.

The whistle blew, a Bradfield forward tipped the ball with his toe, and the game began with a roar all down the crowd. There was the usual scrum—whistle—scrum to start with—twenty yards gained—scrum again—whistle impatiently, throw in—another scrum—and then, in a flash, our "Absolute Rotter" had got the ball, and was flying down the green field—flying, dodging, twisting, squirming, breaking clear and flying again—and, at last, before the grip closed on his ankle, tossing the ball safe and sure into the hands of the next man, who didn't get over, but certainly ought to have done.

How the crowd shouted! How the Bradfield quarrymen yelled their tenderest endearments at our late despised companion, who, with an air of lassitude we remembered so well, picked himself up and strolled back to his place.

"I'm afraid it *is* Sacky," said Badger.

We knew it, and a silence fell upon us.

All through the game our eyes were rivetted to that blue and white figure who worked so consistently, so unselfishly, and who, at a breathless crisis, when his hard-won position seemed untenable a moment longer, won the game in a flash for Bradfield by dropping the quickest and prettiest goal I ever hope to see.

We weren't silent then, and the shout that went up from the whole ground travelled as far as Stokely, and disturbed the men working in the gravel pits.

After the game Sandy brought him round to us. He looked as insipid as ever, and declined all invitations because he had a train to catch.

"Mr. Thomson," said Gwen, "you *might* have told us you were the great Sacky. Perhaps you thought we knew."

"Oh—er—I didn't think about it," drawled Sacky, pleasantly.

Gwen had something on her mind; she blushed quite red, and said, in an embarrassed manner:—

"We—I—we—thought you weren't a good sportsman. We're ashamed of ourselves——"

"Oh, not at all!" replied Sacky, and departed.

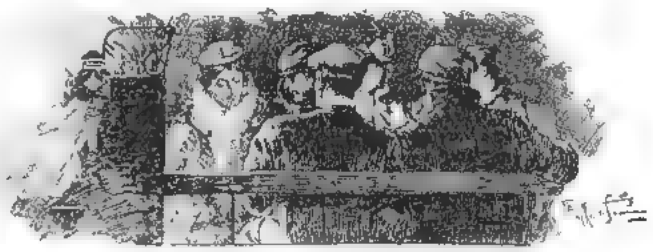
* * * * *

Bradfield had won, but it was a very silent brakeful that drove home that evening.

The Innermost Circle was engaged in unpleasant retrospection.

As Badger said: "We had entertained an angel unawares, and made a pretty mess of it."

"But," as Gwen remarked, "we were humbled to the dust, and that was something."



THE INNERMOST CIRCLE WAS ENGAGED IN UNPLEASANT RETROSPECTION.

By John Mackie.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—XIV.)

Walter Derringham, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CAPTIVITY.

Our resting place for the night was simply a large, dry species of cave in the precipitous rock that guarded the island on two sides. Advantage had been taken of a large hollow running up from the beach and along the face of the cliff to build a wall on the lake side until it was converted into a species of long gallery. This had doubtless been used by the smugglers before they grew bolder and built the large wooden huts which they now occupied. At the far end, and high above our heads in the side of the wall, was a little window with an iron bar running across it let into the stonework. Some twenty feet or so beneath it we could hear the lap of the water against the foot of the cliff. It would be next to impossible to escape that way. At the lower end of the gallery, screened on the outside by a dense undergrowth of wolf-willow, was a massive door hung by iron hinges to what appeared to be undressed door-posts of pine. It seemed made to stand a siege. Kegs and cases and empty bottles were strewed about everywhere. At the far end were two piles of dried grass on which a pair of blankets had been flung. These were to be our respective beds.

When we had lain down on our rude beds, Jim put out the light and took his departure, with the intimation that it was useless trying to make any attempt at escape, as a certain daring officer of the law had been confined in that same cell for over six months, and though he had managed to provide himself with tools, had failed to break his prison. No one, he warned us, could possibly profit by our attempt at escape but the fishes in the lake. Moreover, we were liable to be visited at any hour of the night by one of our captors.

When he had gone, and we were left in darkness save for the shaft of moonlight that shone in through the narrow window above our heads, I asked Pete what he thought had become of the prisoner Jim had referred to.

"I dunno," he replied thoughtfully. "Guess it must hev bin a pretty smart chap called Dunthorne, a corporal in the mounted police. He was an enterprisin', daring feller, and was in charge of Willow Creek Detachment. He was rather fond of wandering into all them wild

parts all by hisself, although it was against orders for any man to go out alone. One day he went out and niver came back, and although the whole country was scoured, no trace of him has been found to this day. There was some people as said he had deserted across the lines, but it's only the worst characters in the police as does that—and there's nothing put in their way to prevent 'em doing it—niver a good man as was Dunthorne. Now I fancies that poor chap came to an untimely end in this here show. If so, we'll find out the truth somehow or other, and Mister blooming Campbell or whoiver done it'll have to answer to a pretty heavy charge-sheet."

PETE ALLOWED ME TO MOUNT ON HIS BACK, AND I RECONNOITRED THROUGH THE NARROW WINDOW.

This was not a pleasant outlook for us, but we discussed the situation, and what probable chances there were of escape, until, tired out in body and in mind, we both fell fast asleep.

We awoke at break of day feeling rather chilly, for as it was now the end of October we had already experienced some sharp frosts. As there were no signs of anyone approaching, Pete allowed me to mount on to his back and shoulders as he stood against the wall, and I reconnoitred through the narrow window. But I could see nothing save the cold, blue waters of the lake gleaming far below, a neighbouring island or two crested with shapely pine trees, and the great, sombre cliffs of the Lake of the Lost Spirits looming up in the background, like the Titanic prison walls they assuredly were. My heart sank within me as I realised the almost insurmountable obstacles that would have to be overcome before we could make our escape. The Prisoner of Chillon was not more handicapped.

"It's no use, Pete," I remarked somewhat glumly, on descending from my companion's shoulders, "but I've got an idea. There's lots of bottles here, and we can write a few messages, cork them up, and chuck them out of the window. There's a light breeze blowing that will carry them to the eastern shore."

No sooner said than done, and within the next few minutes we had thrown three messages out of the window. We were somewhat apprehensive lest the bottles might not get clear of the island before some of the smugglers were afoot, for should any of them be seen by our captors it was hard to say what revenge they might not take upon us for our enterprise. In about an hour's time we heard the key turn in the massive lock at the lower end of the gallery, and the door was thrown open to admit our gaoler of the previous day.

"Now then, mates," he drawled leisurely—he somehow always gave one the idea of a chronic tiredness and of doing things in a half-hearted way—"show a leg there. Froggy's up, and grub pile's nigh ready. Waal, you are queer jokers, to tek off your togs when you turn into bed of a night—jest like the rest of them! What's the blooming use, sez I, to tek off one's boots and clothes when one has to put them on agen in the morning? Most people are so cranky in sich things."

We did not contradict him, believing as we did that to let him ventilate freely his unclean and original views was a matter of sound policy.

When we prepared to leave the gallery Jim noticed that we carried towels and soap in our hands.

"I say, mates," he broke out, eyeing us resentfully, "you don't mean to tell me you er agoin' to wash yourselves agen? You washed yourselves last night! Thet should last you for quite a while."

Pete explained to him that as we had unfortunately contracted the bad habit of having a cold bath every morning he was afraid of disastrous effects if we broke it off all at once. It was, he said, like a man who had been in the habit of taking a good deal of liquor, and who was called upon suddenly to give it up entirely. It was necessary in such a case to ease off gradually.

This home truth seemed to appeal to Jim's sympathies, and on assuring him that we would only dive into the lake and out again, he led us down to a large flat rock, where there was deep water alongside. When we took that dive I noticed he held his revolver conveniently in one hand. But he need not have done so, for that dip, though wonderfully refreshing, dissipated at once any half-formed scheme we may have had of swimming ashore, the water was so deadly, icily cold. No one could have stayed in it for more than three minutes without getting cramp.

At breakfast we learned that Campbell, the ruffian called Bill, Alan, and the Indian, had gone over-night with a boat's load of contraband goods. Pete explained to me during the course of the day that he thought the lake narrowed to the north, ran in a narrow canyon far into the mountains, and that at its extreme end it was more than likely the smugglers were met by confederates with pack-horses, who transferred the goods from the boats, and took them by means of some tortuous bridle-track up through the dense pine forests and across the Cypress Hills. Doubtless, some ostensible farmer on the Plains of Promise was in league with them, and took the liquor in wagons covered with farming produce, into the little villages that here and there fringed the great Canadian Pacific Railway. As we afterwards discovered, this was indeed the *modus operandi*.

After breakfast, during which the usual wordy warfare took place between the fastidious Pierre and our incorrigible gaoler, we were marched for a hundred yards through the pines until we came to quite a trim little kitchen garden alongside a miniature bay. It struck us as somewhat odd to see such a well-kept, homely spot, filled with the flowers and plants we knew so well, in the stronghold of a band of desperadoes. Pierre came, pointed out to us that a certain plot of ground had to be cleared of various old stumps and dug over, then left us again to be overlooked by our leisurely gaoler. We were supplied with the necessary tools for our task, and on it being hinted that we need not break our necks over it, began operations.

It was not much of a task, and as under the circumstances it would have been folly to over-exert ourselves, we made a pleasant recreation of what otherwise might have been convicts' work. Our gaoler tilted up a rough wheelbarrow on end where he could command a good view of us, and, seating himself safely on it, promptly went to sleep. I suggested to Pete that we should take advantage of his condition, secure his revolver, and make him our prisoner; but Pete was a man who weighed contingencies. He said that, at that very moment, leaving Pierre out of the question, the sixth ruffian of the gang might be watching us from some point of vantage with a rifle in his hands, awaiting an excuse to shoot us down. We must be certain of success before making a move.

It was a lovely, bright, clear day—a typical "Indian summer's" day. The dark blue waters of the lake shimmered in the sunlight, and a number of hawks, poising on balanced pinion far above our heads, gave life and animation to the scene. Against our little bay, on a neighbouring island, where trees other than pine grew, the dense foliage was one great blaze of rich and varied colouring. There is no place in the world where Mother Nature shows such gorgeous tints in the fall of the year as in Canada. Here olive greens, reds, yellows, and bronzes glowed side by side, like mighty gems set in a bed of turquoise.

Our task completed, we seated ourselves on a log right in front of the sleeping smuggler and waited for him to awake

"Ain't he a beauty?" Pete remarked admiringly, as with a twinkle in his duty eye he surveyed the great shock of hair that stood up from the walnut-hued face, the long matted beard, and the wide-open mouth. To these charms were added a nasal accompaniment that would have made a professional bagpipe player turn green with envy.

"Don't be jealous, Pete," I observed. "If Providence has been kind and given him greater physical advantages than yourself, you shouldn't——"

But I did not finish the sentence, for Pete began one of his peculiar mirthless cackles, and

gave me such a dig in the ribs that I lost my balance, and tilted backwards over the log. In the confusion that followed the sleeping beauty awoke.

"What ho!" he exclaimed, glaring at us stupidly. "I guessed as how that washin' would get into your brains. Crikey! If I wasn't nigh goin' to sleep! Must be close on grub-pile I guess, so let's go to the kitchen."

He arose, stretched himself like a great dog, never so much as looked to see whether we had completed our task or not, and pointed the way to the huts. In the kitchen we found Pierre and the other two smugglers, who, doubtless, had been engaged all the morning in their illegal operations. The party being such a small one, it had been decided that we should all have the mid-day meal together. As Pete and I were desirous of washing our hands before sitting down to dinner, and not caring to court the displeasure of our gaoler further by our fastidious predilections, we covertly showed the condition of our hands to Pierre, whereupon the little man stormed and gesticulated, and packed the three of us down to the lake-side to wash. Jim grumbled and commented forcibly on the degenerate condition of those who were obliged to clean themselves two or three times a day. He dipped his own hands gingerly into the water with obvious repugnance, and then rubbed them dry on his dirty mole-skin trousers.

At dinner we found that the two smugglers, with whom we had not before been brought directly in contact, were remarkably silent and taciturn. At the same time, it was quite evident that little escaped their notice, and that they were very wide awake indeed. They had a trick of avoiding one's eyes, and furtively watching one when they thought they were not observed. At any unwonted sound one of them would rise apprehensively, draw his revolver from his pouch, and go outside. One thing I noticed during our stay on the island was that no one ever went about without firearms. This was a precaution which had grown out of that vision of a scaffold—or, more likely, a tree with a rope and a noose—the ever-menacing Nemesis of black, unpunished crime.

We assisted in the washing-up after dinner, and then were locked up in the gallery for an hour or so. Later on, one of the taciturn smugglers kept us busy in splitting up some large pine logs with iron wedges. It was while we were thus engaged that a startling incident occurred. Pete and I had paused for a moment in our labours, when suddenly in the brooding silence, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the cliffs, a couple of rifle shots rang out. They were immediately followed by the remarkable series of echoes which we had heard on the previous day.

Our gaoler started and drew his revolver. Through a vista in the trees we could see the top of the great cliff from which the sounds came. It was the way we had come. We all looked keenly for a moment or two at the pine-fringed ledge without seeing anything. Then several tiny specks, like so many ants, appeared upon the brink, and we knew that the rancher, Colin Dunbar, had not gone back to the ranche after all, but, alarmed by our absence, had taken all the men composing the round-up, and had followed us into the Land of the Lost Spirits to discover our whereabouts. We saw them group together on the brink of the precipice, as if scanning the shores of the mysterious lake. Probably the only man who had ever looked upon it before was the rancher himself—the others had doubtless scoffed at the idea of its existence.

Suddenly our gaoler gave a peculiar low whistle, and covered us with his Colt's.

"Make a move or a sign," he exclaimed, "and I'll blow you to Kingdom Come in the twinkling of an eye!"

He looked as if he meant it. In another minute he was joined by the other smugglers and Pierre, who had also heard the shots, and at once came hurrying towards us.

For a moment, the unexpected idea that help was so near at hand—that we were actually looking upon our would-be deliverers—caused us to forget the imminent and menacing peril of the smugglers. Our first impulse was to dash down to the water's edge and try to attract the attention of our friends. But the sharp click of the revolvers brought us to our senses.

"It's no use," said the furtive-eyed one; "if you as much as speak above your breaths you'll be both as dead as herrings in two-twos. To the lock-up with you!"

And next minute we were being marched towards our prison-cell with three loaded revolvers pointed at our heads. It was a humiliating position to be in, but it would have been madness to have made a move.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

THERE was no sleep for us that night. We strained our ears listening for sounds and voices that came not. Several times I mounted on to Pete's shoulders to gaze out of our prison

NEXT MINUTE WE WERE BEING MARCHED TOWARDS OUR PRISON CELL WITH THREE LOADED REVOLVERS POINTED AT OUR HEADS.

window. But I saw nothing save a broad band of mellow moonlight quivering on the bosom of the lake, and the edge of the high cliff on the western shore silhouetted darkly against the milky-ways in the heavens. Where were all my plans for the future now? How was I to make my way in the world if so much precious time was to be wasted fretting my soul out in captivity? It seemed to me as if I had left my boyhood behind, and was at last facing what men called "the stern realities of life."

Next morning our gaolers were a long time in showing up, and when they did come they were headed by Campbell.

He held one hand behind his back as he entered. The two men who were with him had a stern, set expression on their faces. I knew that something extraordinary was about to happen, but what it was I could not for the life of me make out. In another moment we realised the serious trouble we had got into. He withdrew his hand from behind his back, and handed me a scrap of paper torn from my tally book. It was one of the first notes I had put into a bottle and consigned to the waters of the lake. My heart sank within me as I saw it. What revenge would not this mad being resort to now?

"That's your writing, I know," he remarked in a voice that seemed utterly devoid of all feeling.

"Waal, I guess, Campbell," broke in Pete, "as it's me who's got to answer for thet. It was my idear, and it was me as made him write it, and it was me what slung the bottle overboard."

"I can't believe a single word of what you say, Pete," observed the smuggler, eyeing him calmly. "I am afraid you're too chock full of silly sentiment and romance to live long. Besides, you hadn't the brains to think of such a thing. Some of you cow-boys imagine that you're the smartest men on earth because you never see any people save blamed hobos like yourselves. Bullocks and horses comprise your every-day world; cards and whiskey when you're in town for a holiday. Bah! if you could only see yourselves as others see you!"

I looked at poor Pete; the blood had mounted into his brown, weather-beaten face, but he did not reply to the unmerited taunts of the man whom he had once saved from death by lynching. It required more moral courage on Pete's part to hold his tongue than to retort. The smuggler continued:

"Now, I'm afraid you two fellows finding your way into these parts has made it very awkward for us, and the chances are that for the next fortnight or so, and until the first fall of snow, the mounted police and goodness knows who else will be searching round these parts for your useless bodies, so it will be necessary for all of us to be pretty quiet until they reckon the snow has covered your bones. As to your punishment for trying to give away this establishment, and to bring the red-coats down upon us, I'll think over the matter. In the meantime, you'll go without breakfast until you're beyond the necessity of requiring food at all, and I'll see about leg-irons. Bill and you, Jones, make them clean out the gallery. See that every scrap of wood is removed, and that there's not a bottle left for them to lay their hands on. Keep a sharp eye on them, and recollect that they're not to leave this for the next fortnight unless they're carried out feet first. Now, Bill, set them to it."

I happened to glance at Pete's face at that moment, and saw that it worked with suppressed feeling. The veins swelled on his forehead, and his hands were clasped together convulsively. It was well for us that we still had some measure of self-control left; had we retorted just then I do not believe our lives would have been worth a minute's purchase.

The smuggler chief turned on his heel and left; at the same moment Bill ordered us to set to work. I confess it was almost a relief to do something after the tension of the last few minutes. Our head gaoler, Bill, and his mate never once spoke to us save to direct our operations. When dinner-time came we were glad to sit down, and gladder still to satisfy our healthy appetites, which, to do Pierre justice, he did not neglect, himself bringing us dinner in an old soap-box.

That night when we lay down to sleep we were dead tired, and I am afraid that although Pete did his very best to make light of the situation, and to cheer me with his whimsical talk, he was just as down-hearted as myself. Later on there was a sharp frost, and we shivered with cold as we rolled ourselves in our all too scanty blankets. We were glad when daylight struggled in through the narrow casement over our heads, but that day passed much as the other had done. We saw no one save Bill, his mate, and the cook, and when Pete spoke about our blankets having proved insufficient to keep out the cold on the previous night, we were told with an oath and a sneer that we did not know when we were well off, for in a short time the chances were that we would be in a place where blankets were the very last things we should want. Towards the afternoon we had cleared the gallery of everything superfluous, and swept it out. The enforced idleness that followed was harder to bear than the enforced toil.

Four days passed, and we had never been allowed outside our cell save to wash in a bucket of water that was brought and placed just outside the doorway. We asked our gaolers to give us something to do so as to break the deadly monotony of our lives, but they simply told us that if we wanted a place of entertainment we should not have come to the Land of the Lost Spirits. That night we were startled by hearing shots fired from the western bank of the lake, and, seeing a lurid glare in the sky through the tiny window, I again mounted Pete's shoulders and saw two large beacons burning on the top of the cliff some considerable distance apart. We knew that these fires were built by those who were out looking for us. It was indeed a soul-harrowing thing to know that we were within sight of our friends, and that we could do nothing to apprise them of our presence. If we could only have had a match or a flint we could have burnt bundles of the dried grass that constituted the greater part of our bedding, and the watchers, seeing it, would assuredly have built rafts and searched the island next day. But Bill and his mate had taken good care to leave us with nothing that could possibly ignite. Unfortunately, from the high cliffs, so thick was the foliage on this the central main island that not a trace of the human habitations it contained could be detected. The smugglers would also be on the *qui vive* so long as they suspected there was any of the search party about. No smoke would betray them now as it had done on a former occasion to us.

Next morning we had a change of gaolers—Alan, the man whose face I thought had borne some hint of pity when he first saw us, and our old friend Jim, who, despite some of his peculiar prejudices, was a decided improvement on the brutal Bill and his taciturn mate. When Alan entered, I confess to having been rather surprised when he did not even vouchsafe us a half-hearted nod, but regarded us sullenly.

"Oh, you're up, are you?" he said. "Jim, go down to the cove for a bucket of water, and let them chaps wash themselves. I'll keep my eye and my shooting-stick upon them at the same time."

"Waal, I'm darned!" exclaimed the man who hated water, with a disgusted look on his face. "Go down and fetch water for them jokers to wash when I wouldn't go the length of my foot to git water for myself! Waal, if you ain't a daisy!"

"All right," remarked Alan, coolly. "If you don't, there'll be no quart bottle of whiskey for you 'on the side' when I'm in charge of the spirits."

This fetched Jim, who evidently had at least no prejudice to liquids when in the form of alcohol, for, with a muttered reference to the manners of some people, he picked up a zinc pail and slouched slowly off for the water. The moment he had turned his back a remarkable change came over Alan's face. He turned and scrutinised us keenly.

"Look here," he asked quickly, "are you to be trusted? Honour bright, mind."

"If you don't think we are from what you've seen of us, don't do it," answered Pete.

"Yes, I think you are," said the smuggler. "Here's a book or two for you, Derringham, which I fancy will help you out these days—it's enough to turn a fellow's brain being cooped up in a shop like this. Hide them somewhere in your blankets. And as for you—Pete, I think the boss called you—here's some baccy; but before I give you matches, will you take a solemn oath never to use them for any other purpose than lighting your pipe?"

"May I never ride another broncho again if I plays you false!" said Pete.

"Well, here you are; now, hide them." And the smuggler drew from inside his shirt a couple of Dickens's works, and thrust them into my hands. He then took some tobacco and matches from the pouch in his belt, and gave them to Pete. "Quick—get a rustle on!" he whispered, looking apprehensively towards the open door.

"WELL, HERE YOU ARE, NOW HIDE THEM."

Somewhat mystified, and with hastily expressed thanks, we stowed away the precious articles. They would help us for some time at least to bear up against the deadly monotony of our lives.

"It's awfully good of you to give us these things," I exclaimed gratefully. "Why do you do it? How is it you are with these other men at all?"

For, to put it mildly, there was something about Alan so utterly at variance with his lawless calling, and his obvious goodness of heart, that was puzzling, and gave me courage to speak as I did.

"You mustn't ask questions," he replied hastily, but not unkindly. "And look here, you must not mind if I swear at you a bit and

treat you roughly before the others—you'll understand it's not meant."

"Say, sonny, whar hev I seen you before?" interrupted Pete, who had been gazing searchingly at our newly-found friend. "First time I clapped eyes on you, blow me if I didn't think I knowed your face!"

A look of annoyance clouded the smuggler's countenance, and I thought he changed colour.

I hastened to say: "Pete, for goodness' sake, we've just been told to ask no questions. It's a poor way of paying back a kindness, but I was the first to begin it, and I apologise."

"That's right, Derringham," remarked the smuggler. "If you want to keep a friend never inquire too closely into his past. No one cares to parade his family skeleton, even for the edification of his friend—its anatomy and the rattling of the bones are liable to be misinterpreted. By the way, did you hear that shooting last night?"

He kept looking towards the doorway anxiously.

"You bet!" replied Pete. "And we saw the fires."

"It was the mounted police and the cowboys," explained our mysterious friend. "They've been prowling round here these last few days, and I fancy must have explored the Land of the Lost Spirits pretty thoroughly by now."

"It's a wonder they don't get on to some old trail of yours," observed Pete.

"They couldn't," was the quiet reply. "We run the boat into a narrow canyon miles long, into which there's no getting from the top. Then there's an almost subterraneous passage through the mountain that would take a deal of finding. It's much the same at the other end. In a few months from now the world will be welcome to the secret, for the place is getting just a trifle hot for us. But look here, I've one question to ask you that Campbell seems to have overlooked. Was that message you sent off in a bottle the only one you wrote and put into the lake?"

Like a lightning flash the idea presented itself to me that here now was an explanation of the seeming kindness of the smuggler. He was a mean hypocrite after all, and his attitude towards us was merely assumed for the purpose of finding out our movements and betraying them to his chief. But he did not look like a scoundrel. He had a smart, almost military appearance, and there were kindliness and strength in his distinctive face, and an honesty in his eyes that seemed to belie the idea. In another moment I was ashamed of my thoughts, for he had shot a swift glance at me, then, turning away, said quickly, with what I thought was a note of disappointment in his voice:—

"Don't answer. It was natural enough for you to think that. I can hardly expect you to take me on trust."

"I beg your pardon," I rejoined, humbly. "We do trust you." I looked at Pete, who nodded. "We have sent four or five messages, but goodness knows whether our friends will get them or not. But if they do, what about you? They will capture you with the others."

"In that case I've a clearer charge-sheet than most of them," he remarked, with a thoughtful look upon his face. "But here's Jim coming up with your water. And, by the way, I know you've been docked of your breakfast, and that the other chaps haven't been giving you any. Now, they forgot to inform me of the fact, so I just told Pierre the cook to let you have it as before. I'll risk the racket."

Pete and I hastily expressed our thanks.

"Now stand by," he said, cheerfully; "I'm going to give it you hot." Jim at that moment entered the cell with the pail. Alan's manner changed in a moment. "I wish you chaps wouldn't stand there looking as stupid as two owls. Just get a rustle on, and polish up your dirty faces. I'll go and fetch breakfast, Jim, while you keep an eye on them. Turn about's fair play."

As he walked quickly off I could not help speculating as to the apparently friendly attitude of the smuggler. Had I not acted imprudently in telling him of those other messages? Was it likely he was going to remain impassive while the chances were one of the bottles might be found at any time, and his capture by the police follow as a matter of course?

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE LEDGE.

For the next two days Alan and Jim were our gaolers, which, needless to say, was a pleasant change from the brutal and taciturn espionage from which we had hitherto suffered. For although Alan always addressed us somewhat gruffly before Jim, whenever that gentleman went to sleep—which he invariably did as soon as he had finished his meals—he treated us more like companions than prisoners, and talked with us quite pleasantly. At such times I would take out "David Copperfield" and read, letting Pete, who had a natural antipathy to over-taxing his business eye, carry

on the conversation. At night we were locked up and left to ourselves, but as Alan had supplemented our bedding with a couple of pairs of blankets, the rapid lowering of the temperature within the last few days did not disturb us. Strange to say, neither Campbell, the captain of the gang, nor any of the others came near us. I suspected they were keeping a sharp look-out, and making preparations for a possible attack. Perhaps Pierre, the cook, was the most inconvenienced by the presence of the searchers in the neighbourhood, for he dared not light a fire of wood lest the smoke should betray the presence of the smugglers, and had to burn spirit instead.

The suspense and enforced inactivity to which Pete and I had been subjected were telling upon us. True, Alan had allowed me to pace up and down the gallery, and to improvise a pair of very rough-and-ready Indian clubs, with which I staved off the horrible feeling of inertia; but still, the sense of being almost within sight of our friends, and yet knowing that we were so utterly helpless and at the mercy of the desperadoes, was mental trouble of a far more trying kind.

Every night had Pete and I discussed the situation, advancing and abandoning all sorts of mad schemes by which we might effect an escape. If something were not done, and that quickly, those who were searching in the vicinity for our supposed lifeless bodies must of a necessity give up their quest in despair, seeing that now considerably over a week had been spent without any clue to our presence.

At times we were tempted to spring on our guards unexpectedly, overpower them, secure their weapons, and make for the little harbour where the boats lay. But we could not entertain the idea of stealing a march on Alan, who had been so kind to us, and the others never gave us a chance. Even had the sleepy Jim been told off to guard us with a man as careless as himself, and, having achieved our purpose to disarm them, we managed to elude the vigilance of the others, the chances were that the boats were stowed away in such a manner that we could not make use of them. It was a hopeless outlook. What made the situation to me all the more annoying was that doubtless by this time Colin Dunbar had considered it his duty to communicate with my uncle in England, apprising him of my disappearance and of my probable fate. Poor old Uncle Gilbert! I daresay he would regret the manner of my leaving his house, and be sorry for me in his own undemonstrative way when his studies permitted, but very likely the new family ties he had formed were by this time occupying more of his attention than he had bargained for. I, however, held to the thought that there was one who would really and truly be sorry when she heard the news, and that was my girl friend, Muriel Wray.

It was comforting to think that there was some human being in whose heart I would be as a tender memory, for I knew that she had really been in sympathy with me.

It was quite plain to us that if we did not make some attempt to attract the attention of our friends, in another day or two it would be too late, and it would be difficult to say what might not become of us. It was imperative that we should make some attempt to escape. Alan had hinted that for the last few days his chief had become still more strange in his manner, and was at times so violent in his behaviour that his comrades stood in considerable apprehension as to their personal safety. He counselled us that should he come to our cell we must not allow ourselves to be provoked into losing our tempers over anything he said. There was no knowing what he might do in such a case.

One day, as Pete was watching the tiny patch of blue that showed through the little window over our heads, a half-suppressed ejaculation escaped from his lips; he shuffled his feet uneasily, and I knew he had got an idea. We had finished dinner, and our guards had gone to get theirs, locking us in, so there was nothing to prevent us talking.

"Wally," exclaimed the cow-boy, "I guess as how we're two of the blindest bats alive! Do you see that there wall and that window?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Waal, did it niver strike you that it would be an easy thing to take it to pieces, beginning at the window and working our way down stone by stone. It's only bin plastered together with mud, not lime."

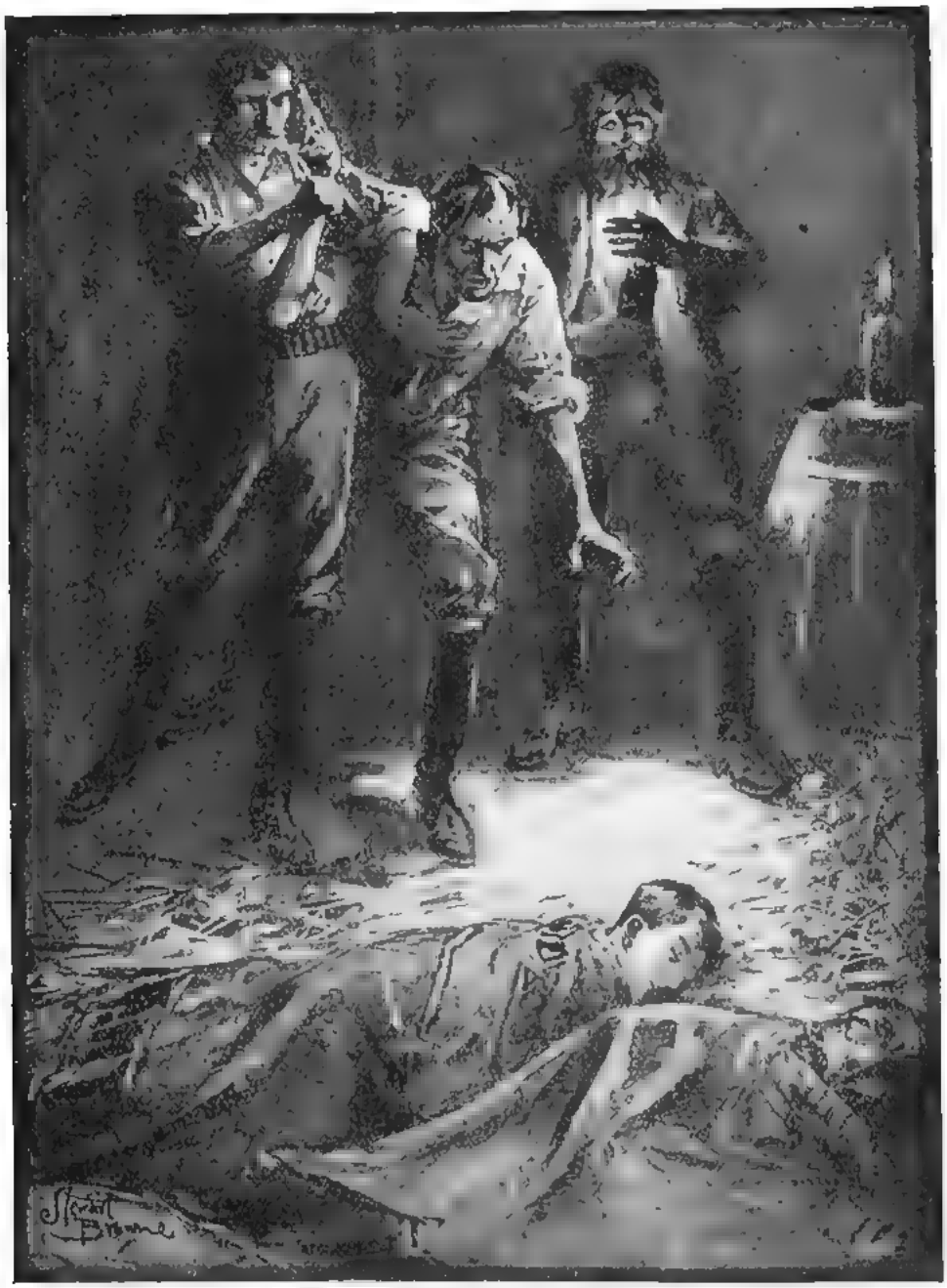
To my inexperienced eye the fact had not been apparent. Now it flashed upon me like a revelation with all its possibilities.

"But there's the deep waters of the lake underneath," I said, considering. "And even if we managed to get down to it in safety, how are we to get away?"

"We can drop the stones into the lake until we work down to near the floor, and then we can lower ourselves down by our blankets to the water, an' then it'll only be a few strokes to the shore alongside the doorway. After thet it'll be make for the boats and take our chances in getting clear away."

"To-night, Pete?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, to-night," he replied, "but——"



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THREE MEN ENTERED.

"Oh, no buts," I interposed. "I'm sick of this, and quite willing to take the risks."

"But I'm not so sure that I'm justified in letting you take 'em. I'm older then you, Wally, and hev had a good innings, so if I should git bowled out it wouldn't so much matter, but you——"

"Pete," I expostulated, "it doesn't matter about me so much as you think. I'm pretty well alone in the world, and I'd rather die trying to do something to help myself than remain here at the mercy of a mad smuggler and his men. As likely as not they may at any moment discover that our lives seriously

compromise their own safety, and that it would be better to end these lives without a moment's warning. I'm eating my heart out in this place. Besides, I don't see what is to prevent us escaping. If they have got the boats locked up, I don't see why we can't fix up a raft from some of the logs and boxes lying about, and drift and paddle ashore."

"All right, Wally, if you're willing to take chances. You're not a chicken now, and a'most as big as a man. Can you swim?"

I assured him of the fact, so we at once began to discuss our risky project.

As we knew our gaolers would not be back for another half-hour or so, I assumed my old position on Pete's shoulders, and examined the casement, so as to determine the best way of beginning operations when it grew dark. I discovered that it would be by no means an impossible task. When once the thick plastering of mud was removed, the blocks of basalt would not be difficult to detach from one another. For some reason or other I had hidden the strong stave of a cask in my bedding, and that might come in handy to use as a lever. If only the slight breeze that had sprung up continued, there would not be so much danger of the smugglers hearing the stones drop into the lake. We more than suspected that two or three times during the night one or other of the smugglers came and examined the door of the gallery, but the chances were that this inspection would not extend further. As for Alan, we had both grown to like the man whose one seeming antipathy was to talk about himself. He had evidently received a good education, and, with the exception of his chief, belonged to a very different order of beings from his mates. We knew he was sorry that we had fallen into their hands, but we also knew that if some of the others suspected his sympathies were with us, and that there was any danger of his conniving at our escape, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. We would have liked to tell him of our intentions, but we thought it was more than likely it would only place him in a most unpleasant predicament. It was a mystery to us how a quiet, kindly, evidently right-thinking man should have come to cast in his lot with a gang of desperadoes. Since that time I have seen so many extraordinary phases of life that I have ceased to wonder at anything.

It was only with difficulty we could conceal our suppressed excitement from the two men who kept guard over us that afternoon, but at last the long day came to an end. It was with an inexpressible feeling of relief that we heard the great key turn in the lock, and the great pine bar put into its place and wedged home. We had carefully examined that door on the first night of our imprisonment, and realised that it was useless trying to tamper with it.

The night was cold and dark, the moon was on the wane, and as we knew it would not rise till midnight, we delayed operations till then. It was as well we did so, for just as we noted that a wan ray of moonlight had struggled in through the narrow casement, and we were about to rise from our beds, we heard the scuffling of feet outside, the removing of the heavy bar, and the turning of the key in the lock. In another moment three men entered. They closed the door behind them, struck a light, and lit a candle which one of them held in his hand. I could see by its dim light that one of them was Campbell, another the brutal Bill, and the third the seemingly ill-mated Alan. Campbell was in his shirt sleeves, his face was of a ghastly pallor, and his eyes were wild and glassy. In one hand he held a large Colt's revolver. It was quite evident to me that either the man was suffering from the effects of drink, or else he had passed the stage of incipient madness. The smugglers had never visited us like this before in the middle of the night. What was their reason for doing so now? That it was for no good it was not difficult to divine. Instinctively Pete and I drew the blankets close up to our chins, and feigned to be sound asleep. But still it was an unpleasant thing to think that we were so utterly at the mercy of that mad wretch with the cocked revolver in his hand. The three men came quietly enough towards us, and we knew that they were holding the light so as to see whether we were asleep or not. Both Pete and I breathed heavily, the former, indeed, supplementing his part by something that resembled a nasal note. Suddenly something occurred that required all my powers of self-control to keep me from crying out and springing to my feet. Campbell had made a movement, and someone, whom I guessed by his voice was Alan, had stayed his hand in some attempted action.

"Don't do any such silly trick," said our smuggler friend, with a temerity for which I had hardly given him credit. "A lot of satisfaction there is in potting a sleeping man and a youngster! I wonder you're not jolly well ashamed of yourself."

"Let me go, you squeamish fool!" hissed the desperado. "You don't seem to realise that if it wasn't for these born idiots we wouldn't be surrounded by a troop of mounted police and all the cow-boys in the country at the present moment. The Powers of Darkness take them! It's only a question of time now before they're exploring these islands on the ice and

AND NOW THE TIME HAD COME FOR US TO ENTRUST OUR BODIES TO THE ICY WATERS OF THE LAKE OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

the game will be up. In the meantime, it's as much as our necks are worth to attempt to run a cargo up the canyon. Oh, curse them! I must be even with them! I'll have a fit unless I put a bullet through their brains!"

"You'll have something else if you don't look out. What right have you to put us all in a hole for the sake of gratifying your blood-thirsty notions of revenge? You seem to have lost your head completely of late. Why not keep them here as sort of hostages, so that, should the police find out our whereabouts, you could tell them that unless they allowed you to clear safely out of the country you will at once do them up? There would be more sense in that."

"Yes, boss, I guess that's not a bad idea," growled Bill, who, like most brutal men, had a very tender regard for his own personal well-being. "That's the ticket! When the redcoats come round you just hev them two blokes a settin' on a nice little keg of gunpowder, where they kin see 'em. You stand at the business end of the fuse, and sez you, 'Is it a clear trail for us chaps, or is it Kingdom Come for them?' The chances are they'll tell us to show our heels. If they don't, then you can fire the fuse and introduce them jokers to the angels. There would be some fun in that."

Pete and I hardly thought so, but we hoped that Campbell would listen to the tender-hearted Bill's advice. In another moment we found that it had found favour in his eyes.

"That's a fair notion, Bill," he said, "and the effect would be quite dramatic. I'm blowed if I wouldn't mind being shot after it merely for the pleasure of seeing these two fellows going up in little pieces to join the stars! Come on! let's go. I'll have another drink before I turn in, so's to send me to sleep. They'll be all right till morning."

When they had gone, and closed the door behind them, Pete and I sprang to our feet with inexpressible relief. There were no doubts or hesitation now as to what we should do. The sooner we were out of the clutches of such a truly diabolical crew, the better. If we were killed in attempting to escape we should be no worse off. I groped my way to the door and picked up a box of matches that Campbell had inadvertently placed on a small shelf, and forgotten when he had lighted the candle. They would come in handy, and save Pete from breaking his word with Alan about the

matches he had got from him. Besides, I had a project to attract the attention of any of the search party who might yet be on the mainland.

I took the stave, and mounted on to Pete's shoulders.

"Now, Wally," said my cheery friend, "smash the plaster up, then try and lever out some of them there stones. When oncet you've made a beginning I'll get up and help."

I set to work with right good will. In less than ten minutes I had removed the mud plaster and discovered the first vulnerable part in the stonework. It was with a feeling of joy and exultation that I pushed my first stone out through the narrow window, and heard it rebound from the rocks and splash into the lake beneath. Then my blood ran cold with sudden fear—what if the smugglers should hear the noise? But the wind had fortunately freshened, and the breaking of the little waves against the cliff would surely deaden the sound of the falling debris. I scraped and tugged away at the stones with my hands until there was hardly a whole inch of skin on them, but soon I had the pleasure of completely loosening the four large stones that constituted the casement of the window, and pushing them one by one into the lake. Then I worked downwards, and the rest was comparatively easy work. In an hour's time I had made a hole almost large enough to stand upright in, but Jim insisted on me taking a rest, so I climbed down and he took my place. Very soon he informed me that now we might risk the lake. The soft, mellow moonlight streamed in through the great gap we had made in the wall, and flooded our cell. By its light we tore our blankets into long strips, which Pete skilfully and quickly converted into a long rope. By means of the stave we made one end of it fast in the stonework, letting the other dangle over the ledge outside.

And now the time had come for us to entrust our bodies to the icy waters of the Lake of the Lost Spirits.

John Machu

(To be continued.)

"Jealous? Not a bit of it. Merely a touch of indigestion."

SPECIAL PAGE.

(Contributed by Readers.)

The Fairs at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

I AM writing this little essay on the fairs at Boulogne hoping that it may interest those readers of THE CAPTAIN who have never visited that town, and consequently never seen them. There is a summer and a winter fair at Boulogne. The former is the more enjoyable of the two, on account of the warm weather, and because there are many more visitors in the summer, and the *forains*, as they are called, take more pains to embellish their shows in order to attract them. The most interesting parts of the summer fairs are the freak shows, the waxworks, and the gaming tables. At the winter fairs there are none of the latter.

In the summer the whole fair is held upon the Boulevard Mariette, named after a Frenchman, born at Boulogne, who explored some parts of Egypt, and a statue of whom stands upon the boulevard bearing his name. In the winter the toy booths and nougat stalls are erected in the Haute Ville, as the boulevard at that time of the year is rather slushy.

Let me conduct the reader round a summer fair, and enter it at the Porte des Dunes. The first two booths on our right as we go in are pastry-cooks' stalls. The next booth is a roulette table. The next is a raffle for live poultry. It is very amusing to see winners bearing away their cackling prizes from these raffles. Next come some shooting galleries, next a raffle for china-ware. On our left as we enter are some freak shows, hurdy-gurdies, *Petits Chevaux* tables, theatres, and swings. Walking on we find ourselves in the midst of noisy hurdy-gurdies, cinematographs, freak shows, the banging of drums, kettle drums, gongs, shooting galleries, etc., to be out of which we will not be sorry. Pushing on we pass through the bazaars. Vendors are shouting on all sides: "*Voilà un joli bazar à dix sous!*" "*Voyez, mesdames et messieurs! Tout à dix sous au bazar!*" "*Tous les articles; tous les objets. Choisissez, faites votre choix!*"

There are many bazaars at these fairs at which toys and other things can be bought at the wonderfully low prices of fivepence, twopence, a penny, and even a halfpenny. Of course, expensive purchases can be made also. To give an accurate description of every stall would be a long business, and I can only give a very slight idea of the fair by saying that almost every conceivable thing can be bought there. The nougat and other sweets sold there are very good. At almost every sweet-stall purchasers are presented with little monkeys, made of pins and wool. It is amusing to see children walking about, their hats or their coats covered with these monkeys.

JOHN COX

Why?

Donald: "Dugal', can ye tell me why the *Columbia* is like ta *Red Gauntlet?*"

Dugal': "Na, Donald."

Donald: "Weel, the *Red Gauntlet* ran against a real rock, and ta *Columbia* ran against a *Shamrock*."

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

James Ramsay.—Joke all right; drawing no good, old chap.

E. G. W.—Can't print a parody on a hymn.

W. G. Atwell.—I hope to use your mazes.

H. S. Brown.—Photos are excellent.

A. O. M.—"My First Cigar" is not at all bad, although, as a matter of fact, it was, wasn't it?

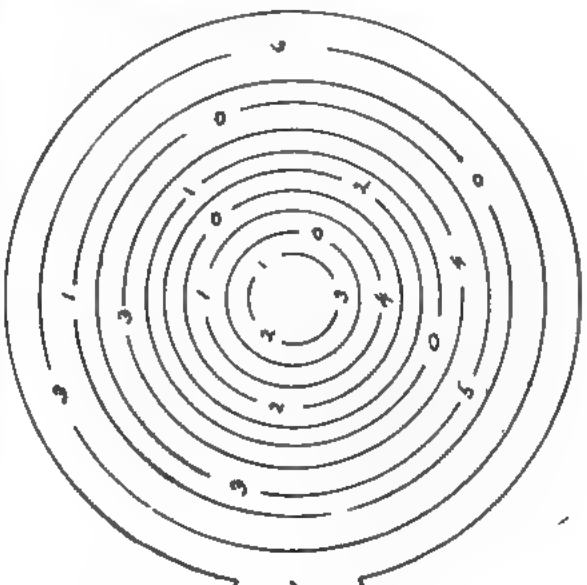
Gordon McVoy.—Your paper on "How to Make Your Own Christmas Cards by Photography" is well and thoughtfully written. Too late for 1899, but I will keep it by me.

R. E. (BOURNEMOUTH).—Your story is far too long. It should not exceed 2,500 words. You have an idea, but you put in a lot of unnecessary "jaw" which can well be dispensed with. Try and write something more probable; this is a most improbable tale, although not without a sort of excitement at the finish. Look upon writing as a hobby—not as a means of earning a living.

F. C. Bland.—Thanks for your letter. I am writing to him and shall have something to say about it next month.

This month's award (one year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN) goes to W. E. ATWELL, 54, Comiston Road, Morningside, Edinburgh, for his "Maze," printed below.

Highly Commended: Gordon McVoy (photo of Wrexham Church Tower).



TO GET TO THE CENTRE COUNTING EIGHTEEN.

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—IV.

By W. W. Mayland.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson.

The bluejacket who hauled me out of the briny waves held me up in one hand and showed me to his wondering mates:—

"I SAY, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE SHRUNK.

"Talk about Tom Thumb," said he, "why, Tom Thumb's a giant compared to this chap!"

I observed that, as I was wet and cold, I should be glad if he would put something warm round me, and so he promptly wrapped me up in a great red cloth, which he called a handkerchief. Goodness! It would have carpeted a cricket pitch!

They let me run about on the deck of the ship, and petted me no end. I felt for all the world like a tame mouse. In due time the vessel reached England, and my friendly sailor, who was going home, said he would convey me to my parents. He was as good as his word—though his pocket, in which he kept me, *did* reek horribly of tobacco—and when I reached our old roof-tree, with tiny chirps of glee I rushed into the hall, through it, and into the garden. There, lying at full length on the lawn, was my brother.

"Hullo, Jack!" I exclaimed, rushing up to him, "I'm so glad to see you."

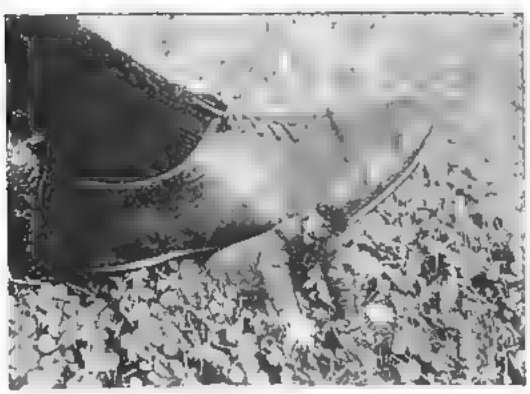
He gazed at me very steadily for some time, and then he replied:—

"It's as much as *I* can do to *see* you. I say, old man, you have shrunk. Been getting your weight down, or what?"

PROPPED ME IN FRONT OF HIM, BEHIND HIS BICYCLE LAMP.

After chaffing me in this way for some time, my brother said he was going to call on "his girl," and asked me if I would like to go with him. Of course I assented, and so he propped me in front of him, behind his bicycle lamp, and we careered over the road at a jolly pace, I can tell you. Jack's a good sort—my word, how I used to lick him in the old days!

When we arrived at "his girl's" house, I,



WOULD HAVE CRUSHED ME TO DEATH IF I HADN'T REQUESTED HIM NOT TO.

I WAS ALMOST DROWNED.

of course, was turned out into the garden (like a *horse*, you know), but I wandered away and got into a field of clover, or something, and narrowly escaped with my life, because my brother, who came out to sit there with his girl, put his foot out and would have crushed me to death if I hadn't requested him not to.

Of course, *then* he had to introduce me to "his girl," and you should have seen her face when he said:—

"Er—Matilda darling—this—er—this is *my brother!*" She almost fainted!

Well, Jack told me to go back to the garden and play there until his return, and while I was gambolling about in my innocent little way, I heard a laugh (like shrill thunder) and there, standing above me, was a giantess, in short skirts, wearing her hair down her back. She had a gigantic watering-can in her hands, and what must the mischievous great thing do but turn it on to *me!* Oh, dear! I was almost drowned. I shrieked and ran away, but she went on watering me (as if I'd been a sort of galloping geranium) until I was wet through, when she took me indoors, dried me before the kitchen fire, and then fed me with hot milk, out of a spoon! Oh, it *was* ignominious, dear reader!

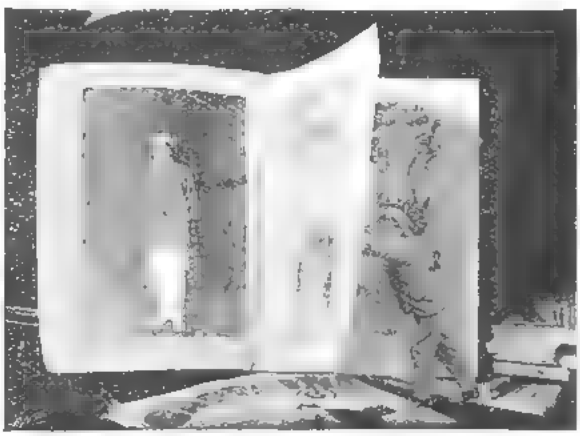
You see, what made me so frightened was that unless I kept on giving little chirps (like those confounded things bicyclists warn pedestrians with) I was in constant danger of being trodden on by domestics and others.

You will remember that the Queen knighted me for holding an umbrella over her, and you may be sure that my brother's "girl's" family did not forget this fact. They constantly addressed me as "Sir William"—and you can imagine how ridiculous it sounded!

The giantess (I suppose she was really my brother's "girl's" little sister) was the only person that disregarded my rank. She called me "Little Billee." She took quite a fancy to me, petted me and played with me all the evening, and propped a copy of THE CAPTAIN up for me to look at. When, with much exertion, I managed to turn a page by pushing it with all my might, she clapped her hands and almost *cried* with laughter. I can tell you—I *did* feel small. Being about fifty times smaller than everybody else I found not half so nice as being fifty times bigger than anybody else.

As to further indignities to which I was submitted—have patience, and I will tell thee more next month.

(To be continued.)



MANAGED TO TURN A PAGE BY PUSHING IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

THE END OF HIS JOURNEY

By
Athol Forbes.

Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.

ON a hazy morning in November, in the year 1746, a year of "men's blood and women's tears," a beamy-looking little craft, with one big square sail set, might have been seen making Yarmouth Roads. On her deck was rather ostentatiously displayed a quantity of nets, which the ordinary observer would have taken as a sign of her trade and occupation, but, as a matter of fact, these nets served the purpose for which they were intended—to disguise the true character of the vessel and her crew. Amidships and aft a mixed crowd of Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, to the number of some eighteen or twenty, sat smoking or chewing, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out. Most of the men squatted upon the deck, and were hidden by the bulwarks, for their number would at once have excited the suspicion of any one of the King's ships which perchance might suddenly loom out of the haze. The men's aspect bespoke a bold and reckless spirit, and such they possessed in an intensified form. These "toilers of the deep" in appearance got their living by running contraband goods—whiskey from Scotland, and, as a change, brandy, gin, and tobacco, from France, Holland, or Belgium.

Among this swarthy crew a young man, barely out of his teens, whose refined features spoke of a better bringing up than his associations would have suggested, sat and gazed in the direction of the land, which the skipper was endeavouring to make out with a time-battered old telescope.

"I thought I caught sight of the church there," growled the skipper, as he spat out some tobacco juice and again put up his glass.

The young man's face brightened, and he peered eagerly into the haze, which was then lifting slowly.

"Yes, there it is," said the mariner. "Here, take this," and he passed the glass, and pointed it. "Do you see a square grey tower with something appearing to run up one corner of it?"

"Yes, I can see the church too; three big windows look out towards the sea," responded the person addressed.

"That there is Gorleston church, then," said the skipper, and he brushed his hand across his mouth. "Old Sir John Castleton is the parson. He's a good sort—likes his brandy good, and gives a gentleman's price for it. The curate, too, is the right sort; he lends us his cellars, but I prefer old Sir John. He had a hand in the Prince Charlie job. Oh, it's all right," as he saw a look of pain and surprise come over the young man's face. "I took the money up that he gave to the cause, and you shall take to him the receipt. Here it is. Read it."

From a tin case containing a number of bank-notes he drew out, not exactly a receipt, but a letter, signed "James," thanking his dear John Castleton for his kindly help in the cause—nothing more. "This is my first visit here since

Culloden," he went on. "I hope the old man still lives," and there was a ring of genuine anxiety in his voice.

"I hope so. He is my uncle, and my real name is Castleton—John Castleton. I am called after him," and the lad turned and looked again at the village, now distinctly visible, with its multitude of red-tipped, white cottages.

"Ah, my friend, I guessed it! It takes a lot to deceive me, and when you asked for a passage, I knew well, too, that you had been out in the cause. Why, lad, we are all the right colour in this craft, and if my head was where some would have it, it certainly would not be on this pair of shoulders," and he laughed immoderately at his joke. "I am an Englishman myself, a Gorlestonian bred and born, but my sympathies are with the cause, and you, my young cavalier." He gripped his hand in a warm, hard clasp, which young Castleton was not slow to return, and they relapsed into silence, which was broken only by the wash of the waves against the vessel as she ploughed her way through the water, and the harsh voices of the men 'midships.

"LET HER COME UP A POINT," HE CALLED OUT TO THE MAN STEERING.

From time to time the skipper scanned the cliffs to the south of Gorleston; then he would take a scrutiny of the eastern horizon, but the haze seaward was still heavy, and nothing was to be seen. Presently, a moving object about two miles south of Gorleston pier attracted his attention.

"There goes the signal at last," he snapped out as he shut up his glass. "The Hopton gap is safe," he sang out to the men, who immediately bustled about, taking off the hatches, clearing away the nets, and a multitude of other duties. They understood the signal. They had been at the work before.

"Let her come up a point," he called out to the man steering.

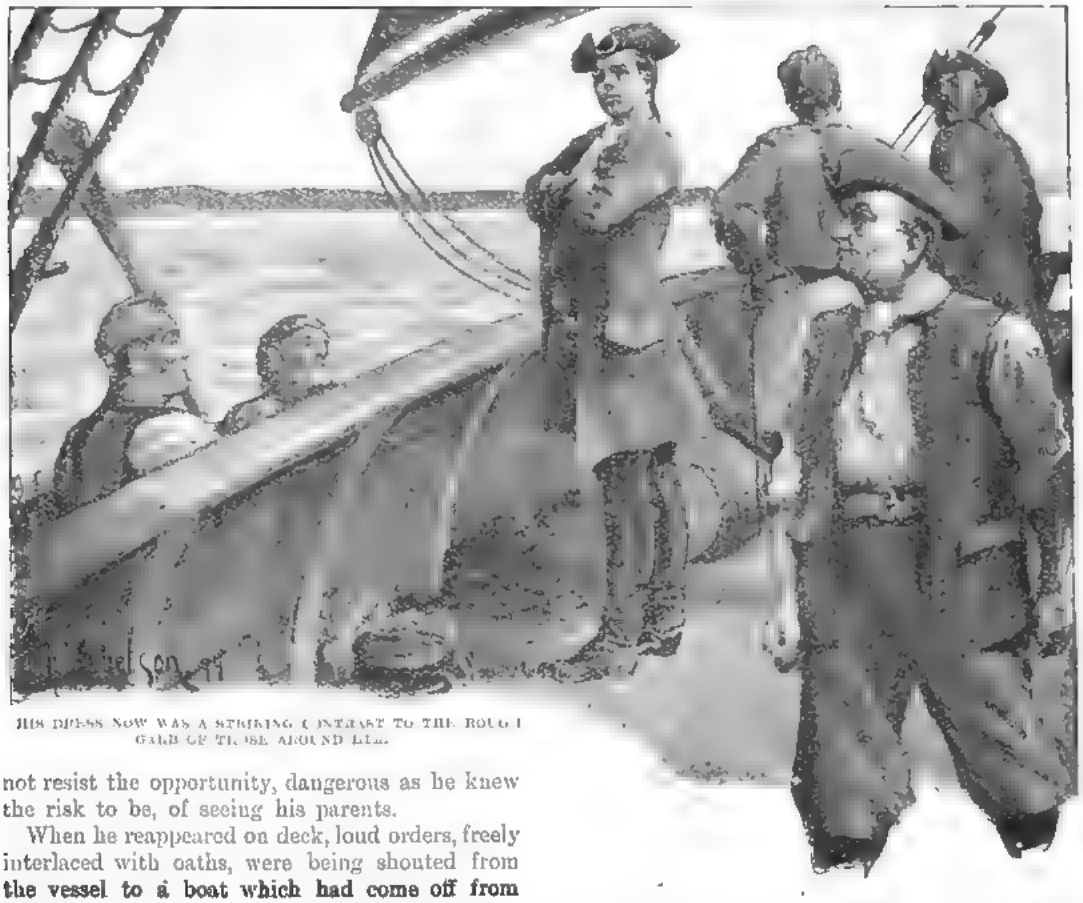
"Stand by there to let go," to another, who seemed to expect the order.

"Now, young sir, you can go below and change those togs of yours. In less than an hour you will be in your uncle's house, and to-night you will sleep in a feather bed."

"That will indeed be a luxury," he replied. "It is over two years since I enjoyed that comfort," and he disappeared down into the dark little hole that by courtesy was called a cabin.

It did not take our young friend long to dress. The joy of being once more among friends threw a new energy into him. He had not seen his uncle since he was a child, but he carried a kindly recollection of him, and he knew that he was sure of a welcome. The only fear was Yarmouth. He knew that a number of King's men must be quartered there, and if caught he knew his fate. But he was at his wits' end. Ever since Culloden he had hidden among fishermen—worked and shared their hardships, and, severe as they were, they were nothing compared to those in the disastrous retreat into Scotland, before the final act in that wretched tragedy. Sir John he knew to be an ardent Jacobite. He would know the state of feeling, and what chance there was of pardon or escape.

From Scotland, escape abroad was now impossible. Smart cruisers swept the seas, and merchant vessels, however sympathetic the captains might be, refused to risk their ships, which were confiscated if any adherents of the Stuarts were found on board. His home was not far from Gorleston, but a few miles inland, and he could



HIS DRESS NOW WAS A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE ROUGH GARB OF THOSE AROUND HIM.

not resist the opportunity, dangerous as he knew the risk to be, of seeing his parents.

When he reappeared on deck, loud orders, freely interlaced with oaths, were being shouted from the vessel to a boat which had come off from the shore, and from the said boat there was re-echoed language of a corresponding description. But in spite of this a large amount of work had been got through. Some twenty or thirty small kegs of whiskey were piled up in the boat. Two men standing up with oars were fending off the little tub as the sea dashed it against the sides of the smuggler, threatening each moment to stave it in.

These men stared at the apparition which appeared on deck in the person of young Castleton. His dress now was a striking contrast to the rough garb of those around him, though its appearance was sorry and faded, but it showed his well-built and well-knit figure. His big jack-boots were brown and scrubbed, and here and there buttons were missing on his dress, but he looked a handsome youth, and every inch a soldier.

The skipper whispered something to a big, bronze-faced man, who seemed to be the leader of the shore gang, and then introduced him to our cavalier friend, who greeted him in a few well-chosen words which evidently pleased.

"If he's the parson's nevee he's one of the right sort," growled out this individual. "Aye, I'll show him the house," he replied, in response to another whisper from the skipper.

"She won't carry any more," he added, and he looked at the boat alongside, which was now very deep in the water.

"Well, you had better shove off," shouted the skipper. "Now, sir," turning to our friend, "you and I must part. I have kept my part of the bargain, and I hope your troubles are over."

"I wish I could recompense you," said Castleton, as he pressed the skipper's hand, "for all your kindness," and a tear glistened in his eye.

"You would do the same for me, I know," the skipper answered kindly; then, with an effort, "Good-bye! My duty to old Sir John," as the young officer took his seat in the boat. "Don't forget to give him the paper."

"Shove off! Shove off!" cried everyone.

"Let go that rope for'ard. Now, lads, give way," said the man in charge of the shore boat.

"Look sharp back," shouted the skipper of the lugger

"Aye, aye!" came back from the boat in lusty tones.

The men bent to their oars, and succeeded in getting a good speed out of the heavily laden craft, which was eagerly watched by a group of men on shore, who rushed into the water and secured each a keg as soon as the keel grated on the pebbles. One of these men was directed to take the passenger on his back and carry him to the dry sand.

"AND TO-MORROW YOU WILL LEAVE US?" SHE ASKED.

"I was to give you this from the skipper," and the man in charge of the boat thrust half-a-dozen bank-notes into his hand. "And here," calling to a lad, "this boy will show you parson's house."

Castleton could only wave his hat again to the rough, kindly man who had risked so much and done so much for him, a complete stranger, practically starving, when he was received on board the smuggler. He waved his hat again, but there was no response—evidently the skipper was too busy to notice it.

The boy trudged along by his side, his bare feet splashing in the water every now and again, as he made a détour by way of variety. Half-an-hour brought them to the village. To get to the vicarage they had to pass through Gorleston's main and only street. The house was situate in its own grounds, in an open space between the village and the then hamlet of Southtown. The only small money Castleton had was a silver coin of France, which he gave to the boy at the entrance to the vicarage. The youngster glanced at it; then, with a wild whoop, turned and ran like a hare.

The welcome he received from his uncle and cousins was as warm as he expected, and that was saying a great deal. The tears chased each other down the old man's cheeks as he listened to the miseries and hardships of those devoted men, who, for what they considered a righteous cause, gave their lives.

His younger daughter, Mary, a handsome girl of twenty or twenty-two, gazed with warm admiration at her cousin, who, in spite of his modesty, here and there dropped little things which showed what he had gone through. They talked all that afternoon and late into the night, for old Sir John on his part had much to tell, as well as much to hear.

"I shall sleep in a feather bed to-night, at all events," replied the young man in response to some expression of sympathy from his cousin. "Next to a bed indoors, I prefer heather," and he laughed.

"And to-morrow you will leave us?" she asked.

"Yes, fair cousin, such is my intention, though I do not promise it will hold out if you invite me to stay"—and she blushed.

And while he talked, and the old vicar slumbered and slept, the boy who had shown him the way was explaining to the chief of the preventive men how he came by the French coin, which had been handed by him to the village grocer, who, learning that it had been given by a gentleman at the vicarage, and not loving the vicar, promptly took it to someone who would make it his business to see further into the matter. He said afterwards that as a religious man he felt it his duty to give information. It was always a grievance with him afterwards that he received no reward.

Thus it was that late at night a force of armed men surrounded the vicarage, and the officer in charge thundered at the door.

"Quick! Dress!" cried the old man, as he rapped at his nephew's door. "I fear mischief. The house is surrounded, but one of my daughters will show you the way out through the cellars. There is an underground passage which takes you out near the quay. I fancy they are after you, my unfortunate boy."

Castleton had opened his door at the first summons, and was now hurrying into his clothes. The vicar opened one of the windows, and began to parley so as to gain time.

"It is no use, Sir John, putting us off. We have certain information that a French spy is here. You must open the door," said the officer.

"I will come down and speak to you, if you will wait a minute." And he closed the window and joined his nephew, who was now ready, and on his way, led by Mary, to the cellars.

"You must bolt for it. They will search the house," said the old man, as he bade him a hurried "Good-bye" and wished him "God speed."

"If you mean the gentleman who is my nephew he is gone," said the vicar, as he admitted the officer and two of the men.

"We must do our duty," replied the officer, who was not a bad sort of man, "and search the house. He cannot have got away since we came, for the house is guarded on every side."

"Then we are just too late," he said, after they had made a rigorous search.

"You are, indeed. My nephew departed some time ago."

"Well, we had information that he was a French spy or a Jacobite," said the officer, who, with a bow, helped himself to the brandy which the vicar placed before him, and appeared very anxious to make up by his politeness for the disturbance he had caused, and was now inclined to talk.

"We have kept clear of those Jacobites in Gorleston so far, sir. I should not, I admit, have liked to arrest one in your house, Sir John; but our orders are very strict."

The fugitive, guessing that they would search the secret passage, fled away in the direction of Beccles, which was within a few miles of his own home. There was no need for him to enter the town, but somehow the fatal luck of the Stuarts dogged his footsteps as it had dogged theirs. By keeping on, he would have been home by breakfast time. Though it was quite dark, he knew the country well, and without hesitation took the turn leading to Beccles, his thoughts dwelling on the events of the last few hours.

"Halt, in the King's name!" cried a voice; but before he could answer or resist he was seized by two men, and a light flashed in his face, blinding him for the moment.

"He answers the description," said one to the other, and he called out to another who came rushing up. "Let me see his face," and the lantern again was flashed in Castleton's face.

"I think this is the man," he said.

"What means this outrage?" cried the now pinioned man.

"Are you a Frenchman?" asked the third man who had come upon the scene.

"No; I was born here in Suffolk."

"A traitor, then?"

"No," said our young friend indignantly. He knew the man meant Jacobite, but that was another question.

"Very well, you must come with us." And without more words he was marched off.

Morning was just dawning as he was led into Beccles. The men who had pinioned him were kind, but they looked closely after him. Once he whispered in the ears of the two who marched by his side that it might be worth their while to unloosen his hands, but they only smiled from one to the other. No time was lost in bringing him before the colonel—an old cavalry officer in charge of the military station there—who had fought at Culloden.

"Your name?" he asked, in a sharp, soldierly voice; but he ordered his handcuffs to be removed when he perceived the gentlemanly bearing of his prisoner.

"Castleton—John Castleton," he repeated.

"Where are you from?"

"Gorleston, where I have been visiting my uncle."

"You are not French?"

"No," with a laugh. "I don't know a dozen words of French either."

"Are you mixed up in this Jacobite plot?" and the colonel's eyes looked steadily out from under their bushy brows.

"I am mixed up in no plots," he replied.

"Were you not landed on Gorleston beach yesterday?"

"I was. I came in a fishing vessel to visit my uncle, and am now on my way to my home, which is close to Beccles."

"A strange time of day to travel. Search him," and he motioned to one of the men who stood by with fixed bayonets. This was soon accomplished, and the trooper handed the few papers and things to his chief.

"Here is a receipt or an acknowledgment signed by one of the commanders in that ill-fated army. Is this yours?" And he held up the paper which the skipper had given him.

For a moment he was dumbfounded. He had quite forgotten the existence of this document. He thought of his own life. He thought of his

uncle; the dear, kind face rose up before him, with that of another.

"Are you the John Castleton mentioned here?" asked the officer again, impatiently.

Without any further hesitation the answer came: "I am John Castleton, late of Lord George Murray's regiment of horse."

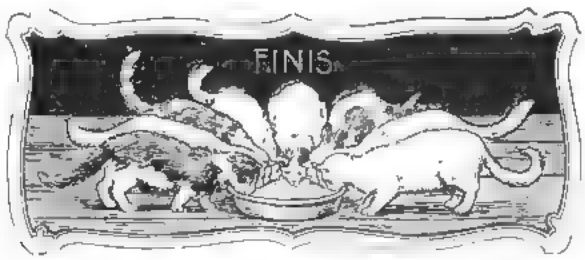
"Then God have mercy on your soul!" And he nodded to the two men with fixed bayonets, who led him away.

* * * * *

"One, two, three—fire!" A volley of musketry rang out on the morning air, a grey mist arose, and before the good people of Beccles were all awake a tragedy was over.

Lying with his pale face turned upward, the first rays of the cold November sun kissed the fair locks of the young cavalier, and lingered in his tangled waves of hair as if in loving caress for his bravery, and just a few miles distant a mother dreamt of her boy, and wondered where he was, and when he would be restored to her.

"ONE, TWO, THREE—FIRE!"



HOW TO BOX.—I.

INTRODUCTION—POSITION ON GUARD —DISPARITY OF HEIGHT— ACTION OF THE FEET.

By JEM MACE, Jun.

FIG. 1.
ON GUARD.

INTRODUCTION.—Boxing at the present time has become such a science that (like billiards) some amateur clubs have been discussing the advisability of barring the "spot-stroke," that is, the knock-out blow, as they say all decisions are given upon points of science, and not severe punishment. Be that as it may, my contention is that the knock-out blow is the perfection of science, the counter to which is to learn to guard against it, as well as to give it.

I have adopted the military idea of instructing, that is to say, by numbers, as I not only consider this a better, but a much quicker method than the ordinary way. For instance, instead of saying "Make a smart lead at the head with the left hand," I simply say "One" (this, of course, after preliminary explanations), and so on up to No. 6.

I have given six numbers, although really there are but four hits and four guards (manipulated in a variety of ways), viz., left and right at the head, left and right at the body, with the corresponding guards.

Here is a summary of the numbers :—

1. A smart lead off at the head with the left hand.

1*a*. The same as No. 1 with a right-hand head-guard.

2. A left-hand counter at the body with a right-hand head-guard.

3. A left-hand counter at the body (or head), slipping to the right front.

4. A right-hand "cross counter," slipping to the left front. This is the knock-out blow (a fuller explanation of which will be given presently) on the point of the jaw.

5. A right-hand body blow (under the heart), slipping to the left front.

6. A right-hand body blow, with a left-hand head-guard.

The guards or parries for the above are :—

1. A right-hand head-guard, or parry, the latter for preference.

1*a*. The same as No. 1.

2. If with the gloves, guard the body by keeping the right hand before the "mark" (pit of the stomach), just touching the body, so that no vibration shall be caused. If with the fist, parry the blow by forcing your opponent's attack downwards with the right forearm.

3. The same as No. 2.

4. Turn the left elbow outwards and force your opponent's attack backwards—should you be leading (and this is the time that the No. 4 blow is generally given), instead of fully extending your arm withdraw it quickly, and turn the elbow outwards. This can only be done by carefully watching the intentions of your opponent. If, as I have said, the blow is given as an attack, simply guard or parry it with your left, the same as you would No. 1 with your right hand.

5. If with the gloves, guard the left side by keeping the left elbow close to the body. If with the fist, parry the blow by forcing your opponent's attack downwards with the left forearm.

6. The same as No. 5. Should you be leading, then act in a similar manner to the way described in No. 4, of course turning the parry downwards.

I will now explain what some would consider a "distinction without a difference"—that is, the difference between a guard and a parry.

Assuming your opponent to be leading, say, a No. 1. To guard against this attack would be to place the forearm of the right hand in a fixed position in front of the head, thus keeping your opponent off and out from you. But mark carefully the effect of this. The glove falls upon the wrist-bone, and to receive many such blows heavily the arm would be injured, if not actually broken. It was in this way that the notable Tom Sayers, in his memorable fight with J. C. Heenan, got his arm broken. Now in parrying the blow, the right arm should be extended across the body, momentarily covering the vision of the left eye, the palm of the hand being turned outwards, then drawn in a right angular direction towards the right side, the effect of which will be that your

opponent's arm will glide off, and the force of his blow will pitch him forward, and bring his head in close proximity to your left hand; to more effectually accomplish this movement you should endeavour to half hook his left arm with your wrist, and draw him towards you.

Now let me explain the different actions between Nos. 2 and 3, also Nos. 5 and 6.

Different boxers have different ways of attacking the head. Some will attack in the direction of the right eye, others in the direction of the left eye; whilst others will go straight for the head. These peculiarities will easily be discovered after a little sparring, and allowing your adversary to make a few leads.

Now, assuming the left eye is attacked, you will find it comparatively easy to slip the head to the right front, and deliver No. 3. If the right eye is attacked, it will be just as easy to slip the head to the left front, and deliver No. 5.

Now comes the difficulty. Your opponent, with a would-be hit, attacks flush at the head in attempting counter No. 3 or No. 5; the danger is in not being able to slip sufficiently to the left or right front, as the case may be. Result: the blow falls upon the ear; hence the number of "thick ears" you see upon boxers—all through want of judgment in this particular. I have therefore introduced counters No. 2 and No. 6, whichever of the two appears the most open. The latter of these, if neatly executed and simultaneously with your opponent's attack, will have the effect of extending his left side for the reception of the blow upon his ribs, which must have very telling effects.

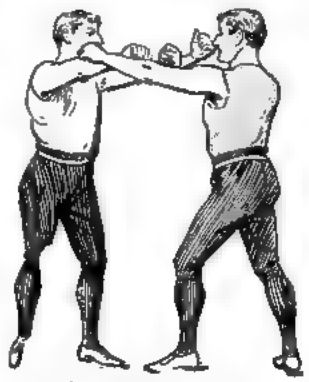


FIG 2.—PARRY AND COUNTER.

With the above remarks, I will now proceed to particularise.

POSITION ON GUARD.—Upon facing your opponent you shake hands (at the same time advance the right foot), to show that no ill feeling exists between you. It is usual also to shake hands before the last round of any given number of rounds, and again when you have finished boxing.

Having shaken hands, you withdraw the right foot to about twelve or fifteen inches behind the left; at the same time make a half turn to your right. Stand upright, balance the body evenly on both legs, with a tendency to rise on the ball of either foot, no extra weight being thrown on either one or the other. Close your hands and raise them loosely from your sides, the right hand just covering the "mark," the forearm of the left being extended with the elbow a little out from the side and the knuckles of the hand turned outwards—in other words, raise the hands in a natural manner to the position as described, carrying them loosely without rigidity or stiffness of the muscles. Fix your eyes steadily upon those of your opponent, in such a manner that you can see him from top to toe, thus watching his every movement, and never take them off until necessity compels you to do so. Practise breathing through the nostrils only. Keep your mouth shut and your teeth firmly set.

DISPARITY OF HEIGHT.—Having studied your position, the next thing—and one which I consider of great importance—is to study your opponent; not only his position, but his height, reach, etc. All competitions and contests are arranged according to weights, but it cannot be gainsaid that the tall man who is equal in weight and skill has a great advantage over a short man—that is, of course, so long as he can keep him at arm's length. It is, therefore, the policy of the shorter man to keep close up, even if he has to receive his opponent's first attack, in order to get within range, and having got there, to commence operations on his adversary's body; for, bear in mind, counter attacks often have more telling effects than actual leads. Again, it is a well-known fact (if we make one exception—*i.e.*, the cross-counter) that body blows are much more effectual than those upon the head. So that, in this case (in fighting), the shorter man, if either, has the advantage. Experience has taught me that the majority of amateurs make a point of attacking the head, but I am more than ever convinced that if, at the onset, you operate upon your opponent's body, you will better be able to deal with the head later on.

ACTION OF THE FEET.—Too much attention cannot be given to the action of the feet, as they take a very important part in boxing, both in attacking and getting away from your adversary. As I have before said, "the weight of the body should be evenly balanced on both legs, with a tendency to rise on the ball on either foot."

In making a "lead off," as a rule, you should advance on the heel of the left foot, going forward on to the flat of the same, and, if needs be, to the ball only, at the same time bringing up the right to enable you to recover your original position, ready either to follow up with the right hand at the head or body (No. 4 or No. 5), or to get away again. I have seen some boxers, when leading,

positively spring at their opponents, taking both legs from the ground; this is a decided mistake. Both legs should not be off the ground at the same time. Retiring should always be done by stepping backwards on the ball of the right foot, carrying the left after it to recover the first position.

Whether advancing or retiring, the movements should be made with the lower part of the legs only, that is, from the knee downwards, keeping the body and the upper part of the legs upright. I have been amused many times by the way some boxers wriggle about when sparring for an opening. It is most unsightly, and certainly no advantage in boxing. The legs should be supple at the knees, and worked with perfect ease.

FIG. 3.—PARRY AND COUNTER.

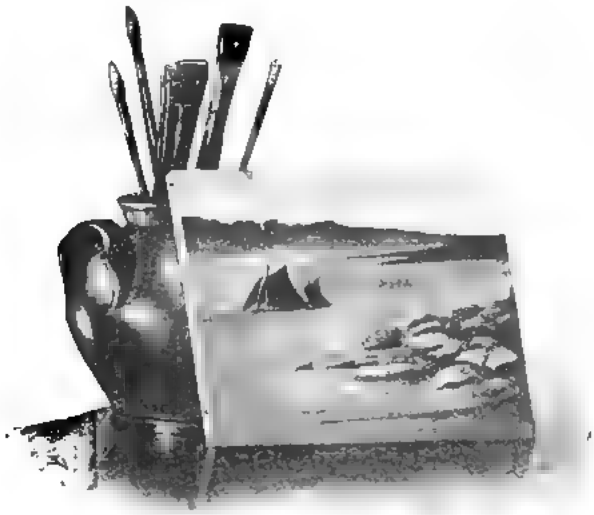
The advantage of bringing up the right leg when lunging will be immediately seen if you place yourself, say, within a yard of hitting distance, in front of a wall, then lunge out with the left foot, keeping the right upon the ground; then bring the right foot up, at the same time rising on to the ball of the left, and you will find yourself thrown forward another twelve or eighteen inches.

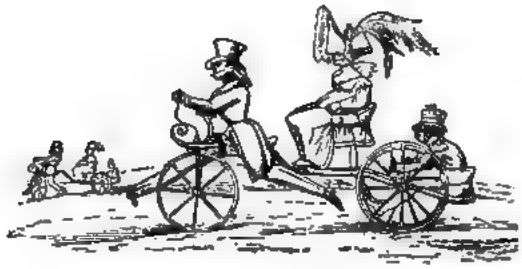
Never cross your legs, nor bring the right foot in front of the left, except as described by another author in the "side step."* Even this I am no advocate for, as the difficulty is to recover the first position, and the chances are that if your adversary is as smart as you, he will catch you in the act.

I do not believe in changing legs.

* Donnelly's "Self Defence," page 45.

[*Articles II. and III. of this series will appear in February and March respectively.*]





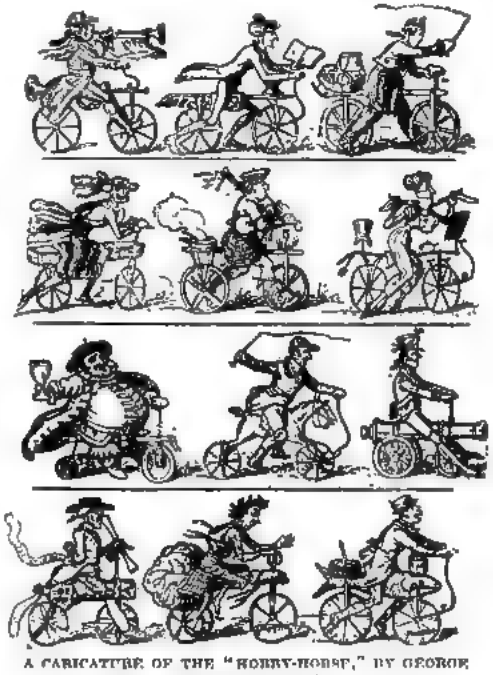
A "HOBBY-HORSE" TRICYCLE.

THE STORY OF THE CYCLE.

By Walter Dexter.

Author of "The Beginnings of the Railway."

WITHOUT a doubt the majority of the readers of The Captain are devotees of the popular pastime -cycling, and, this being the case, it will be useful for them to know something of its history: who invented the cycle; how it came to its present state of perfection; who were the prime movers in these improvements. All these we shall tell of by pen and picture in the following article in a concise and interesting manner. To deal fully with every type of cycle, past and present, is entirely out of the scope of a magazine article; we shall only touch on its most important features.



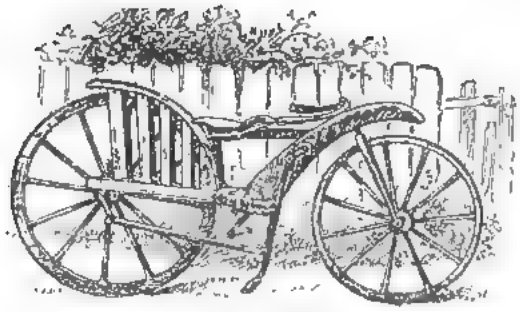
A CARICATURE OF THE "HOBBY-HORSE," BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1819.

The "dandy horse," or "hobby horse," as it is more popularly though incorrectly called, claims, and justly so, the right of being the father of the cycle. It is said to have been invented by a German, named Baron von Drais, of Saverbrun, near Frankfort, and first appeared in the early years of this century.

In appearance it was very like our present-day bicycle, having two wheels (wooden) and a cross-bar, but no cranks or pedals, or gearing arrangements such as our cycle now possesses. The wheels were fixed at either end of the cross-bar by a pair of forks, the front one revolving on a pivot and worked by a cross-bar (the handle-bar), the back fork being fixed. On the centre of the cross-bar, or "perch," as it was called, was a well-padded cushion for the seat, and in front of it was an upright with a well-padded cross-piece, on which the rider leant his chest when "riding" quickly. As we have said, the dandy horse did not possess any cranks, pedals, or gearing apparatus, to supply the motive power; it was ridden by the rider sitting astride the saddle and running along on the ground with the dandy horse between his legs. A fairly considerable speed was often obtained in this manner.

Very often the perch was rounded and made fuller in order to more fully resemble a horse, and sometimes a head was affixed to the front part to make the object more complete.

The dandy horse seems to have been very

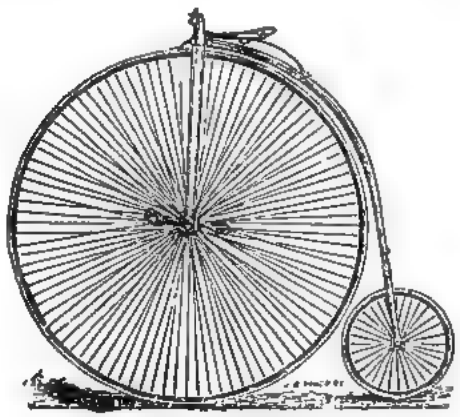


GAVIN DALZELL'S CYCLE.

popular in England early in the century, if we are to believe the caricaturists of the day. We reproduce herewith one of George Cruikshank's inimitable drawings, published in 1819, and entitled, "Every Man on his Perch; or, Going to Hobby Fair." Herein we are shown men of various occupations, all seated on their steeds, and flying, some of them as if for dear life. This drawing is all the more interesting as it shows very clearly in some cases the kind of "machine" the old dandy, or hobby horse, really was. Dandy-horse tricycles were also known, and we herewith reproduce a caricature of a tricycle built for three. "My lady" is seated in the centre, as you can see, and has her black footman behind. Her "coachman" has to supply the motive power for his new horse, and we see him in the act of flying down hill at a breakneck speed.

So much for the dandy horse, which, though it was greatly concerned in the conception of our present-day bicycle, as we shall see, was but a passing craze, and a few years saw the last of it. As can easily be imagined, it was not the comfortable vehicle it might have been.

We now come to the invention of the modern cycle—namely, the crank-driven cycle. There



THE OLD "ORDINARY."

has been a great deal of discussion as to its inventor, this arising from an exhibit at the Stanley Cycle Show in 1889. This exhibit was a dandy horse, propelled by means of a pair of swinging levers fixed to two cranks in the hind wheel. The maker was Gavin Dalzell, a Scotch cooper of Lesmahagow, and of his bicycle we give an illustration herewith. It was said to have been constructed in 1836, and this at once raised Gavin Dalzell to the proud position of the inventor of the cycle, which had then (1889) just begun to be such a power in the land.

Previous to this no one had given much thought as to who was the inventor of the bicycle, and although Dalzell's cycle seemed to be one of the earliest, if not *the* earliest bicycle made, no conclusive evidence was brought forward to substantiate the claim made on behalf of the Scotch cooper. So a Glasgow

THE TYPE OF KIRKPATRICK MACMILLAN'S MACHINE.

gentleman, Mr. James Johnstone by name, set to work, and, in 1892, he conclusively proved that Dalzell's cycle was not constructed until at least ten years after the above-mentioned date, for, amongst other papers, was found a bill from a local blacksmith, dated 1846. This bill contained the items of the ironwork, etc., of which Dalzell's cycle was composed.

Mr. Johnstone did not stop there, however, for he ultimately found out that more than ten years before Gavin Dalzell made his bicycle, another Scotchman, named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith, of Courthill, near Penpont, in Dumfriesshire, had fitted cranks acting on the front wheel of a real dandy horse—that is, the framework was made to represent a horse's body. The inside of the horse was naturally hollow, and, curiously enough, in it Macmillan stowed his clothes when on tour. He rode this machine between the years 1830 and 1840.

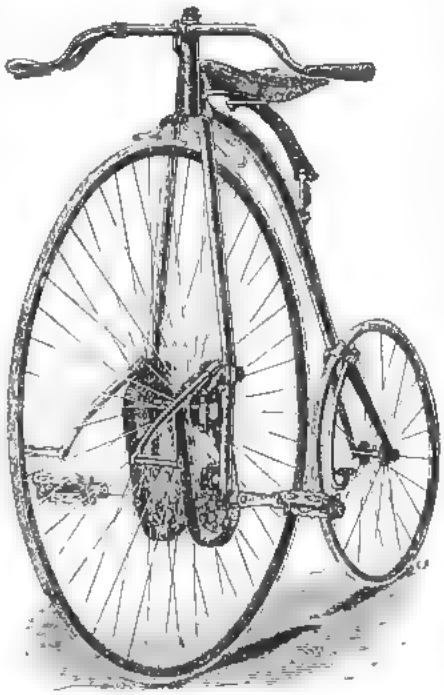
As a result of Mr. Johnstone's investigations, it is now generally acknowledged that Macmillan made the first cycle, and to him the credit of its invention is now universally given.

The same researches proved also that Dalzell had seen Macmillan's machine, and had made others, constructed very much on the same principle. We are not able to give our readers an illustration of this "first" cycle—we doubt very much if such is in existence—but the accompanying illustration is from a sketch of a bicycle made in 1846 on Macmillan's principle, the working of which is sufficiently clear as to need no explanation.

Although two cycles were in existence in 1840, yet for nearly a quarter of a century that number does not appear to have been materially increased.

Our next step takes us to the exhibition of 1862, where was exhibited a machine which closely resembled our present-day tricycle, insomuch as it had two wheels behind and one in front, by means of which the machine was steered.

Evidently this machine was copied by a French firm as a children's toy, and a Mr. Turner, being in Paris in 1865, purchased one of these toys and exhibited it in Charles Spencer's gymnasium in the Goswell Road. Thinking something profitable could be done with this machine, Mr. Turner took it to Coventry, to the Coventry Machinists' Company, then the makers of sewing machines, now world-renowned for their "Swift" cycles. A hundred of these machines were made, and thus it was that Coventry became the centre of the cycle industry. This was in 1867, and the machine produced was what we now term the "Bone-shaker."



THE "KANGAROO."

Invention followed invention, and it was not long before the cycle began to become popular. Solid tubing was replaced by hollow tubing, and thus the weight was considerably reduced. Ball bearings replaced rollers at every part where one portion of the machine revolved on another, and the general appearance was enhanced by the silver-plating of the pedals, cranks, hubs, and handle-bars. These changes were gradual, and, in the meantime, the appearance of the bicycle had changed somewhat. The front wheel became often 60ins. in height, and had a long backbone following the curve of the front wheel to within a foot of the ground, where it was affixed to a small hind wheel. This type—the "ordinary," as it was called—was for many years very popular, and it was considered a perfect machine. Manufacturers consequently turned their thoughts in the direction of a novelty, and the tricycle made its appearance. This brought many older persons into the cyclists' ranks—people who did not care to risk their necks on a 50in. "ordinary." The early tricycles were all of one standard form, two wheels side by side in front, and one behind, but the sizes of the three wheels varied according to the rider's wishes. The tricycle forms an important feature in the history of cycles, for on it was worked out the whole system of the chain and gearing. It was the idea of the manufacturers to construct a "safety" bicycle, one that would not be so tall as an "ordinary," but which would go just as quickly; for it must be remembered that in those days the cranks were fixed to the hub of the front wheel, and that *one* turn of the pedals made the wheel revolve *once*; so that, consequently, the larger the wheel the greater the distance traversed by one revolution of the pedal. But the larger the wheel the greater was the risk of accident, and so a smaller machine was produced, which would run just as fast as a 60in. "ordinary." Messrs. Hillman, Herbert & Cooper were the makers, and the machine was called the "Kangaroo." Being much smaller than the "ordinary" the rider's legs would, in the majority of cases, reach far below the hub, and so the forks were prolonged, and at the end of each a cog-wheel was placed. This cog-wheel was connected with the cog-wheel at the hub by a chain, the whole being worked by cranks and pedals affixed to the lower wheel. The old question of "larger the wheel, greater the speed," was got over in this machine by means of gearing, which had been demonstrated in the tricycle.

Those of you who cycle know what your gear is. It is 58, 60, or 64, perhaps 72. But do you know what this means? It means that you are riding a "safety" which, by means of two cog-wheels and a chain, one revolution of the pedals will take the cycle along a distance equal to that traversed by an "ordinary" 58, 60, 64, or 72ins. high. Now, as to the principle of gearing.

Take two cog-wheels, each of the same size, and join them by means of a chain. Cause one cog to make one revolution, the other cog, being the same size, will also revolve once. Now replace one of the cog-wheels by a smaller one, *i.e.*, one containing less teeth. Make the larger wheel revolve once. What will happen to the smaller one? It will, of course, revolve more than once. So, you see, the larger you make one cog-wheel, and the smaller the other, one revolution of the large cog-wheel will make the small cog-wheel revolve a greater number of times. Apply this to a cycle, placing the smaller cog on the hub and fixing cranks and pedals to the larger cog-wheel, joining both by a chain, and you will have the back wheel turning round several times to one revolution of the pedals. Power is lost by "gearing up" a machine, and although faster riding can be done on a *level* road with a "geared-up" machine, when an ascent is encountered a "geared-down" machine, in which power is gained, really should be used; but such a machine would be extremely slow, and, although once made, is not now met with.

The "Kangaroo" was not a great success, and was soon replaced by Mr. James Starley's "Rover," the bicycle which has "set the fashion to the world." The two wheels in the "Rover" became nearly equal, and, for the first time, the gearing arrangement was as we have it now, one cog-wheel being fixed to the bottom bracket of the diamond frame, the other to the hub of the back wheel.

THE "ROVER," THE FIRST "SAFETY" CYCLE.

The present-day machine, not taking tyres into account, differs very little from the "Rover." The top bar has become horizontal, instead of sloping from the head down to the seat-pillar, and other slight improvements are from time to time being made in the various parts of the cycle's construction.

Perhaps nothing has made cycling so popular and so comfortable as the pneumatic tyre, which was introduced in 1888 by an Irish veterinary surgeon, Mr. J. B. Dunlop, after whom the now famous Dunlop tyre is called. In 1889 the usefulness of this tyre was seen, and it was quickly taken up by riders of all kinds.

It is well to remember that Mr. J. B. Dunlop was not the inventor of the pneumatic tyre. As long ago as 1845 a Mr. Thompson made such tyres, and actually fitted them to the wheels of light carriages; but the idea was discarded, as the risk of puncturing was too great, and the repair of punctures too difficult. The detachable form now in existence was the invention of Mr. Kingston Welch in 1892, and the result was the Dunlop-Welch tyre.

Such is the history of the cycle. Are we to have any more radical changes in its construction? I think not. "Free wheels" are the rage of the coming season—we shall see what they bring forth.

THE CYCLE OF TO-DAY—GENT.'S ROADSTER BICYCLE.
From a block kindly lent by the B.S.A. Co.

MacDonald. V.C.

A Story of the War

THE 1st Battalion of the Caledonian Highlanders was bivouacked for the night at the foot of the Drakenberg Range, near Estcourt. The pickets had been set and the sentries posted, the camp kettles were singing cheerily over the fires, and the big-bodied Highlanders, with pipes in their mouths, were lying at ease on the short grass, telling each other yarns and cracking jokes. At the officers' rough camp mess the same tone of gaiety prevailed, especially among the junior officers.

"I say, Swanny, how long do you give us now?" said the youngest sub., Clarke-Ritchie, privileged by his youth, to the senior captain, with the air of a president of a court-martial questioning a witness.

"Not long enough for your wisdom teeth to grow, my young firebrand."

"Napoleon Bonaparte wants to christen his virgin sword. Sorry for the Boer on whom it is to be done."

"He is a dangerous man," quoth Ramsay-Ferguson, shaking his head. "If he doesn't get a Johnny Dutchman to devour, he will kill somebody. He ought to be restrained."

"Hold on, you fellows. Leave the young 'un alone. He has the proper spirit."

A thrill of exultant pride shot through the colonel's breast; he felt confident that his regiment would distinguish itself.

"*Lights out!*" sounded a bugle in the clear air. Even these rough soldiers marvelled at the beauty of the night, the stars seemed so large and near. Never had they seen Nature like this.

Bugler MacDonald, whose imperative summons had thrown the camp into darkness, was a wild, red-headed Scotch laddie. It was MacDonald's love of adventure and burning youthful patriotism which had led him to enlist, and the many scrapes into which he had fallen had been unable to quench his passion. The stern war discipline, however, had somewhat clipped the wings of his adventurous spirit.

"It is not Donal hersel' that will be turning her lights out. It is lighting up she will be going to do," soliloquised the young scapegrace when all was still, as he stealthily produced from his kit a small battered pipe, some canteen plug, and matches. He wriggled his small body by the forms of sleeping men, past the sentry when his back was turned, and cautiously crept through the thick scrub for half a mile. Goodness knows what he expected to find. Half fearfully he thought of lions, and he was armed with nothing more formidable than his bugle, which he thrust for safety in the breast of his tunic. The undergrowth all around him rustled with unseen life; he listened with a fearful joy to the mysterious movements of animals. On, on he went.

Hist! What was that?

His ears, strained with acute listening, heard the well-known sound of horses champing their bits, and the low rumble of men's smothered voices. His heart gave a leap—could it be the enemy? Donal was no coward, but at the awful proximity of the much-talked-of Boers, his first impulse was to retire. Then was he thrilled with a stupendous, daring thought. He would go as near as possible, find out all he could, and then return to the camp and give the alarm! Closer and closer he crept down the side of the kopje. In the intense darkness he could perceive nothing distinctly, but he made as little noise as possible. He could now see what he thought was the outline of three mounted men conversing in deep undertones. In his excitement he stopped, and, leaning forward, tried to make out what they were saying. He could not understand their talk—it must be the Boers. There could be no doubt about it. Hesitating whether to advance or retire, his boot came up against a stone and sent it rolling down with a clatter.

With fierce guttural exclamations the Boer horsemen started, and glanced whence the sound had come.

"A Rooinek! See his red coat! Here, Jan!" Two of them leapt off their horses, flung their bridles to Jan, and started in pursuit. What chance would the little Highlander have, bewildered by the darkness, and stumbling in his haste through the unknown undergrowth, against these two big angry Dutchmen, who had lived all their years amid the veldt, knowing every foot of such ground, and stimulated by a patriotic passion of hatred? They soon closed in on him, gagged his mouth, and tied his wrists.

"Zo, mine leedle cock! How comes this child to wander by himself on the veldt at this time of night? But we must be careful, there are more of the soldiers about. What think ye, Pietje?"

The Boer gazed enigmatically at the boy.

"These Britishers are mad, mad. Heaven knows what brings him here. Let us take him to the commandant, Hoornje. He may be useful to us, and at the camp we will make him speak," he growled, with sullen significance.

With Donal between them they retraced their steps. The Boer Hoornje placed him on the saddle in front of him, and, whipping up their horses, they rode silently for a short distance over the dreary African veldt till they came to their encampment, situated up the mountain side. While Jan and Pietje picked their way through the camp and tethered and fed their horses, Hoornje, with his captive, went straight to the commandant's tent. A sentry barred his way at the entrance.

"The Mynheer Commandant sleeps. No one may see him till the morning. On no account is he to be wakened. As thou knowest, good Hoornje, ere daybreak he attacks the British. Now he would rest."

"See what I and Jan and Pietje have found," exclaimed Hoornje, turning Donal round for inspection. "The child was wandering in the veldt. He is from their camp. The Mynheer Commandant speaks their tongue. The child would be of use."

"Indeed, and thou sayest truly, Hoornje. But I am a soldier. I have received an order, and dare not disobey. The commandant will wake ere it is yet light. Bring the whelp to him then"

"Goot! It is the commandant's orders. Good-night, Luten."

"Good-night, Hoornje, good-night to you. Sleep well, so that thine aim may be good for the Britishers."

Although he could not understand their speech, Donal could see from the armed state of the camp and their proximity to the Caledonians that a surprise attack was meditated. Hoornje led him past sleeping Boers lying in every conceivable position, snoring and grunting like hogs, and up the rocky side of the mountain to a natural cave where the big Boer had taken up his quarters for the night.

"Now then, mine leedle bantam, you go in there and roost for a space."

With the gag still in his mouth, and his wrists tied together, the Dutchman thrust him into the darkest corner. He never bothered his head about any other precautions against his escape. Some dried biltong was hanging up, and Donal's eyes were fixed longingly on it. Hoornje hesitated. He had just such a little boy of his own at his farm hundreds of miles northward. Moved by something like kindness, he cut off a few shreds, and, untying the gag and releasing Donal's wrists, gave the meat to him.

Thrilled through by the influence of a stupendous thought, which would do much to retrieve the undoubted fact of his voluntary desertion—for by such a harsh term would his escapade be called—the somewhat cowed, but still undaunted, little Highlander ate the venison gratefully, but slowly, slowly, as if lingering over its delicate flavour.

The Dutchman had lit a huge pipe, and, as he gazed at the boy, gradually fell asleep, tired out by his exertions during the day, and overcome by the combined soporific tendencies of the tobacco and the night air.

Donal's heart leapt with joy. Surely he could escape! At any rate, he would make the attempt. As he crept past the drowsy Dutchman, that gentleman suddenly growled something in his sleep and turned over on his side Silently and swiftly Donal drew back, and waited breathlessly until his gaoler's trumpet-like snores broke the silence. As he safely reached the mouth of the cave a horrible dilemma confronted him. The rocky descent to the ground was wholly taken up by the Boers, and before he could escape he would have to creep right through them. In despair the little man looked the other way, where the path ended in a jagged rocky outline, with a dangerous descent to the veldt. At any rate he would be safe from the enemy that way. A cold wind was blowing over the heights, and away down in the darkness he thought he could make out the position of the Caledonians. He determined to attempt the precipitous descent. Just then the moon sailed from behind a bank of black clouds, and lighted up the side of the cliff. Not far from the top was a broad ledge. He wriggled over the edge, and held on by his fingers until he could feel the rock with his feet; he got further down by holding on to bushes and narrow footholds.

"Hooroosh, Donal! It is a brave callant

A TERRIBLE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER FOLLOWED.

ye are this night!" he chuckled, as he scrambled down to within jumping distance of the base.

Then gripping his bugle firmly, he blew a blast as he had never blown before.

"*Ta-lira-lira-lira-lay!*"

The call to arms. And yet again did he sound the stirring strain.

The silence was cracked by a distant musket shot; he saw the flicker of moving lights, and the wind bore to his listening ears the murmur of voices and the echo of his bugle call. Then he went mad with joy for a space, and in his exultation danced the Highland fling. Instead of the Boers attacking the British, it would be the other way about; instead of the Boers surrounding them in the darkness and firing into their midst, the Caledonians were alarmed, and would be already making for the Boers' camp—and all through him, Bugler Donal MacDonald! The moon plunged into a black bank of clouds, and left him groping his way to the foot of the ridge.

The Boer patrols gave the alarm and hurried up the rocky path to rejoin the main body of the Dutchmen, who roused themselves from their sleepy stupor and felt for their arms.

The Mynheer Commandant lumbered slowly to the door of his tent, and was received by one of his officers with an anxious look.

"Quick! What news, Captain Vernoost?"

The captain saluted.

"Burghers Kontjop, Drenburg, and Umlaken were patrolling the southern side between here

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and the British. All was quiet, when they heard a bugle sound the alarm."

"Thousand teufels! Captain, how could the British know?"

"Mynheer, the alarm came *from the camp here*," he stuttered, with a white face.

Hoornje came rushing excitedly down the path.

"Jan! Pietje! The little Rooinek has gone! Where have you put him, burghers?"

"What talk is this of Rooineks?" thundered the commandant. "Speak, man, speak!"

Hoornje tremblingly told his tale. The general, pale with anger, glared at him.

"Did you not search him, fool?"

"N-no, Mynheer. He was but a child, and carried no arms, and I did not understand his talk."

"He had that on him which was worse—a bugle. You could not look after a boy. He has escaped, and given the alarm to the Britishers!"

A sound of hoarse cheering came from the darkness below them.

"Form fours, there!" rumbled the commandant's deep voice. "Artillery to the front! S-steady, men, s-steady! Fire!"

A terrific explosion followed. The wicked cannon licked their lips with their flaming yellow tongues, and then belched forth their murderous contents into the closed ranks of the oncoming Caledonians.

The British officers, waving their brightly glinting swords, came running at the head of their men. Again did the cannon pour forth its death-dealing hail.

"Caledonians to the front! On, men, on! Come——"

Major Ramsay-Ferguson pitched forward, dead. A terrible hand-to-hand encounter followed in the horrible gloom. The Boer gunners were cut down to a man, and the artillery captured. Hack—thrust—stab; every man for himself. The wavering Dutchmen still held their ground, but not for long; they feared this kind of warfare. The Boer commandant fell pierced through the breast, and he died exhorting on his men. The Highlanders, bloodthirsty with rage, closed in on the panic-stricken enemy. These Dutch farmers could not face the death-dealing bayonets of such practised fighters.

"Well done, Napoleon, ye bloodthirsty rip!" yelled Robertson-Macfarlane to the youngest sub., as he stepped aside from a blow of Hoornje's clubbed rifle, and, with a swift return, cleft open the Boer's head.

With a mighty shout of "Scotland! Scotland!" the Highlanders brought down the few remaining Boers who had not fled and escaped.

By the light of the rising sun the sadly-decimated ranks of the Caledonians, drunk with fighting, splashed with blood and gashed with wounds, sadly counted their dead, and marched in stern triumph down to their camp. The wounded were carried in litters and tended by the surgeons. The heart-breaking strains of "Lochaber no More," and the solemn grandeur of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, wailed and boomed through the hot African sunshine as the dead officers and men were committed to the earth.

Captain Robertson Macfarlane had handed the colonel the list of the dead, wounded, and missing. Outside the tent Lieutenant Clarke-Ritchie was sitting his horse, ready to gallop with the despatches to Estcourt. Among the officers killed were Major Edgar Ramsay-Ferguson, Captain Bruce Ninian Arbuthnot, Lieutenant Montgomery Pierce Hill, and Second-Lieutenant William Belsie Fortescue. Wounded: two officers, four N.C.O.'s, and seventeen privates. Missing: Bugler MacDonald.

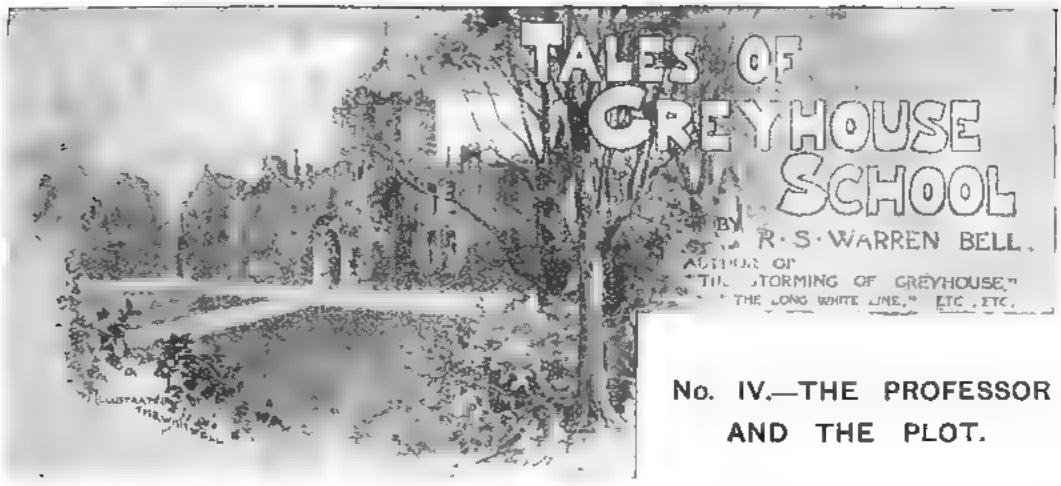
As the colonel wrote, there was a roar of amazement and wonder from outside. He rose, parted the flaps of his tent, and looked out.

Seated on a horse, cantering into the camp, was the missing bugler with a rifle slung over his back. When the colonel heard the tale of Donal's capture by the Boers, his subsequent escape, and his "Call to Arms," he finished his despatches thus:—

"*Bugler MacDonald, reported missing, rode into camp after the engagement on a captured Boer horse. While straying from the camp the night before the fight, he was captured by a Boer patrol, but escaped down the mountain side, and sounded the 'Call to Arms,' thereby warning us of the neighbourhood of the Boer force, five times our number. We made a night attack on the enemy, and repulsed them with heavy losses.*"

When the campaign ended, and the bugler with his comrades was back again in Merrie England, on a certain red-letter day Her Majesty the Queen, after reviewing the regiment, requested that Bugler MacDonald should be brought to her, and there and then pinned the V.C. on to the young hero's bursting chest.

DAN WINSLOW



No. IV.—THE PROFESSOR AND THE PLOT.

HITHERTO you may have been labouring under the delusion that Sir William Travers—who by this time had come to be called plain "Billy" by most people—was a Grey most irreproachable and circumspect, given to the doing of noble deeds for honour's sake; in whose mouth, in fact, no butter would melt.

By way of clearing your minds of this very erroneous impression, I will just tell you a little story—just a little story of the Christmas holidays—which will show Master Billy up in quite a new light.

About a week before the end of term, Mr. Soames was at Greyhouse. He had a habit of driving over there in a dogcart from Belsert, calling on the Head, looking up his ward, exchanging a word or two with those of the masters he knew, and otherwise spending a pleasant two hours inside the walls of the old school. Sir Billy's guardian was a prime favourite with the Sixth, to whom (after Wardour had given him some tea) he would hold forth on politics, the war, sport, agriculture, and education. He held that modern boys put in far too much play, and he often told the Sixth that if *he* were "their master" he'd jolly well keep their noses to the grindstone and turn out "scholars, sir, scholars—not playing machines."

The lordly Sixth listened to Mr. Soames with amusement, and forgave him for his heresy, because, otherwise, he was "such a good old sort, you know."

Mr. Soames, however, really meant what he said. He regarded Sir Billy's various vacations as so much shocking waste of time.

"Why," quoth he, "when I was a boy I went home twice a year—for a month. Yes, on the top of a stage-coach. Pocket money!—precious little pocket money *I* ever got. Ah! we *did* work. Now, you mostly play. Three weeks at Easter, seven or eight in summer, and four or five at Christmas—monstrous, I call it."

Mr. Soames was feeling like this when he called at Greyhouse, as I said, about a week before the Christmas holidays commenced.

"Well, young man," he observed to Sir Billy, "how's things?"

As ward and guardian were on excellent terms with one another, ward slipped his hand inside guardian's arm, and prepared to ask guardian something very particular.

"Now, what is " demanded guardian, "hard up?"

"No, sir."

"Feel you've been a bad boy, and want to say so?"

"No, sir. I think I've been a very good boy all the term."

Mr. Soames sniffed.

"Good boy, eh? Call fighting good, or trespassing, or getting five hundred lines for breaking bounds—all that's a sign of goodness, eh?"

"On the *whole*, I mean, sir," explained Sir Billy.

"Humph! Well, and so, having been a good boy on the whole—you—hullo! Who's this? Why it's—ah!—Partlett, upon my word! How-d'ye-do, Partlett?"

"*Bartlett*, sir," corrected Sir Billy, bursting into a laugh; "you remember, sir, he was in the trap with Wardour and me."

"Of course!" cried the solicitor, shaking Bartlett by the hand very vigorously. "I remember now. Yes, after that paper-chase

business. By the way, you didn't call him Bartlett—some play-name—beetroot, carrots, or something, was what he answered to."

"*Parsnip!*" cried Sir Billy, as the other Lower Fourther blushed a beautiful pink.

"'Parsnip'—ah! I found myself calling him 'Parsnip' myself towards the end of the evening. Seemed to fit, you know. Well now, look you here, you two, you run away and play. Mr. Hallam, of the Sixth Form, has invited me to take tea with him—so off you go. And—ah! just forgetting—you wanted to ask me something, didn't you?" he concluded, turning to Sir Billy.

"Yes, sir, if you don't mind, sir—you see, we thought perhaps you would not mind, sir——"

"Out with it,' interrupted Mr. Soames; "not so much palaver, please."

"Well, sir," said Sir Billy, giving his guardian's arm a more affectionate hug than usual, "would you mind *very much* if Bartlett came to stay with me these holidays?"

Mr. Soames stroked his chin gravely, as if he were engaged in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the suggestion. Had Sir Billy only known it, the solicitor had intended to broach this very idea to his ward, but the ward had saved him the trouble. It had struck Mr. Soames that Sir Billy might appreciate some holiday society a trifle more youthful than that afforded by himself and his wife.

"FEEL YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY, AND WANT TO SAY SO?"

"I'll think it over," he said, at length, "and let you know."

Mr. Soames let Sir Billy know before he left Greyhouse that evening.

"You can have Beetroot—I mean Parsnip—to stay with you," he told his ward; "*but*——"

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Wait a bit. I said 'but.' This is the 'but.' I think these long holidays are a mistake, and so I've asked Professor Pulmeyer, your foreign language master, to come and look after you both. He'll spend the vacation with us, and give you two some lessons every day, just to keep your hand in a bit."

Sir Billy looked glum enough, but he knew that when his guardian said a thing of this sort he meant it. Mr. Soames was firmly convinced that his ward simply wasted a good portion of his year in what were called holidays, and he was determined to repair some of that waste. If Beetroot—he meant Bartlett—came to stay at Belsert—well, he would have to go in along with Billy and do lessons with him. "Share and share alike," said Mr. Soames, "being schoolfellows and in the same form."

You can imagine, then, that Sir Billy looked glum—very, very glum. As for Bartlett, he felt so put out that he really felt it to be his duty to lick some First Form kid, and roamed away on that errand. Certainly, he was getting the better of his bullying propensities by degrees (thanks to Sir Billy's influence), but you can't knock all the bad old Adam out of a chap in five minutes. It takes time, my friends, time!

II.

PROFESSOR PULMEYER was not a popular master. He was a German, of course, and a very learned man, but he had not the easy good nature of most Teutonic professors. People couldn't tell you why they didn't like Professor Pulmeyer; they felt that they didn't. Hidden away at the back of his nature was a certain craftiness—an oily craftiness—that rose to the top on sundry occasions. The professor did not deal with the boys in the straightforward English way that was common to the other Greyhouse masters. He had various underhand methods of "catching a chap out," which the

Greys didn't like. He would pretend to doze off while a form was doing an exercise, but, as a matter of fact, he was keeping one eye open all the time and dotting down names for the following day's "deten." Another thing. The professor, full of Continental ideas, had no faith in the honour of an English school-boy; going on this system, his uttered suspicions jarred on the nerves of many a Grey, and there were hot words, and long impositions, and reportings to the Head. Professor Pulmeyer had to admit (to himself) that he was the most unloved master at Greyhouse.

Personally, he was an immense man—being both great in height and bulk—a ponderous gentleman indeed. He had small eyes, a round, close-shorn head, beard and moustaches, and (this was his most prominent feature) a gigantic nose.

In the course of conversation with Mr Soames in the Common Room at Greyhouse, the professor had hinted to the solicitor on more than one occasion that he was open to take a holiday tutorship. He particularly wished to stay at Belsert, because (oh! frail human nature!) there was a wee, bird-like lady in that town on whom the professor had cast the eye of love—the eye, the gentle eye of LOVE! (It should be added that Miss Dappy—for that was her name—had so many golden sovereigns that, like Mother Hubbard and her children, she didn't know what to do with them. It was not to be supposed, however, that the professor was aware of this.)

So when Mr. Soames asked the professor to come and be holiday tutor to Sir Billy and Parsnip that Christmas, the professor accepted with alacrity.

When the trunk and belongings of Professor Pulmeyer were deposited in Mr. Soames' hall, Sir Billy's teeth closed with a vicious snap, and — I say it deliberately, just to show you what a young scoundrel he was —as soon as he fancied nobody was looking on, he gave the trunk a cruel kick and invited Parsnip to do the same. Parsnip followed his leader merrily, and then the two miscreants, hearing a step in the outer vestibule, looked round to find that the professor was observing them through the glass door. The professor's mouth grew hard, and a steely glitter came into his learned eyes. He mentally determined that the Christmas holidays of these two young gentlemen should savour strongly of well-thumbed Greyhouse class-books.

They held a council of war that night in their bedroom.

"The old beast!" cried Sir Billy.

"Fat old cad!" chimed in Parsnip.

"He saw us!" cried Sir Billy.

"And he'll go for us when he can."

"If we don't make it too hot for him."

"What can we do?"

"We are helpless!"

"*Greys*—and helpless!"

Sir Billy struck a dramatic attitude.

"I tell you—we will *refuse* to do a stroke of work."

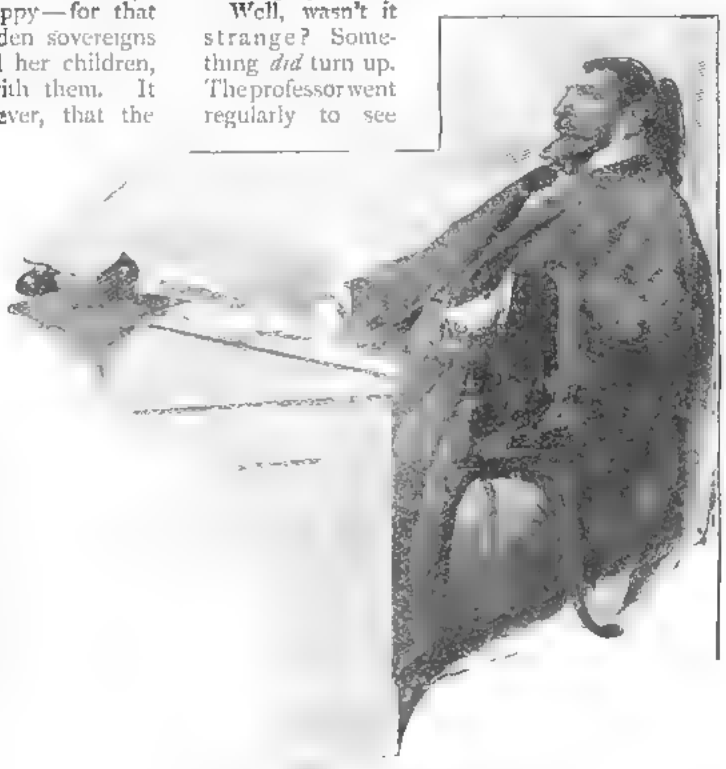
But Parsnip was more cautious.

"Your guardian," he observed, as he took a spring at his bed and alighted heavily in the middle of it, "won't stand any rot. No good *refusing* to work. Think of something else."

Parsnip, who had an amazing respect for Sir Billy's brains, always left the thinking to him.

"We must wait till something turns up," was Sir Billy's decision, which ended with this bit of philosophy: "Something always seems to turn up, you know."

Well, wasn't it strange? Something *did* turn up. The professor went regularly to see



HE WAS KEEPING ONE EYE OPEN ALL THE TIME.

THE TWO MISCREANTS . . . LOOKED ROUND TO FIND THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS OBSERVING THEM THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR.

Miss Dappy, and Miss Dappy, like the modern Niobe, was all smiles. The professor joked ponderously to her, and Miss Dappy gave pleased little giggles. Thus encouraged, the professor would wax hugely sarcastic concerning the good Belsert folk, concerning his young charges, concerning even Mr. Soames, whose guest he was. This was bad form, but Miss Dappy didn't know it.

Now, although the bird-like maiden lady had every wish to remain at Belsert—for she had visions of becoming Mrs. Professor Pulmeyer, and holding her head very high among the other masters' wives at Greyhouse—she was under promise to pay a visit to London. It was only for a week, and she couldn't put it off. So she decided to go the day after Boxing Day and get it over, and so back to Belsert to her dear professor.

As she was expected in London soon after noon, she found herself obliged to leave Belsert quite early—before breakfast, indeed. She bemoaned this fact to the dear professor. His eyes lit up lovingly.

"Hi," he replied, "if I may, veel gom and zee you horf, Mees Dabby. It veel geev me moch pleasure, I assure you. I veel vake—how I veel vake—like a leetle lark I veel spring out of mein bed, and be at der station to take your tigget!"

"Oh, *Professor!*" cried Miss Dappy, all blushes this time.

"Not a vord," returned the professor (though it was not quite clear why he should forbid his lady-love to speak). "I veel be dare. I go to make mein arrangemongs."

And, after pressing her tiny hand, he stalked out, squashing the cat under his large foot as he went, eliciting a "yow-owing" and squirming which almost gave the cat's mistress hysterics.

"Alvays in der vy," muttered the heartless professor.

"Making his arrangemongs," spelt going to bed early. Like most people afflicted with a disordered liver, the professor slept for a very long time and very heavily. No sooner had he laid his head on the pillow, than a trombone-like snore would announce the fact that he was asleep. No amount of knocking could awake him—you had to let him bide his time. In order to make sure of being aroused at a certain hour, the professor at times used to adopt the primitive method of tying a piece of string to his great toe, and then getting somebody to pull the string about the hour he wished to arise.

On reaching Mr. Soames' house, this Boxing Night, therefore, the professor went to his bedroom and rang the bell.

Up came Jane, the pretty housemaid.

"*Ach*, Jine," said the professor, "eet is only a leetle mattare. I vish to arise at seven o'kluk—*ach!*" (with a little shiver) "so *early!* Nemmind! It mos' be done——"

"So shall I call you, sir——" interrupted Jane.

"No goot—no goot at all. I veel not vake if you call a tousand times: 'Ze 'ouse is afire, brofessor.' Nor, my Jine, dis is how. At seven o'kluk you veel vind a leetle piece of string under my door. Nemmind vot eet is. Pull dat string. Do you 'ear?"

"Yes, sir. At seven o'clock pull the string—*hard*, sir?"

"Nor—for gootness sake! Ver' soft indeed. Pull till I say: '*Avright, Jine!*'"

"Very good, sir."

"Dat is all, den—gootnight."

When Jane had gone, the professor undresses

and retired to rest. But alas! on the landing Jane was talking very confidentially to Parsnip and Sir Billy. She was telling them about the little bit of string, and they were listening with mouths and ears well open. You can hear much better if you open your mouth, you know.

III.

As soon as Jane had gone fluttering down to the kitchen, Sir Billy hit Parsnip in the chest, and executed a war-dance. As Parsnip gazed solemnly at his companion, Sir Billy danced up to him and hit him in the back. This time Parsnip let go with his right, but Sir Billy was out of range in a twinkling.

"You owl — don't you see?" he cried.

"No," said Parsnip, shortly.

"Our chance—our chance," cried the boy who, six months previously, had been wishing himself dead; "just what we want."

"What is?" inquired Mr. Soames, from the hall.

"Nothing, sir!" replied Sir Billy.

"Then don't waste your time in such foolish talk," observed the solicitor. "Go and do some history or geography."

But the two conspirators retired to their bedroom.

"A long bit of string, please," said the baronet.

Parsnip went off in search of it, and got it from Jane, who handed it to him with a demure innocence which might have led anyone to suppose that she knew no more than the moon what mischief the "young gentlemen" were brewing. Armed with a great length of string, Sir Billy led the way to the professor's bedroom. There, just showing under the door, was the "leetle piece" the professor had spoken of. Sir Billy opened the door and, looking in cautiously, listened.

"*Fast asleep!*" he whispered to his companion in guilt. "Come on."

They crept into the room. Roving round, the eyes of Sir Billy couldn't see the bath anywhere at first; soon he spied it, and gently drew it out from beneath the bed and placed it *just by the side* of the bed. Then he quietly emptied the contents of the professor's water-jug into this, and dispatched Parsnip for their own jug, which, having emptied, he made Parsnip refill, and then emptied that into the bath as well.

That was Part I.

Raising, very, very gently, the piece of string which was attached to the slumbering professor's toe, Sir Billy tied to it the great length of string Parsnip had borrowed from Jane. Then, opening the window a fraction of an inch, Sir Billy lowered the string until the end of it dangled on the garden-path.

This was Part II.

BUT ALAS! ON THE LANDING JANE WAS TALKING TO PARSNIP AND SIR BILLY.

Then Sir Billy led Parsnip down to the room which Mr. Soames had delegated to them as a play-work-work-play room, and sat down with him to study history and geography.

"Good boys," cried Mr. Soames putting his head in about 10.30. "You can go to bed now, though."

While they undressed, Parsnip and his friend could hardly contain themselves for laughter. The thought of what Professor Pulmeyer would tumble into when he awoke—*i.e.*, a very cold bath—tickled them immensely. Then that string on his toe!

"How he'll bellow!" shouted Parsnip.

"Won't he hop?" screamed Sir Billy, falling over his bed in his merriment.

"We shall be equal with him," said Parsnip.

"Quits!" cried Sir Billy joyfully; "teach the old cad to come here and make us sweat just because he wants to mash Mother Dappy!" Then, solemnly, they spun a coin in the air to determine which should steal forth into the cold morning and pull the string which was to arouse the professor. Parsnip lost the toss, and so it was arranged that Parsnip should go upon his errand about the time the professor had told Jane to wake him.

The two conspirators were in great fettle; they lay awake till midnight gloating over the probable results of their machinations, and awoke several times in the course of their slumbers to explode with mirth.

It was great!

Just before seven, Sir Billy awoke Parsnip.

"Wha's marrer?" inquired Parsnip sleepily.

"Come on," said his friend; "get out. You've got to go and pull the string, you know."

"So I have," groaned Parsnip; "what a bore!"

"Hurry up," said Sir Billy.

With much grumbling Parsnip departed. A few minutes later, whilst Sir Billy was chuckling between the warm clothes, Parsnip dashed into the room, drenched from head to foot—a sorry spectacle indeed!

"Ugh! Look here! Ugh—oh—I p-pulled the beast-beastly string, and—ugh—I don't see there's anything to laugh at," he concluded, savagely seizing a big bath towel and beginning to mop himself from head to foot.

Sir Billy, controlling his mirth with an effort, asked his friend many questions, but could only elicit this information: Parsnip had given the string "an awful tug," when *sker-woosh!* down came a torrent of water. Then, added Parsnip, there was a laugh—it was the professor's beastly oily laugh. He didn't wait to hear any more—he came in to get dry.

On examining the scene afterwards, Sir Billy found, attached to one end of the string (which had come away in Parsnip's hands) a *tin*. But Sir Billy couldn't understand how that tin had come there.

Now, as to the instructions the professor issued over-night.

About seven o'clock Jane went to the professor's bedroom, and gave the string which she found projecting from under the door a little tug.

"Thank you, Jine," she heard the professor say; "you needn't pull again, Jine, I am avake."

Jane retired, feeling a trifle disappointed. She had treacherously told the two Greys all about the professor's piece of string, and she had quite expected that they would make use of this information. But evidently they hadn't.

Fifteen minutes later the professor went quietly out of the house, and in about an hour's time he returned with a good appetite for breakfast. He had seen Miss Dappy off at the station, and was in a great good humour with himself.

When his two pupils came down he greeted them (to their wonder) in a most affable manner. Then they knew something was brewing. There was.

Sker-woosh! DOWN CAME A TORRENT OF WATER.

The moment breakfast was over he bade them go to the schoolroom and do a German exercise. This took them a good hour. For half-an-hour he lectured them on the mistakes they had made, and then made them do another exercise. So till lunch. After this meal he once more hauled them off to the schoolroom (Mr. Soames was away, and so it was impossible to appeal to him for release), and kept them hard

at French translation till tea time. Inexorable, the professor caused them to take tea where they sat. When Jane (with many sympathetic glances in their direction) had removed the things, the professor switched the boys on to German again, and after dinner (Mr. Soames being still away) took them back to the schoolroom and lectured to them for two hours on "The Origin of Man."

At ten o'clock, when they were fidgetting and yawning, he arose.

"You may now 'ave leetle blay and then go to bed," he said. "You 'ave been ver' good boys."

Neither answered, but they looked at each other.

The professor walked to the door, changed his mind about going out, and came back.

"I tink," he said, softly, "I tink you veel 'ave 'ole 'oliday to-morrow, as I am goin' toLondon."

He turned to Sir Billy.

"I vos ver' obliged to you vor vishing to make sure I vould avake at seven o'kluk. Ver' obliged. And de bart—de cold bart — ver' thoughtful of you to put it by my bed so dat I should not 'ave to walk to it. You are ver' obliging young gentleman."

Sir Billy coughed, and shuffled about uneasily.

The professor looked at them slily.

"I thought," he murmured. "I thought I vould not *varst* de cold bart, so I put it on chest of drawers, and li'l tin under it, and when de tin vos pull, de bart tip up, and so somebody 'ave de cold bart all at once, *but not me.* Yes, you may blay all day to-morrow — 'ave 'ole holiday. You 'ave been ver' goot boys—I veel tell Mistare Soames vot goot boys you 'ave been!"

And smiling once more with inexpressible cunning, the professor withdrew.

"I VOS VER' OBLIGED TO YOU VOR VISHING TO MAKE SURE I VOULD AVAKE AT SEVEN O'KLUK."

When his footsteps had died away along the corridor, Sir Billy looked at Parsnip.

"He must have been *awake* when we went in," he whispered.

"Talk about wily," returned Parsnip, with gloom, "he's the wiliest old beggar I ever met."

"No good trying to get quits with *him*," said Sir Billy.

"No good at all," chimed in Parsnip.

So they went to bed dolefully agreeing that Professor Pulmeyer had been one too many for them.

R. S. Warren Bell

[*The fifth story of this series will appear next month.*]

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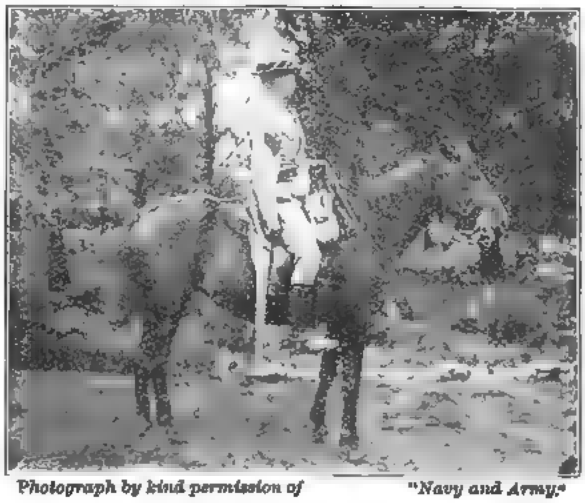
CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES—MARCHING ORDER PARADE.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

VIII.—The Cape Mounted Rifles, and Mounted Police Forces of Cape Colony and Natal.

"CAN you tell me anything about the forces of Cape Colony?" "Will you inform me how to join the Cape Mounted Rifles?"—Such are the queries which have been reaching me in shoals during the past few weeks. As the subject is one of particular interest just now, when the eyes of the whole civilised world are turned upon South Africa, I cannot do better than devote an article to the subject. I am fortunate in being able to present to my readers, owing to the courtesy of Messrs. Hudson & Kearns, some excellent photographs which originally appeared in the *Navy and Army Illustrated*.



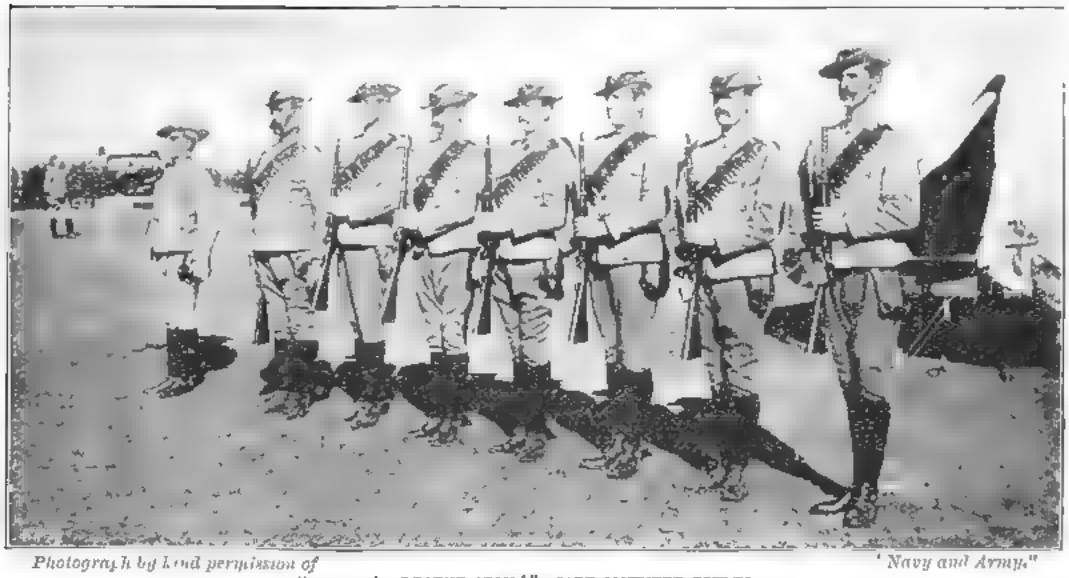
Photograph by kind permission of "*Navy and Army.*"

A CAPE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN—N.C.O. IN MARCHING ORDER.

The Cape Mounted Rifles offer particular attractions to the young Briton who desires to settle down in South Africa. During the period of his military life he would see many places and parts of the colony hardly otherwise accessible. He would make many friends, and gain, in the easiest way, considerable knowledge of the country in which he contemplated making his home. The Cape Mounted Rifles are now a popular force in the colony, well officered, well treated, and looked after in every way.

The corps has a distinguished history, although, on its present basis, it was only organised as lately as 1878. It was formerly a mounted police force, and known as the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. It was formed by the late Sir Walter Currie, and, at the time it was organised, consisted chiefly of farmers' sons and others thoroughly acquainted with the country. These men all spoke Kaffir and Dutch, and as policemen were unequalled. They did not

Articles on the Civil Service, Engineering, City Employment, Agriculture, Law, and Medicine, have already appeared. Back numbers can be obtained from the publishers.



Photograph by kind permission of *'Navy and Army."*

"GUARD! PRESENT ARMS!"—CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

pretend to be highly disciplined, and, as a matter of fact, had nothing approaching military drill. They could come and go from one point to another, could *spoor* (track) cattle, could catch thieves, could ride and shoot well, being thoroughly accustomed to native manners and ways. After a time, the Cape Government commenced to recruit for the corps in England and elsewhere, and attempted to make the force semi-military. The attempt for some time failed, the only result being to make the corps a nondescript affair—neither police nor soldiers.

In 1878, the corps was converted finally into the Cape Mounted Rifles of to-day—a permanent military force paid out of Cape finances, and consisting of thirty-five officers and about a thousand rank and file. The corps has seen much service, and not a few of the officers and men have taken part in all the South African wars and rebellions of the last twenty years. Not many years ago the corps contained no less than five V.C.'s, of whom, unfortunately, there is only one, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Hartley, remaining. The regiment is split up into small detachments in the native territories.

Umtata is the headquarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles. Here are stationed the staff, the artillery troop, the band, one squadron, and the recruits. Here, too, the men go through their drills preparatory to being drafted off to the various out-stations, some of which are over a hundred miles from headquarters. The recruits are mostly obtained from England, but occasionally they are enlisted in the colony itself.

Candidates who desire to enlist in the corps must apply to the Agent-General for the Cape, 112, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Enrolment is, in the first instance, for a period of five years. The life is an exceedingly hard one, and in selecting candidates preference is given to youths of strong physique, and especially to those who have been accustomed to athletic exercises and can ride and shoot well. The limits of age are from eighteen to twenty-five years, and candidates must be from 5ft. 6ins. to 5ft. 10ins. in height, and not less than 33½ins. round the chest next the skin, and not more than 175lbs. in weight.

A candidate engaged in England must pass a medical examination both here and in the Cape. After passing the examination, he must deposit the sum of £24 3s. with the Agent-General, to be paid over to the steamship company for his second-class passage to Cape Town.

As soon as ever he is duly enrolled as a member of the C.M.R. he receives pay as a second-class private at the rate of 5s. per day. In the table below will be seen the rates of pay for officers and men, but it must be remembered that out of this amount all members of the force must supply themselves with everything they need, except certain articles of uniform and kit, arms and saddlery, which are provided for them gratis. A sum of £10 is allowed to every recruit for the purpose of purchasing a horse, which he must choose and buy for himself on reaching the Cape. Officers must provide

themselves with, and maintain, two horses, and non-commissioned officers and men must provide themselves with, and maintain, one horse—so it will be seen that the rate of pay is not so high as it looks. It must be remembered, however, that the cost of living and the purchase of fodder are not nearly so expensive in the Cape as in England.

TABLE OF PAYMENT—CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

RANK.	PAYMENT.
Lieutenant-Colonel...	£650 a year, and £300 travelling allowance, and £50 a year command allowance.
Major	£500 a year, with £100 travelling allowance.
Captain.....	16s. a day, increasing by 1s. a day to 20s. a day.
Lieutenant	13s. 6d. a day, increasing by 6d. a day to 15s. a day.
Paymaster	£450 per annum.
Quartermaster..... ..	£420 per annum.
Adjutant and Musketry Instructor	Payment according to rank, and allowance of £150 per annum.
Gunnery Instructor	£365 per annum.
Sergeant, 1st class.....	9s. a day.
,, and ,, ... -	8s. ,,
,, 3rd ,, ...	7s. ,,
Corporal	6s. 6d. a day.
Private, 1st class	6s. a day.
,, and ,, ...	5s. ,,

Now as to the prospects of the service, it is possible for a steady man who enters upon a re-engagement at the end of his term to do very well. If he takes care to make himself thoroughly efficient, keeps steady and on good terms with his officers, he can make sure of being promoted. Commissions are given to men who have shown special merit after a period of service extending over seven or eight years. The ordinary duties of the Cape Mounted Rifles in times of peace are mainly police work, and there is always ample opportunity for a man displaying special smartness and bravery which may win him early recognition.

There is a special service of mounted police (quite distinct from the Cape Mounted Rifles) in the Port Elizabeth and King Williamstown districts of Cape Colony. The term of service is for three years, and applicants must apply to the Commissioner. The pay in the mounted service is, for privates, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. a day; corporals, 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.; sergeants, 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; sub-inspectors, 12s. to 14s., and inspectors £300 to £400 per annum.

There is also an excellent mounted police force in Natal, which is noteworthy in that almost every public school in England is represented in it. When men are enlisted in England they are obtained through the Agent-General for Natal in London; *but there is no likelihood of recruiting being resumed in England for a long time to come.*

The headquarters of the force is at Pietermaritzburg, and there any aspirant must travel if he desires to enter. Applicants for admission must be single men between seventeen and twenty-five years of age, between 5ft. 6ins. and 6ft. in height, and of weight not less than 160lbs. Uniform, horse, clothing and equipment are supplied *as an advance* by the Government, to be repaid by monthly stoppages of £2. The rate of pay is, for second-class troopers, 6s. a day; for first-class troopers, 7s. per day. A sergeant receives his 10s. per diem, and an inspector gets from £350 to £500 a year. Promotion goes by seniority, and preference is given to those who can speak the Zulu language. The following letter from a trooper of the N.M.P. will give some idea of the kind of life they lead:—

I have been out on patrol for the last six weeks. The first part of the time was rather rough. We had to wade through the river several times waist deep, and sleep in Kaffir huts. We were inspecting "licenses" for Kaffir kraals, and some of them are in awful places. . . . We went in for the Richmond Show, and, coming out again at night, my mate got thrown from his horse (a young one, only half broken) and broke his wrist. . . . The other day we were camped at a farm-house. The man is a general grower of tobacco—quite a pioneer in this respect. He has 10,000lbs. of tobacco in his barn, and has had an offer of 1s. a pound for it from a Johannesburg firm. . . .

There is plenty of change, plenty of excitement, for those of an adventurous disposition. But service in the Cape Mounted Rifles or in the Mounted Police is only for those who can stand a hard life, who are prepared to "rough it," and make the best of things generally.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Despair—I should advise you to try again.

Patriot. See the November number of THE CAPTAIN.

Georgie.—An underwriter for a large marine insurance company may receive from £2,000 to £3,000 per year.

Impatient—You must obtain a nomination from the Home Secretary through an M.P. for the post of Assistant Inspector of Factories.

C. S. James, and Vivian.—Consult a good coach. You will find the names of several in our advertisement pages, or I will send you some privately by post.

Lockwood.—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., for their "Handbook on Tasmania," enclosing penny stamp

Architect.—Apply to the Secretary, Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, W., for a printed form, which, when filled up, must be accompanied by a fee of two guineas

W. P—If you decide to go in for the Civil Service you must prepare yourself for the Second Division Clerkship Examination, in accordance with the particulars given in my first articles, published six months ago in THE CAPTAIN.

A. G M.—To become a shipping clerk you should have a good ordinary education, be accurate and quick at figures, and have a full knowledge of the chief ports of the world, especially those connected with our import and export trade. Shorthand is most useful, and, in many cases essential. A knowledge of French, German, or Spanish would also be very advantageous. The usual term of apprenticeship is five years, and during that time £100 is given as remuneration. It is necessary to exercise the greatest care in the selection of an office, as in many places apprentices are turned away at the completion of their term. I should

certainly recommend you, if you want to "brush up" the subjects mentioned, to go to a good "coach" and have some thorough tuition, paying special attention to the languages.

A. E. B.—It is somewhat difficult to reply to your letter without knowing more of your attainments and capabilities. I can hardly give you a list of appointments for which you would be suitable under the circumstances. The best I can do is to offer you a few suggestions which occur to me from what you tell me about yourself. Why do you not try, in view of your mathematical attainments, to obtain a post as assistant master in some small school where, in your spare time, you may continue your own work, and have a shot, at any rate, for the Class I. of the Civil Service? Or, why do you not go on working and try for the degree at the London or Durham University, with a view to taking up tutorial work as a definite profession? A man with a good degree can generally manage to obtain a post in a school, and until that time you might be able to support yourself by private tuition.

L. B.—With regard to your inquiry concerning veterinary surgeons, for this department of the medical profession a special liking for scientific subjects (particularly physiology and natural history), good intellectual abilities, a natural liking for animals, and a fair amount of capital are amongst the chief requisites. The Preliminary Examination (which it would be well to take while you are still at school) is the same as that required for registration as an ordinary medical student. After passing the Preliminary Examination (and if sixteen years of age) the best course to pursue is to enter the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W., and go through a course of study for four years, in order to qualify for the diploma of the R.C.V.S. The educational or entrance fee is £84, and it may be paid in four instalments. These fees cover the attendance at all the courses of lectures necessary to qualify for the diploma. Before the diploma can be obtained the student must attend four sessions of not less than thirty weeks each at the Royal Veterinary College, and pass four examinations. There are, I may mention, many valuable prizes and scholarships to be obtained in connection with the college.

(Owing to exigencies of space it is only possible to reply to a limited number of correspondents in our pages. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to answer by post any letters addressed to him, provided a stamped envelope is enclosed.)

THE FIRST BOYS' MAGAZINES.

Our contemporary, *Literature*, has been discussing the magazines which have lately been issued for the benefit of boys. The Captain is mentioned as being "one of the newest and most remarkable examples."

Harking back a long way, *Literature* recalls memories of *Every Boy's Magazine* (1863), published by Messrs. Routledge, and numbering among its contributors R. M. Ballantyne and the Rev. J. G. Wood. Its only forerunner of any importance was *Beeton's Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in 1855. Critics said of this that it was "too high, too solid, too good"; and now that one turns up an old volume, it certainly does seem to show a tendency to sacrifice amusement to instruction. There is no fiction. Instead of short stories we have short biographies of such personages as Oliver Cromwell, James Watt, Christopher Columbus, and Cardinal Wolsey. Instead of a serial story we have a serial account of the Conquest of Mexico; and the amount of useful information of one sort and another is rather large. The price was the odd one of twopence per month.

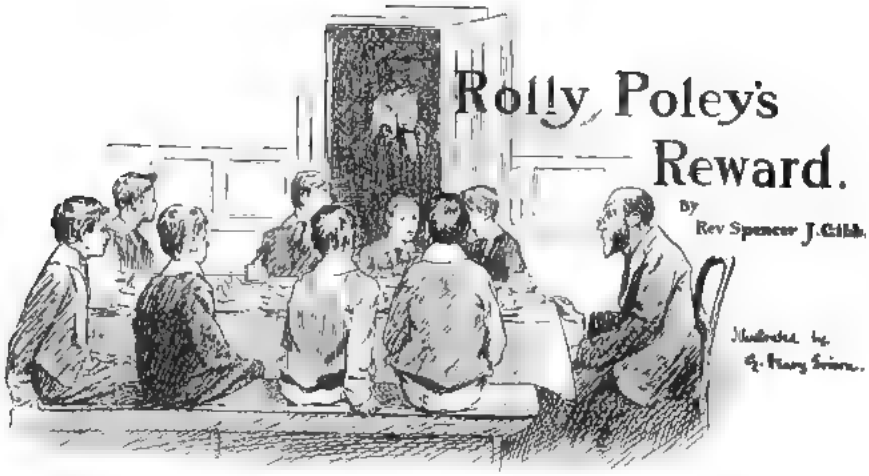
Before *Beeton's* there were, strictly speaking, no boys' papers at all, but only papers for children in general, for Sunday School scholars, etc., such as the *Children's Weekly Visitor* (1833), the *Youth's Instructor and Guardian* (1817), and the *Youth's Magazine*, or *Evangelical Miscellany* (1805). This latter publication offered the young no more lively reading than is afforded by the biographies of biblical characters, moral essays on such grave subjects as "Obedience to Parents," or, "The beneficial Effects of Sunday Schools," and plenty of hymns, of the cheerful tenor of which the following lines are fairly typical:—

Since I soon must part for ever
From the joys of time and sense,
Let it be my first endeavour
To prepare for going hence

What though I am young and healthy?
Children less and younger die;
If my friends are great and wealthy,
Low as others I must lie.

Shall I, to indulge in pleasure,
Overlook the judgment day?
Shall I waste time's precious treasure
Wantonly in idle play?

"Between this sort of thing and The Captain," says the editor of *Literature*, "there is clearly a great gulf fixed."



Rolly Poley's Reward.

By Rev Spencer J. Gibb.

Illustrated by G. Percy Jacomb.

I WANT to tell you this story, although the laugh at the end of it is against myself. So long as there *is* a laugh, and an honest one, what does it matter?

My name is Roland—Tommy Roland—and the fellows call me Rolly Poley. I am—or, at least, I *was* when what I am going to tell you about happened—the youngest boy in Lowchester Cathedral Choir School. I was quite a new kid, and everything was strange to me.

It happened that just before I arrived at Lowchester the city had been startled by a series of daring robberies, and the thieves had never been caught. The Lowchester police were poking their noses everywhere, but it was all in vain. The first scare of the robberies wore off, and everything went on as usual.

But not for long.

The robbers apparently did not like being so easily forgotten, and they reminded Lowchester of their continued existence in a tragic way.

One morning we were seated at breakfast in the long schoolroom, with Mr. Gardiner at the head and Mrs. Gardiner at the foot, and two Miss Gardiners one on each side, when the door burst open, and old Growler (as the boys called him from the exceeding gruffness of his tones), the school servant and general factotum, stood on the threshold with a face as white as the table-cloth.

"Oh Lor', sir!" he growled, breathlessly, throwing politeness to the winds. "Oh. Lor'!"

Mr. Gardiner looked at him with dignity.

"Royle!" he said, in icy tones—Royle is Growler's rightful name—"Royle, what is the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion? Either explain yourself or withdraw."

"Oh Lor', sir!" Growler repeated, offering to do neither the one nor the other. "Oh Lor'!"

He took his large red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

"Oh, my gracious!" he gasped; "they've done it this time, and no mistake! Oh Lor'!"

Mr. Gardiner gazed at him with a look which might have been reasonably expected to turn him to stone. His thoughts were apparently too deep for words.

"It's them robber gang again," continued Growler, using the red handkerchief with energy. "Whatever do you think they've a been and gone and done? Oh Lor'! Oh, my gracious! *They've a-murdered the mayor!*"

Had Growler thrown a loaded bomb into the centre of the table it could not have caused greater consternation, for the Mayor of Lowchester was universally respected.

"Murdered the mayor, man!" cried Mr. Gardiner, starting from his seat, and upsetting his hot coffee into the lap of the boy who occupied the end place. Mrs. Gardiner gave a shrill shriek, and the two Miss Gardiners cried "Oh, my!" and showed signs of becoming hysterical.

"Murdered the mayor!" repeated Mr. Gardiner, "how dreadful! When? How? Don't give way, Amelia," he added, as the hysterical symptoms of his eldest daughter became distressingly pronounced, "your smelling salts for the girl, Katharine, my love!"

"Why, it was this 'ere way, sir," said Growler, with deep breathing, "the milkman, he's a friend o' mine, he is, and he's just a-come from there. I could see there was something wrong with him as he come up to the door. His hand was tremblin' that violent that the milk was bein' shook out o' the can, and the cat she was

a-followin' of him a-mewin', as never was and a-lickin' up of the milk as he lets drop. That told me there must be somethin' out o' th' ord'nary wrong, as he's a careful man is Robert, and mighty partic'lar about his cans. 'Robert,' says I, when he gets within hail, 'you 'pear mighty shook! Anythin' wrong?' I says. 'Anythin' wrong!' cries he, a-tremblin' till the can rattled agen, 'anythin' wrong! I should just think there *was* somethin' wrong. That there robber gang has been and gone and done for the mayor. They robbed his house last night—broke in through the scullery winder—and, one of 'em tumbling o'er somethin' or another, roused the mayor. He comes down stairs, cryin' "Who's that?" Before he got to the bottom of the stairs, one of 'em must have hit him o'er the head with some iron thing or other, for he fell all of a heap, while the whole gang of 'em got clean away. When they came to lift up the poor gentleman, he was dead. That blow had been harder, perhaps, than the ruffians meant it to be, and he never spoke again.'"

OUR ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED BY A GLARING POSTER.

Thus, or in some such way, did Growler give us the sad narrative of the tragic death of the Mayor of Lowchester.

I shall never forget the excitement.

Every clue was carefully followed up. The surrounding country was scoured for miles and miles. Every suspicious-looking house in the lowest quarters of the city was searched. Several men were arrested and led triumphantly through the streets, gaped at by curious crowds, but they were all in the end released again. The evidence against them fell through, or they definitely proved that on the night in question they had been miles away. The mysterious gang was never brought to justice, and I suppose it is exceedingly unlikely that it ever will.

It was while the excitement was at its height that my own particular adventure happened.

I was walking one day down the High Street with Peter Rostron, a chum of mine, discussing the murder, when our attention was attracted by a glaring notice posted in a prominent place.

It had reference to the subject of the hour. The police had at last dropped upon what they considered to be an important clue. There was a man whom they suspected of the murder, and a description of him was appended. "Of middle age," the description said, "and medium height; iron-grey beard and whiskers; blue eyes. He wears his hair long. Gentlemanly, and rather distinguished appearance."

Then the notice went on to say that anyone giving information which might lead to the apprehension of the individual with long hair and distinguished appearance would be "suitably rewarded."

"Don't I just wish I could drop across the chap!" I said to Peter. "I'd haul him off to the police station double quick time."

"Don't talk rot!" said Peter. "Why, man, *that's* not the way to tackle a desperate character like this fellow would be sure to be. Haul him off to the police station! I should like to *see* you haul him off to the police station! What do you think he'd be doing all the time? Taking your arm, and asking you to hurry up, I suppose! If *I* came across him, I should suck up to him so that he mightn't suspect anything. Then I'd ask him to come a walk, and drop a

wink to the first bobby I met. That's what *I* should do. Haul him off to the police station indeed!"

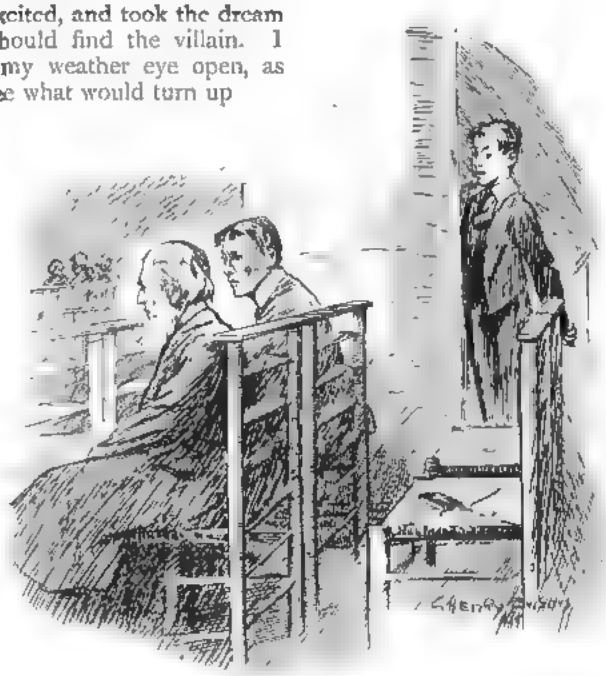
And he laughed rudely.

I kept my temper, and didn't argue with him. In fact, I thought there might be something in what he said, though there was no need for him to get so cocky over it. During the remainder of that day I thought of little else save that distinguished-looking individual, and at night I dreamt that I had captured him. I was just counting the golden sovereigns which had been offered to me as a suitable reward when I awoke. I was very excited, and took the dream as an omen that I should find the villain. I determined to keep my weather eye open, as the sailors say, and see what would turn up

And before the day closed something *did* turn up.

It happened that, in the afternoon, some time before service, Tomkins, who is our head boy, asked me to go into the cathedral and get an anthem-book for him, and I said I would.

You see, if I had said I *wouldn't*, Tomkins would have punched my head, and I should have had to go in the long run, so it was best to be pleasant about it. A fellow never loses anything by politeness, and may gain a good deal. Still, it was a fag having to go. I had wanted to spend the time before service in searching for that distinguished-looking individual. The day was getting on, and, if my dream was coming true at all, it was time it began. I ran across the Close from our school, and entered the Cathedral. It was a glorious summer day, but dreadfully hot, and the great church felt cool and pleasant. I passed along the cloisters quickly, taking no notice of the few sightseers who are always loitering about in the summer time, and walked into the nave. I was just going on into the choir when I caught sight of two gentlemen who were sitting on chairs in the nave, engaged in earnest conversation. I stood quite still, and I'm sure that my heart stopped beating altogether for a couple of seconds. It was all I could do not to cry out. For there, with his wicked head slightly bent, and his blue eyes gleaming with excitement, sat the gentlemanly, distinguished-looking individual—iron-grey beard, whiskers, long hair and all! His companion was much younger, but to my imagination he looked bad enough for anything. My dream *was* coming true, then, after all!



"THE DEAN MUST DIE!"

But what to do? That was the question. The fact of there being two of them considerably complicated matters. I began to think Peter had been right about the difficulties of hauling people off to prison. I should have to resort to guile. I walked boldly up to the pair, and coughed to attract their attention. The middle-aged villain looked up with a frown. His look was not very encouraging, but if one undertakes a delicate job it does not do to be daunted by black looks. Therefore I met his frown with as sweet a smile as I could summon, and asked in rather faltering tones:—

"Would you like me to show you through the Cathedral, sir? I——"

"No, no! Decidedly not, decidedly not, little boy! Show me round the Cathedral when I knew it long before you were born or thought of!"

I retired crestfallen, and was just about to go off in search of a policeman when I overheard a part of the conversation which I had interrupted. I was standing now only a few yards from the two ruffians, but I was hidden by a stout Norman pillar.

"Yes, Frank," the elderly man said in deep tones, "I must do it. It is useless for you to plead. I have thought the matter well over. The whole success of the plot depends upon it. It must be. *The Dean must die!*"

I staggered, and, but for the pillar, should

have fallen. "The Dean must die!" Our beloved old Dean! So he was to be the next victim! Not if I could prevent it.

"Yes," continued the shameless old reprobate, "he must perish. I shall kill him this very day, Frank—on this very spot. I have journeyed here to identify the place. Plead no more."

"All right, uncle," replied the other, with a yawn. "As you like. I vote we go and get something to eat."

I waited no longer. Every moment was precious. I turned softly and hurried from the Cathedral. Through the streets I ran helter-skelter. I tore breathlessly into the police station, and confronted the sergeant in charge. He rose from the stool on which he was sitting and stared blankly at me.

I pointed excitedly through the door in the direction of the Cathedral. Then I gasped:—

"Qu—quick, I say, quick! I've found the man!" Still the sergeant met my excitement with a stony stare.

"Found the man," he repeated slowly. "What man?"

"*The* man!" I cried, "the head of the robber gang—the distinguished-looking man of middle age, medium height, blue eyes, long hair, iron-grey beard and whiskers—the man who killed the mayor, and who'll kill the Dean in another two shakes if you don't jolly well hurry up!"

And with much gasping and spluttering I told my tale.

Then the heavy man acted. He summoned two policemen, quickly put them in possession of the facts, and sent them off with me. We were soon walking rapidly towards the Cathedral.

We passed through the Close Gate, and were nearly at the west door of the Cathedral, when I saw the two ruffians emerging. They were moving in the direction of the Deanery; in another moment they would be out of sight.

"There they are!" I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "Do hurry up, or they'll have done for the Dean! He's most likely in the garden. Quick!"

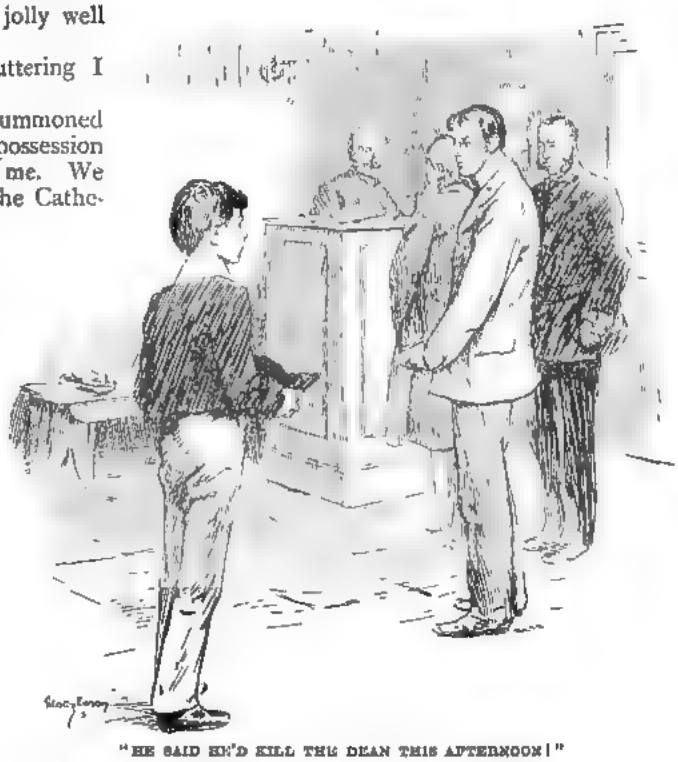
We were now close upon the unconscious couple. The tallest policeman suddenly gave a little jerky spring towards the distinguished individual, and next moment I heard the handcuffs click as they fastened on his wrists. The other bobby treated the nephew in a similar way. And then followed some fun, I can tell you. The consternation of that fellow with the long hair when he found he was a prisoner baffles description. No one who hasn't seen it can have any idea what it was like. I never saw anyone look so surprised in my life. His face went all the colours of the rainbow, and then settled into an angry purple. I thought he would have burst a blood-vessel in his rage. He tugged at those handcuffs till they cut into his flesh; he stamped with his foot, and ground his teeth. For some time he was too angry to speak, but when at last he found his tongue, you should just have heard him. I should be sorry to repeat what he said.

As for the young man, he was considerably calmer. He kept muttering something about a "ridiculous mistake," "the blundering of inefficient police," and so on, of which, of course, no one took the smallest notice.

* * * * * *

I suppose I must tell you the end of the story, though I'd much rather not. But I said you should have the laugh out of me, and so you shall.

By the time we reached the station that distinguished-looking fellow was a deal calmer, and the first thing he did, if you'll believe me, was to ask to be confronted with the Dean.



"HE SAID HE'D KILL THE DEAN THIS AFTERNOON!"

"Send for my brother-in-law, the Dean," he demanded, "at whose house I am a guest; he will settle this ridiculous business."

"Don't!" I fairly shrieked, hurrying forward. "Don't believe him. Why, you are a green set of chaps! Can't you see his game? He's desperate now. He said he'd kill the Dean this afternoon. I heard him not an hour ago. I——"

My protest was interrupted by a peal of laughter. The younger man was shaking with resistless mirth. The distinguished individual glared at me in a way that was truly awful. The sergeant shouted "Silence!" in his sternest tones, and the young man stopped laughing as suddenly as he had begun.

"I see it all," he said. "My uncle here is Mr. Denvers, and is, as he has intimated, the Dean's brother-in-law. He is at present engaged in writing a novel, the scene of which is laid in Lowchester, and one of the most interesting characters in which is a Dean. He was telling me this afternoon that he had decided that the plot of the story would not be complete without the death of the Dean—the Dean in the story, that is—and that he had decided this very day to write the chapter which should describe his death."

The policemen looked doubtful. The sergeant looked wise. I suppose I looked foolish.

"This 'ere," said the sergeant, "comes of listening to the tittle-tattle o' little boys. Jim, take them cuffs off. But," he added, with a touch of doubt, "you are wonderful like the description, sir. I hope, sir, you'll not be hard on a poor man as tries to do his dooty, sir."

"Confound your description, and you too!" spluttered the distinguished individual. "Your superiors shall certainly know of this most unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject."

Then he felt his hands free, and, advancing to where I stood, he dealt me a box on the ear, from which I didn't recover for several days. He made no remark. His action spoke louder than words.

But his nephew called me aside.

"There," he said, as he slipped half-a-crown into my hand, "this may cure the old bore of talking, morning, noon, and night, about that blessed book of his, which no one will ever read!"

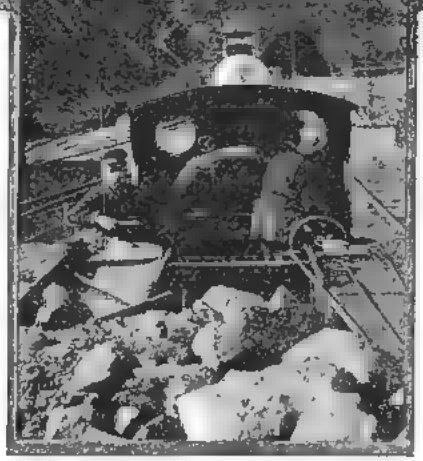
So, you see, I did get a suitable reward, after all.

SHE: "'Tis A'gernon!"
HE: "Yes. I know she is there—treacherous vixen! I will punish her—I will not speak to her. She shall learn that Algernon De Spencer will *not* be played with!"

HEROES OF THE LINE

by J. A. KAY

sketches by T. W. HOLMES



FEW records of railwaymen's deeds of bravery in time of accident equal the heroism displayed by Walter Peart and Henry Dean, who, only a few months past, died from injuries received in their gallant and successful attempt to save the lives of hundreds of passengers travelling in the express which was entrusted to their care. Soon after the express passed Ealing, on its way to Paddington, the driver noticed that something was wrong; a huge beating bar of iron was plunging again and again into the engine's boiler.

Before the men fully realised what had happened, they were enveloped by clouds of scalding steam, but, nothing daunted, one shut off the regulator, while the other applied the brakes. They then sought shelter outside the cab, clinging to the flying engine, anxiously waiting for it to slacken.

Meanwhile the express was rushing madly onward, getting nearer every moment to Westbourne Park Station. Here various lines branch off, which are guarded by a veritable maze of signals. Peart thought of the dire results that would happen to a runaway at such a point as this. He also noticed that the train was not slackening speed as it at first had done. In fact, it seemed to be running faster than ever on its mad career. Something had evidently failed to act. He went back again into the blinding steam, and gave the levers a tighter grip. This time the train was stopped, but not until they felt it was slackening did the gallant men jump to save their lives. They were picked up just 120yds. from where the train was brought to a standstill. From then till the time of their death they were hardly ever again conscious. Hundreds of their fellow-workmen journeyed to their gravesides to pay a last tribute to such undaunted courage.

Some readers will, possibly, remember the accounts in the newspapers of how Ben Hitchin stuck to his engine when he met with a fatal accident whilst driving his train on the night of October 2nd, 1897. Hitchin and his mate were running the 5.25 p.m. passenger train from Crewe to Carlisle. At Winsford Station Hitchin was struck on the head by a stone, probably thrown by some foolish boy, who little thought his senseless act would be the death of the heroic driver of the express. He bravely stuck to his post, though he was suffering the most excruciating agonies, and brought the train safely to Carlisle. Seventeen days afterwards he died, having been in the company's service forty years.

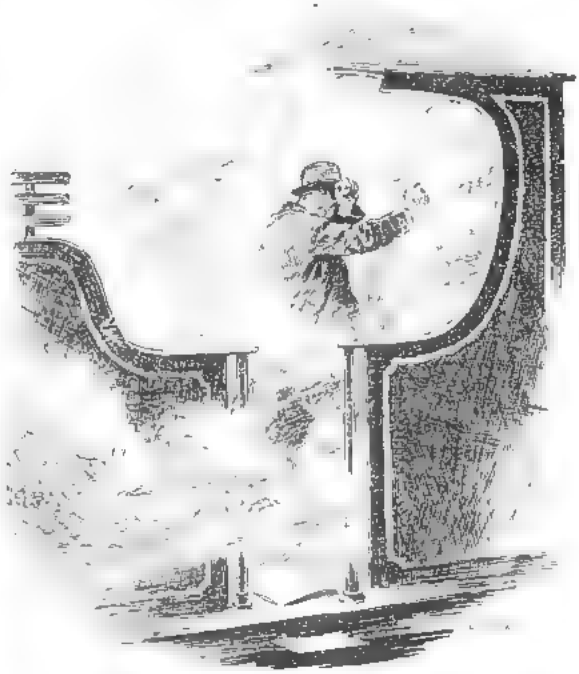
Many years ago, Samuel Westlake, a driver on the Cornwall Railway, now part of the Great Western line, saved the lives of all his passengers and his train from destruction by the courage and determination he displayed in a very awkward predicament. One October afternoon he was driving the mail train along the single line which formerly ran from Par to St. Austell. There was a sharp downward gradient about half-way from St. Austell, and a heavy mineral train, running in the opposite direction, shunted at this station to let the mail train pass. Owing, however, to insufficient brake power, the driver was unable to pull up, and went on running along the single line towards Par. By this time the mail train was well on its way to St. Austell, and when about a mile or so from the station the driver perceived the runaway dashing towards him at a terrific speed.

Westlake was a man of resource, and applied the brakes without a moment's delay, quickly bringing his train to a standstill. Instead of jumping from the engine and leaving the train to

its fate, he reversed the engine and started running back towards Par. They went very slowly at first, and the runaway gained upon them every second. For some minutes it was merely a case of pitch and toss who would win, but as soon as the level part of the line was reached, the goods train began to slacken, and the space between the trains grew gradually wider and wider, until, in a few more minutes, the mail train was quite ahead of all danger, thanks to the heroism of the driver. But for his gallantry a great catastrophe must have occurred.

When thinking of the deeds of bravery of our enginemen, one must not, however, forget that foreign railwaymen have on many occasions performed some very valiant feats, and our American cousins figure conspicuously on the roll of honour.

Anyone who has read about the terrible forest fires that now and again scourge America and Australia will readily grasp what an awful thing it must be for a train to be enveloped by the smoke and stifling heat of one of these conflagrations. Engineer Edward Barry was the man who, some years past, heroically raced his freight train through the burning woodland between Hickley and Lake Superior on its journey to Eastern Minnesota. When he reached Hickley it had already been utterly destroyed by the flames, and many of the homeless inhabitants had assembled by the side of the line in the hopes of being rescued by a passing train. Barry's was a loaded freight train, but for all that the panic-stricken people clambered on board wherever possible, and soon, with over five hundred people clinging to it, the train started off on its wild rush to Lake Superior. It was a terrible journey, through clouds of stifling hot smoke, across burning trestle bridges, which collapsed soon after the train had passed over, down avenues of scorching flame, bumping over the uneven track, which was rapidly becoming twisted from its parallel owing to the expansion of the rails. Soon Barry, looking ahead, saw a party of fugitives frantically waving for him to stop to take them on board, and although every second was priceless, so to speak, in the terrible race for life through the fire, the brave driver drew up his train for them to mount. Then, wrapping a wet towel round his head, Barry urged on his engine through the smoke and flame. Gradually it neared the outskirts of the fire, till soon the train, all scorched and looking a very sorry spectacle, drew up at Lake Superior safe out of reach of the fire fiend.



HE WENT BACK INTO THE BLINDING STEAM, AND GAVE THE LEVERS A TIGHTER GRIP.

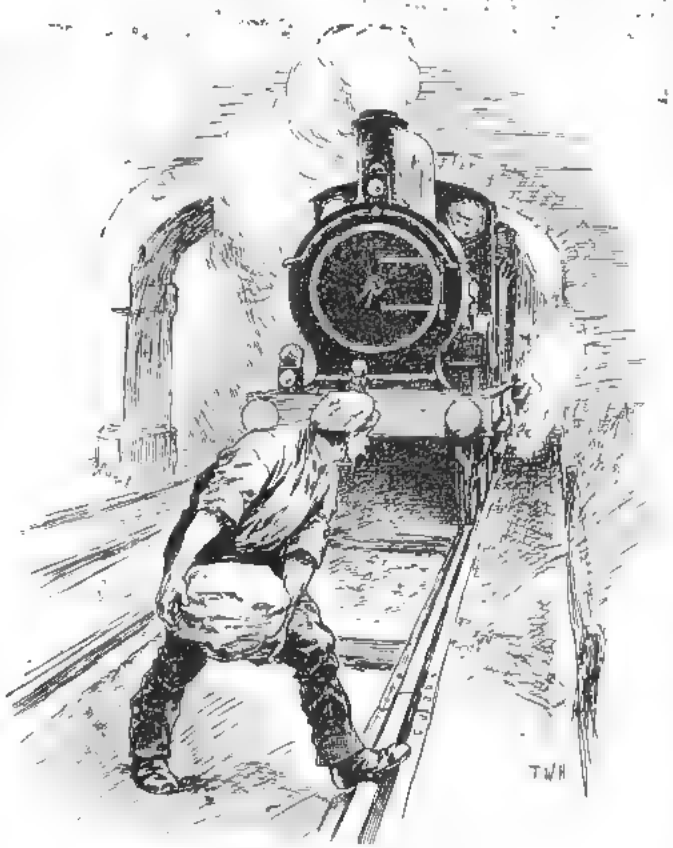
Only a few years past some madmen did their best to wreck two fast express trains near Besildon Bridge, on the Great Western Railway. Fortunately, however, they were not successful. The drivers on both the up and down trains noticed three heavy pieces of metal, and three large wooden sleepers lying right across the lines. When they caught sight of the obstruction, however, it was too late to draw up, and to have slackened speed would have been fatal. Without hesitating for a moment the men "knotched up" the motion and gained speed every stroke, till, with nothing more than an ugly jerk, they cut through both sleepers and iron bars, and continued their journey in safety.

There are many deeds of bravery that take place daily on our iron roads that go altogether unrecorded. A very striking instance of one of these unrewarded acts amongst railwaymen is related by a well-known author. This he noticed from the window of a carriage in a London express which had stopped at Bedford.

"The greaser was coming along the train, tapping the wheels and clicking up the lid of each axle box. It seemed a mere matter of form, for there was nothing wrong anywhere, so, as the last carriage was reached, the guard started the train.

The wheels began to move; the greaser clicked the first—but the box was dry! He knew the risk he was running, but the brave fellow, instead of letting it pass, flung himself on the step in a moment, with his tray. He threw up the axle lids one by one, as the express, at rapidly increasing speed, was running out of the station. By the time he had finished his work the train was over the Ouse. Throwing his tray off, he sprang after it, and saved himself from falling by a long, staggering run. He was only a greaser, and did not get a K.C.B., or any other reward; but his deed is worth recording, though his very name is unknown."

Only a few months past, a brave platelayer, in the North of Scotland, saved a train from a terrible disaster. He was one of a gang at work on a broken rail on the Highland Railway, just south of Altnabreac Station, when a distant whistle warned them of the approach of the morning mail train from Wick to Inverness. The train was close upon them, and the men's trolley completely blocked the line. The men were all panic-stricken save one, named John Morrison, who, realising the terrible danger to the human freight that was rushing southwards, strove, with superhuman strength, to remove the trolley from the rails. In this he was successful, but, unfortunately, just as the obstruction was pushed out of the way, the engine struck young Morrison, and he was literally cut to pieces by the flying wheels, and one more name was added to the long list of railway heroes.



THE MAN WHO SAVED THE "DUTCHMAN."

Splendid, indeed, and ever-to-be-remembered, was the gallantry of the man who saved the 'Dutchman'"—the celebrated G.W.R. express. Some navvies were working on an embankment near Bath, when, just as the warning whistle of the "Dutchman" was heard in the distance, a great piece of rock rolled down the embankment and stopped on the metals, right in the way of the express. One of the navvies hastened down the embankment at headlong speed, seized the fragment of rock, and hurled it off the line. But, alas! before he could himself escape the express was on him, and he was cut to pieces.

The grateful passengers made a collection, and this, swelled by the general public, amounted to a sum sufficient to pension off the widow and build her a cottage near the scene of this truly "golden deed" of a humble railwayman.

In an article such as this, dealing as it does with one or two of the most striking instances of railway heroism, it is, of course, impossible to even mention the hundreds of minor deeds of bravery performed every year by our railwaymen. Over and over again instances might be cited where porters or others have flung themselves on to the line in front of an approaching train in order to rescue some luckless passenger who has fallen from the platform on to the metals, and scarcely ever do we hear of the drivers forsaking their engines in time of disaster, whilst the roll of brave men who have stuck to the foot-plate and sacrificed themselves in saving the human freight behind them is indeed a mournfully long one.

An Indian Story.

By H. Hervey. Illustrated by Sherie.

THE rainy season of 1864 had been abnormally severe, and the country for many square miles around was more or less under water. The railway was the first to "go," speedily followed by the Government telegraph wires, which ran along it. The collapse of this latter necessitated my going out and spending two months in drenching rain, wading and floundering about the wrecked railway embankment, tinkering up wires and posts, and doing my level best towards maintaining a fitful communication under the most arduous difficulties.

The Panurthi "Travellers' Bungalow" was built on a knoll conveniently close to the railway. It was a comfortable, dome-roof structure, and far preferable to our tents, pitched on ground that still continued unhealthily damp at the best, and open to the invasion of snakes and other "varmints." I and the two railway engineers had a big "job" to carry out in the vicinity, at a large river, which the line crossed on a pier bridge. Dillon and Gorst, the railway men, and I chummed together in the bungalow; it was the beginning of Christmas week, and as—obviously—none of us could get away, we had resolved to celebrate the festival on the spot in the best way we could. We wanted for nothing, and our servants had duly paid a visit to Poodooserry, a large seaport about fifteen miles distant by rail, and brought everything necessary for our Christmas dinner, from crackers and champagne to turkey and truffles. Better still, Mesdames Dillon and Gorst were coming out by the morning train of the 22nd to join us; and as we were all musical, and the ladies performed on the banjo and guitar respectively, we looked forward to a "high old time" of it.

That morning, after *chota haziri*, or early breakfast, we three rafted across the deep flood water intervening between the bungalow and railway, for the purpose of meeting our fair guests. A number of coolies followed to transport their "things," for they were to remain a week with us.

We "mooched" about, waiting for the mail train; there was no station at this spot, and Dillon intended stopping her with a flag. Such a proceeding, highly impracticable as it may seem to you, English reader, is one of common occurrence in India, especially under the conditions of general dislocation then ruling on that particular line.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Gorst, glancing at his watch, as a distant whistle fell on our ears, "ten minutes before her time! Well, I'm jiggered!"

"Stand clear there!" shouted Dillon in the vernacular to the coolies, as he displayed a red flag to the advancing train, which now came lumbering round the curve.

"Anything wrong here, sir?" asked the English driver, leaning over the rail, and touching his cap to his officer, after bringing the locomotive to a standstill.

"No; I only want to relieve you of two of your passengers, Black," cried Dillon. "Jot it down that I stopped you."

"Look 'ere, sir, this ain't the mail; it's a special."

"The dickens it is!" exclaimed Dillon, astonished. "What special?"

"Ferrara's circus and wild beastesses, sir. They've been a-performin' at Nuthurnuggur, they 'ave, the last fower days, and be now a-goin' on to Poodooserry. We didn't put no disc in front, thinkin' it weren't wanted in this 'ere muddle."

"I *am* sorry! However, go ahead, Black. Say I stopped you all the same," replied Dillon, furling his red flag.

As the train passed we saw it carried the usual circus "fixings"—huge tent-poles, cars, a string of horse-boxes, open trucks with vans—while distributed here and there among the vehicles queer, Buffalo-Bill-looking fellows lounged about in a most happy-go-lucky, promiscuous fashion—keepers, no doubt, of the "wild beastesses." At the tail end were several passenger coaches, from the windows of which swarthy-faced men and women protruded their heads, and looked down at us as they passed. They were the "company."

"The mail is close behind, sir!" shouted the tail-brake guard, who recognised Dillon, and guessed his mistake.

"Hang it all!" fumed Gorst, looking after the receding train. "To think they'll probably open to-morrow night, and we fellers stuck here unable to budge! I've not seen a circus since I came to the country twelve years ago."

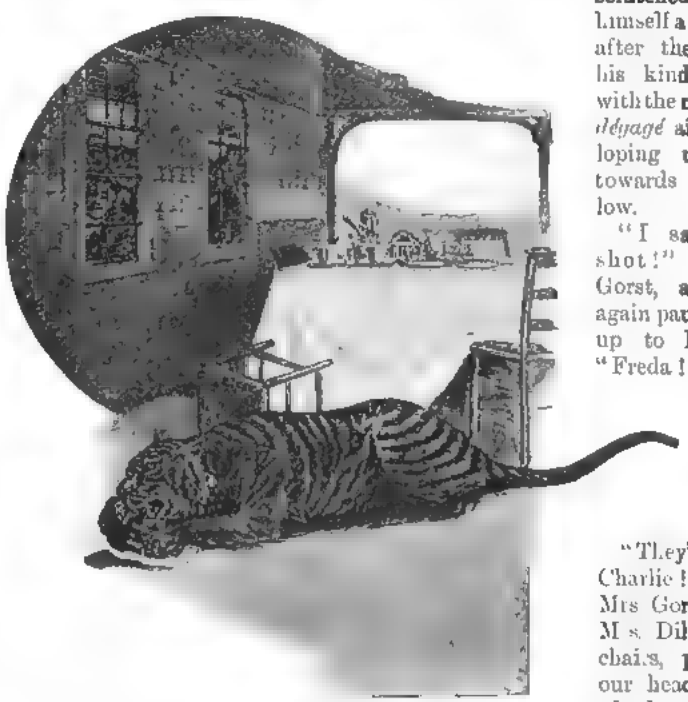
Well, in due course the mail came up. We disembarked the two ladies, ferried them over to the bungalow, and sat down to a sumptuous breakfast. That and the two following days were employed by our fair visitors in making all ready for our "jollification." We men were out on the works for the greater part of the time, but with the aid of the servants, and a heap of odds and ends they had brought with them, the bare bungalow had been transformed into a picture of comfort and festivity. The walls, door, and window-ways were decorated with greenery; a make-shift for mistletoe, in the shape of sprigs of milk-hedge, dangled from the *punkahs*, and the side-tables were resplendent with gay boxes of sorts, suggestive of crackers, crystallised fruits, and so forth. Moreover, the dining-table had been set up so as to give room for dancing after dinner.

Christmas dawned. We were all up betimes, resolving to make as much of the day as possible. So as not to interfere with the interior arrangements, we had the breakfast-table laid in the verandah, and were all busily engaged in the discussion of that meal, when Mrs. Dillon, who sat at the head facing the railway, gave a little shriek, and pointed straight before her.

We all looked in the direction indicated, and judge of our astonishment when we saw a large tiger in the act of taking to the water that lay between the bungalow and the embankment.

"Tiger *here!*" ejaculated Dillon, as the whole party sprang to their feet, and retreated helter-skelter into the room behind us, while the attending servants tumbled over each other and vanished round the corner to take refuge in the outhouses. No sooner in than we barred the front and back door, and lifted the tables against them. Fortunately, the two windows—both on the verandah side—were furnished with stout iron bars, and, as we peered through them to take stock of our unwelcome and unbidden guest, he was just emerging from the water.

He indulged in a good shake, sat down and scratched his ear, gave himself a "lick" or two after the manner of his kind, and then, with the most leisurely *dégagé* air, came lolloping up the rise towards the bungalow.



HE PROCEEDED TO NEGOTIATE THAT MEAT IN THE COOLEST MANNER IN THE WORLD.

"I say, what a shot!" muttered Gorst, as the tiger again paused half-way up to lick himself. "Freda! quick! my rifle and bandoleer! I can't take my eyes off him!"

"They're not here, Charlie!" whispered Mrs. Gorst, who, with Mrs. Dillon, stood on chairs, peeping over our heads, and both of whom, I must say, were behaving with

commendable pluck and *sang froid*, "there isn't a gun in the room; we've looked all round."

True, our three rifles and cartridges were reposing peacefully in the bedrooms, and to get at which, the verandahs constituted the only means.

"Hang it all! What's to be done?" spoke Dillon.

"Hush!" I murmured. "Let's see what he'll do."

Up the steps he came, and stood motionless for a moment full in our view, a magnificent beast: his bright fawny-black coat showing all the brighter for his recent immersion. He walked up to our abandoned breakfast table, and, after sniffing about among the viands, he reached out, secured a piece of cold roast beef, lay down, and proceeded to negotiate that meat in the coolest manner in the world.

"Well — I'm — blest!" said Dillon in an undertone. "Here, you, get out of that!" he added in a louder voice, clapping his hands.

All the attention the tiger paid to this demonstration was to raise his head, regard us benignly, blink his eyes, and go on with his meal.

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Gorst, tittering in spite of her fears, "why, he's exactly like a cat!"

As we intently watched him, it seemed to dawn on us simultaneously that the animal exhibited no ferocious characteristics, either in his proceedings or on his countenance; his movements had nothing of that stealthiness, his look nothing of that cruelty, the common attributes of carnivora of his species, and with which man is apt to associate them.

"Is it possible he's tame?" I asked.

"Just what I was thinking," replied Dillon.

"I'm sure he's tame," put in Mrs. Gorst.

"I think so too," observed her husband. "I wonder if this brute has escaped from anywhere? He——"

"I tell you," interrupted Mrs. Dillon excitedly, "he belongs to the circus, and is now touring on his own account!"

"By Jove! I believe you're right, Hilda," replied Dillon. "Then very likely he's harmless, eh?"

"Not so sure of that," put in I. "A tiger caged and a tiger free are two very different things."

Stripes having finished the beef, now paid a second visit to the breakfast table, and devoured a couple of cold fowls; he then scooped out the butter with his tongue, upset the milk-jug, lapped up the contents as the fluid streamed on to the floor, and, after turning up his nose at the Bologna sausage, the sardines, and bread, he came leisurely to our window and eyed us sedately, but not fiercely.

HE ALLOWED US TO STROKE HIM, PAT HIM, AND TICKLE HIS EARS

"What cheek! Shoo!" cried Mrs. Dillon, shaking her petticoats at him from her vantage ground on the chair.

"Hallon, old fellow!" Dillon said, as if he were addressing a domestic tom-cat, "how do you feel after all that grub?"

Stripes looked up at him mildly, and yawned, disclosing in the act his formidable dental garniture.

"I say, what a mouthful of teeth!" exclaimed Gorst.

"Puss, puss! Poor puss, then!" at this juncture commenced Mrs. Gorst, jumping down from her chair, and pushing to the window.

"Get back, Freda!" cried her husband, seizing her by the arm.

"Don't be silly, Charlie!" she snapped. "I'm sure he is perfectly harm—— Oh, good gracious! there's Tim," she added, as a joyous, tiny bark was heard, and Tim, Mrs. Gorst's toy terrier, having slipped his collar somewhere in the back premises, now came bucketing along the verandah in blissful ignorance of its present tenant, and halted, transfixed with astonishment, right under the nose of the tiger.

The little dog was full of pluck. His hair rose along his nape; he stood his ground and showed his teeth, but his bark assumed a hysterical tone as he confronted the huge cat before him.

"Oh, he'll be killed!" screamed Mrs. Gorst. "Try and get him in through the bars, Charlie!"

But before Gorst could do anything, the tiger turned towards Tim, and as plainly as if he had uttered the words, invited the small terrier to a game of play, for he lay down on his side, stretched out his fore paws, and literally beamed on the dog. Tim, after much doubting and much sniffing, accepted the invitation, and in a few minutes both tiger and toy terrier were hard at it—rolling over and over, gambolling and "chivvying" each other up and down the verandah in fine style.

"Well, that clinches it," said Dillon, breaking the silence. "A tiger that larks about with a little dog cannot possibly have a 'kick' in him. I'm going out—the brute is as tame as a cat."

All being of accord, we issued forth, gingerly, and not altogether without misgiving, it must be confessed. But our confidence had not been misplaced. The tiger proved to be, as Dillon said, "tame as a cat." He allowed us to stroke him, pat him, and tickle his ears. If we ceased in these caresses, he rubbed himself against us for all the world exactly like the veriest domestic pussy on earth. But it was worth a king's ransom to note how our servants took in the situation. After assuring ourselves of our visitor's harmlessness, I went to the outhouses, and thundered at the kitchen door. A chorus of frightened voices responded, and it was not till I had shouted to Dillon to come round with the tiger, and the natives, peering through the door-cracks, had actually seen the animal among us, that they could be induced to come out, which they did one by one, pushing each other forward, and invoking the protection of all the saints in the Roman Catholic calendar, or every god in the Hindoo Pantheon, according as he professed Christianity or Paganism. Mrs. Dillon's and Mrs. Gorst's *ayahs*, or native maids, we discovered roosting among the smoke-begrimed rafters of the kitchen pent-roof, and it was with the utmost difficulty their mistresses persuaded them to "come down out of that."

I should make this too long a story were I to describe in detail how we passed that memorable day, the antics that tiger played, his great good humour, his docility, his gentleness. Seeing that he had relished cooked food, and deeming it inadvisable to let him taste blood, we had a whole hind-quarter of mutton roasted, which he disposed of crouched by our side as we were at tiffin, or luncheon. During the afternoon, while we sat in lounge chairs reading, and we men smoking, Stripes treated himself to a siesta, lying stretched out full length, with the sun glistening on his magnificently marked coat, his flanks rising and falling in calm slumber.

Well, dinner hour came, and on our adjourning to the dining room, the tiger followed, attended by Tim, the terrier—now his steadfast friend. The servants, still apprehensive, moved about like so many cats on hot bricks, regarding the intruder furtively, and every now and then muttering curses at him.

"I wonder what he will say to a cracker?" queried Mrs. Dillon, as those indispensable Christmas adjuncts came on with the dessert.

"Pull one,' said Dillon, suiting action to the words, we looking at the tiger the while.

He started a little at the detonation, opened his mouth, and "yowled."

"I say, better not try another—he does not like the noise," I admonished.

We dispensed with further crackers, and we burnt no brandy on the pudding. We tried Stripes with a piece of the indigestible compound, but he declined to engulf it.

"Now," said Gorst, after we had enjoyed a smoke, "how about our hop? Will he object to music, I wonder?"

"Shouldn't say so, if he belongs—as we believe—to the circus," I observed.

"Try him with a chord or two on your banjo, Hilda," said Dillon to his wife.

The instrument lay handy on a side table, and the lady, stepping thither, struck a few notes on the strings. Stripes immediately rose to his feet, and started stalking up and down the room!

"What does that mean?" whispered Mrs. Gorst, in a tone of apprehension.

"It's all right!" said Dillon, reassuringly; "his expression is complacent enough. Stop, Hilda—let's see what he'll do."

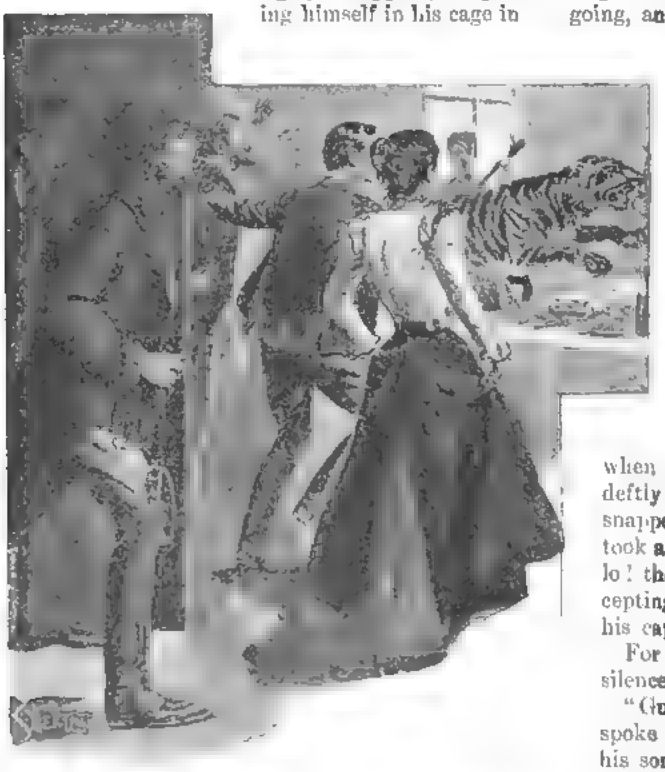
She did as he desired, whereupon, ceasing his perambulations, the tiger went up to Mrs. Dillon, and rubbed himself against her, emitting a sound that resembled a deep purr.

"Oh, he likes it, poor fellow, and is asking for more!" exclaimed the lady; and with the words,

she took up her banjo, and boldly struck some louder chords. Immediately the brute resumed walking up and down the room, looking at us inquiringly.

"I have it!" cried Dillon; "he's accustomed to perform to music. I'll take my davey he wants music! Strike up the 'Highland Fling,' Hilda, and, by Jingo! we'll all dance!"

We spread ourselves in a line across the room, Mrs. Dillon, half sitting on the side table, began to play the lively air. We began to dance, and the tiger, I suppose, imagining himself in his cage in



"DON'T STOP FOR YER LIVES!" SAID THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO, IN AN IMPRESSIVE VOICE.

the circus arena, commenced to bound backwards and forwards over the dining table, getting brisker as the performer played faster. We continued stepping it, half inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing, yet unaccountably apprehensive. We were becoming tired, for we had been keeping at it for some time, and were just thinking of giving in when, to our speechless amazement, through the door in danced two Buffalo-Bill-looking men, wet, bespattered with mud, holding a steel chain with a formidable collar and muzzle attached to it between them.

"Don't stop for yer lives!" said the foremost of the two, in an impressive voice. "He likes music and dancin', but is as savagerous as a meat-axe dureckly it stops. Play on, marm! Dance on, all on us, till we manages to get this hyur on 'im.'

It was no time to ask the why and the wherefore. We at once divined that the men belonged to the circus, and that they had been tracking the truant tiger, ultimately to find him participating in our Christmas party. Further, we realised the danger of our position now that in our innocence we had started the banjo. There was an earnest ring in the man's voice when he told us to keep going, and it was quite probable that the tiger, fond of music, might change his temper on its cessation. We danced on, therefore, "for our lives," Mrs. Dillon heroically sticking to her instrument and twanging away at the "Highland Fling," repeating it over and over again, sufficient to give her a sickening for that sprightly tune to the end of her existence. The tiger, apparently aware of his keepers' presence, jumped higher and higher, clearing that table and all on it with surprising agility. We were ready to drop; the perspiration streamed from our faces, and I don't think we had a minute's more dancing in us, when the men, watching their opportunity, deftly slipped the collar round the tiger's neck, snapped it to, hustled on the muzzle, each man took a turn of the chain round his hand, and lo! the capture was completed, the animal accepting the inevitable, and squatting between his captors like a lamb!

For a moment we stood gasping and in silence; it all seemed a grotesque dream.

"Guess we'll licker up, Misters, after that," spoke the elder man, wiping his brow with his sombrero-like hat.

"Liquor up!" echoed Dillon. "I should think so! All round, too!"

"Hyur's to 'yer, ladies and gents," said the Yankee tigerman, swallowing down a four-finger whiskey neat, in which he was imitated by his comrade. "'Tain't every day as one has for a Christmas guest a varmint o' such pyarts as this hyur catamount. He's durn'd harmless and playful, and'll jump through his hoops as offen as yer likes ter hold them to him; but it's a case of vamoose shyarp out o' the door as soon as the tootlers in th' orkestry stops their tootlin'; for, dog-gone my cats, if he's to be trusted for an hour or so after! He gets sullen-like when they knocks off; but at other times he's mother's milk, he is. Come along, old Abe! Guess the boss'll have ter stand sam for this gallivant yer've given us."

THE STAMP-COLLECTOR

Conducted by H. M. Gooch

WAR: ITS EFFECT ON POSTAGE STAMPS.

HISTORY is written large in the contents of a stamp album. The rise and fall of kingdoms, war—horrid war—the traits of kings and governors, politicians and scientists, their ambitions and energies, all are portrayed on every page; to some—the inquiring collector—more vividly, to others present but not realised.

The existing unhappy conflict between two Christian nations—I trust by the time these lines appear in print the clash of arms will have ceased—suggests the transitory effect which war has had upon the issues of certain countries in the past, as well as probable changes in the future. At the moment there is ample scope for intelligent curiosity, and while the powers that be are on the tiptoe of expectation, wondering at every step which nation or nations will next be embroiled in the strife of arms, the philatelist from his watch-tower contemplates the passing of current postage stamps in accordance with the fortunes of war.

Majuba Hill, the results of misguided political action, placed the system of self-government which has since been their downfall in the hands of the Boers, and consequently removed the stamps of 1878, bearing the portrait of our Queen, in favour of the old Boer type of 1870 (see illustrations).

In April, 1879, the republic of Chili declared war with Peru on the grounds of a supposed offensive treaty with Bolivia. Seven months later, Tarapaca fell a prey to the Chilian invaders, and fourteen months later—in January, 1881—Lima itself, the capital, was occupied, and held by the Chilians until October, 1883, when a provisional government was formed, and a treaty entered into, by which the Peruvian capital was evacuated. The entire history of this war, which proved so disastrous to Peru, and from which she is now only recovering, will be found written upon her stamps. The illustration shows (1) the ordinary stamps used in Peru previous to the Chilian invasion; (2) the same overprinted with the Chilian arms; and (3) the same with the Peruvian triangle denoting the re-administration of the government by the Peruvians. The various surcharges are multitudinous, and, in some combinations, complexing. In future they may appeal to collectors in a new light.

RESULTS OF CHILIAN INVASIONS.

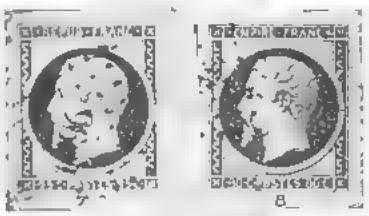
Passing to another aspect of the subject, war has not infrequently caused the creation of provisionals, a class of philatelic goods eagerly sought after by the astute collector. A notable instance is furnished by the recent Matabele rebellion in South Africa. The

stock of 1d. and 3d. stamps in the post office at Buluwayo became exhausted; recourse had to be made to the stamps of higher value, which, owing to there being little immediate demand for them, could be surcharged. Hence Fig. 4 was produced. Needless to say, these provisionals are not only highly interesting, but very rare. Their present market quotations are given:—

MATABELE REBELLION.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d. on 3d.	80	0	65	0
1d. on 4s.	60	0	60	0
3d. on 5s.	15	0	20	0

Even these makeshift labels proved insufficient to meet the limited resources of a town under arms, hence a message was dispatched in post haste to the Cape asking the loan of current stamps which could be surcharged for temporary use. The stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, from ½d. to 1s., were surcharged "British South Africa Company" in three lines (Fig. 5). These provisionals also are scarce, but not of the same degree of rarity as those previously described.



Such countries as Spain, France, Italy, etc., are liberally provided with historic incidents pictured in the stamp album. In the first-named it is almost to be regretted that we have not a stamp perpetuating the ignoble invasion of Britain.

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

WAR IN FRANCE.

But philately in the sixteenth century was in embryo. In the case of France, however, the changeful history of the Republic, civil and military, is preserved from the reign of Louis Philippe to the present day. Let us look for a moment at the early issues. Commencing with the Republic of 1848, we have (Fig. 6) the first stamp issued, bearing the head of Liberty, and inscribed "Repub. Franc." Then came the presence of Prince Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon III., and the bid for the office of president, ending in his election by a vast majority of votes. Consequent on this, Fig. 7 was issued, the features of Liberty giving place to those of the new president, but still inscribed "*Repub.* Franc." A short twelve months, and it soon became evident that the Prince President was moving for absolute power; two years later witnessed the famous *coup d'état* and *plébiscite*, and the second empire was ushered in. Accompanying it was a new and all-important label, bearing the altered inscription, "*Empire* Franc." (Fig. 8). Then another step on the ladder of fame. Successive victories and ostentatious ambition were followed by the issues of 1862-70, portraying the emperor's features, crowned with a laurel wreath (Fig. 9).

War has more than once been alone responsible for the birth of a new country in our stamp albums. The Sudan campaign in 1897 has added this portion of Africa to Egypt and the British Empire. Denoted in our albums by such a handsome stamp as Fig. 10, we welcome the results of the expedition. Crete, from the results of the blockade of 1898, and its provisional joint administration by the Powers, has furnished another new stamp-issuing country. The early military issues of this country are extremely scarce, while the present stamps (Fig. 11) are likely to have an interesting future.

The Hawaiian Islands, until 1893, enjoyed the peaceful rule of Queen Lilioukalani; then came the bloodless revolution of 1893, followed by the dethronement of the Queen and the establishment of a provisional government for six years under the presidency of Sanford B. Dole. Since then the islands have been annexed by the American Republic, and the close of the six years' presidency will determine the future constitution of the country. Let us see what effect this chain of events has had upon the stamps. In Fig. 12 we have the features of Queen Lilioukalani; Fig. 13, the same, but defaced by the surcharge—

SUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1897.

CRETE BLOCKADE OF 1898.

"Provisional Govt., 1893," and Fig. 14 tells of the Republic, with President Dole at the head of affairs. Since the U.S.A. annexation the current stamps have had their colours changed (1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 12c., and 25c.), and by this time next year will probably have retired altogether from active service in favour of the stars and stripes.

12 13 14

WAR IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

One has said sufficient to show that war plays an important part in postal history, which is reasonably keenly watched by philatelists. The present clouds *may* mean many an unlooked-for change, even in the stamps of those European States which for so many years have been at peace. Long may the peace continue!

Philately, which an unfriendly critic of a London daily recently described as "the crack craze of the nineteenth century . . . a mere speculator's gamble, as it is practised nowadays," will thus be seen to be capable of providing pleasure and profitable instruction, according to the methods which are adopted by the collector. True, there are speculators, unscrupulous dealers, and, alas, collectors—would they could be swept away! But, while they may exist, their presence is no argument against what has proved itself to be in its lawful state a highly recreative and instructive study.

15

ORANGE FREE STATE.

The Orange Free State is a country to which stamp collectors might profitably turn their especial attention just now. The issues are straight-forward, and *all* can be obtained with but little outlay.

Until 1854 the Orange Free State was a British colony, but in that year the sovereignty was abandoned by the Imperial Government, and for a quarter of a century the country has been a self-governing republic.

16

In February, 1868, the first issue of stamps took place, three values being issued: 1d. brown, 6d. rose, 1s. orange (see illustration). The design is an orange tree loaded with fruit, and three post-horns on a background of eighty-six coloured lines. These three stamps lasted nearly a decade, when, the necessity for a 4d. stamp being felt, the 6d. stamp was surcharged "4" in large black type. The permanent 4d. stamp was issued in 1878. In 1879 a 5s. stamp was issued. In 1881 the need for a ½d. stamp arose, and again, pending arrival of the permanent stamp, the 5s. adhesive was surcharged "½d." in black. In the same year, owing to a scarcity of 1d. labels, the same value (5s.) was surcharged "1d." Then, in 1882, a new value was found to be necessary—3d.—and until the permanent stamp arrived the 4d. stamp of 1878 was surcharged "3d."; 1883 saw the issue of the permanent ½d., 2d., and 3d. values. Five years later (1888) the 2d. stamps ran short, so that the 3d. label was surcharged "2d." in black. More surcharging took place in 1890, when the 3d. and 4d. stamps were overprinted "1d." in black. In 1892 the Orange Free State joined the Postal Union, and a 2½d. stamp became necessary. For the purpose the 3d. blue stamp was surcharged "2½d." in black (see illustration). In 1894 the 1d. stamp, hitherto printed in brown, was changed to violet. In 1896 the 3d. blue was surcharged "½d." and "Halve-penny" respectively in black. The issues are completed to date by the ½d. and 1s. values changed in colour respectively to orange and brown.

The issues of the Orange Free State are therefore quite simple, and offer a good field for specialising. What will be the future of the State?

I append a reference list of stamps to be obtained, with their present values unused and used.

REFERENCE LIST.

No.	Date.	Value and Colour.	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1	1868	1d. brown	0 4	0 1
2	—	6d. rose	1 6	0 3
3	—	1s. orange	3 0	0 9
4	1877	"4" on 6d. rose	4 0	3 0
5	1878	4d. blue	0 9	0 2
6	1879	5s. green	7 6	7 6
7	1881	½d or 5s. green	0 5	0 6
8	—	1d. " "	1 0	1 6
9	1882	3d. on 4d. blue	10 0	3 6
10	1883	½d. red-brown	0 1	0 1
11	—	2d. violet	0 4	0 1
12	—	3d. blue	0 6	0 2
13	1888	2d. on 3d. blue	0 8	0 6
14	1890	1d. " "	0 4	0 3
15	—	1d on 4d. "	1 6	1 0
16	1892	2½d. o : 3d. "	0 5	0 2
17	1894	1d. violet	0 2	0 1
18	1896	½d. on 3d. blue	0 6	1 0
19	—	"Halve-Penny" on 3d. blue	0 3	0 3
20	1897	½d. orange	0 1	0 1
21	—	1s. brown	1 6	0 6

My list excludes minor varieties of surcharges, etc.

In all there are twenty-one stamps to be obtained, and, excluding Nos. 4, 6, and 9, all can be purchased for 7s. 6d., *used*.

NEW ISSUES.

We have decided to cease the supply of our monthly packet of new issues. Our philatelic pages are conducted by a COLLECTOR, *independently for young collectors, and we have no desire to tread in any way on ground occupied by the* DEALING *fraternity. We trust this decision will be received in good part by our readers, especially those who have been regular purchasers of* THE CAPTAIN *packets of new issues.*—ED.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—Mr. W. Cross has sent me two new stamps, evidently the forerunners of a new set. I think we shall agree that the stamps are very pretty; an improvement on the portrait series — ½c. brown, 1c. green.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—One is beginning to think that it is about time the Columbus commemorative scheme for the issue of special stamps was dropped! But they do not seem to be able even to let his bones lie in peace. Some months back Spain came to the conclusion that his bones should be removed from Cuba to the cathedral in Seville, which took place amid much pomp and ceremony. Now the Dominicans have come to the conclusion that they possess a duplicate set! So they proposed to erect a gorgeous tomb over them, and invite stamp collectors to pay for it by a series of stamps which have just arrived. I illustrate one of the values, but those who waste money over them will be foolish indeed. 1c. lake-brown, 2c. rose, 5c. blue, 10c. orange.

DOMINICAN.

NEW ZEALAND.—The handsome series of stamps printed in London and sent out to the colony has been nearly absorbed, so that new supplies have been printed in the colony from the plates sent out. Collectors should be on the look-out for variations of shade and perforation consequent on the new printing.

PHILIPPINES.—At last I have received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. the U.S.A. stamps overprinted "Philippines" (see illustration). I recommend collectors to get these stamps, for reasons mentioned previously. The following values are before me: 1c. green, 2c. carmine, 3c. violet, 5c. blue, 10c. brown, all surcharged in black. I hear that there are other values, also a series of "Postage Due" stamps.

H. M. Cook.

PHILATELIC NOTES

The Circus Stamp Co. have sent us a special price list they have just issued of remarkably cheap sets of stamps—a splendid way of adding to a collection at small cost. We notice a set of eight Transvaal stamps quoted for 10d., while twenty-two distinct varieties of this Republic are purchasable for 3s. 6d. Their address is 179-181, Regent Street, London, W.

PHILIPPINES.

"Triangular" Cape of Good Hope stamps have always had a special interest attaching to them. We learn from the *Weekly Stamp News* that at the sale of Mr. Emil Tamsen's magnificent collection of South African stamps by Messrs. Ventom, Bull & Cooper last week, some splendid pairs and blocks of Cape Triangulars were sold. We append prices realised for the principal lots:—

	s.	d.
1d. red, block of four and two pairs ...	28	0
„ ten fine shades	26	0
4d. blue, two triangular blocks of four ...	25	0
„ five fine pairs	25	0
1d. rose-red, blocks of six and four, pin-holed	84	0
1d. red, four blocks of four	42	0
4d. blue, thirty-six specimens	57	0
6d. lilac, block of six	47	6
6d. dark lilac, block of four	42	0
1s. yellow-green, pair	29	0
1s. emerald-green, block of three	59	0
Woodblock, 1d. red, fine	84	0
„ 1d. scarlet, torn	65	0
„ 1d. red, pair, one torn and one thinned	160	0

Some fine Transvaals were also sold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. Lydall.—The U.S.A. stamp is a reprint. To distinguish watermarks lay the specimen face down on a black coat-sleeve. If still stubborn, immerse in benzine. I cannot describe aniline colours. Look closely at the surface of our ½d. stamp; the colour of this and all other values are aniline, as you will see if you place in a tumbler of water. Glad you have profited by "The Stamp Collector."

X. Y. Z. is just the kind of reader one is glad to meet with. After eulogising "The Stamp Collector," he proceeds to detail his visit to Canada this summer (lucky man!); and, being a keen stamp collector, picked up a hint or two. First, "X. Y. Z." wants all our boy readers (and their sisters) to look at the illustrations of the two Canadian stamps on page 181 (November), and turn them upside down, when an excellent portrait of an Indian will be seen. We quite believe our correspondent, but, after an hour's fixed staring at the

stamp in question, a relative began talking about lunacy, so we gave up investigating. We hope for another quiet time soon, and would be glad of the experiences of others. Secondly, "X. Y. Z." tells us that, strangely enough, the stamp with the figures in lower corners was issued *before* the one with the maple leaves in all corners.

W. L. Parkin.—From any of the firms advertising in THE CAPTAIN.

Majuba asks: "Can you tell me how to distinguish between reprints, forgeries, and genuine stamps?" This is indeed a big order. I shall be pleased to examine "Majuba's" stamps, if he is not a bore (Boer) (a pun here, please laugh), and provided there are not too many at one time. The differences include paper, ink, watermark, and many other details too lengthy to embody in these columns.

J. Addison.—I regret *crests* are quite out of my line. Try Messrs. Winch Bros., of Colchester, for the album, and mention THE CAPTAIN.

E. J. Lamb.—Thanks for letter. You will find all important new issues noted in our columns from month to month.

J. G. R.—(1) Senf's two vols., at 20s., answer your requirements, if you do not object to articles "made in Germany." (2) My time is too much occupied for me to examine collections. I write you under separate cover *re* same. (3) The July packet of new issues has been sent you.

H. L. Davies.—I have marked your stamps. Stamp for reply was omitted by you.

H. B. Thomas.—Regret to say that at present I do not know of a good beginner's handbook. Read "The Stamp Collector" as a substitute.

G. W. L. must not flare up because a reply to his query does not appear in the issue following date of his letter. The sale of THE CAPTAIN is gigantic, and consequently it is printed two months in advance. When a stamp is enclosed a reply follows by post.

F. A. Cowley.—I do not know of any firm who would value your stamps, unless you really wish to sell. Be persuaded, and stick to your album.

A. F. Lonsdale.—The stamps you send are two of the commonest varieties from India. There is no 6d. green St. Helena stamp. If it has "Halfpenny" printed across the face, it is worth 1d. used, 2d. unused. The two stamps will be returned on receipt of postage.

J. M. M.—I consider the black and rose Italian stamps (first issue, used) Sardinian genuine, and if so they are rare. The black is catalogued at 2s., the rose at 4s. The sea-green is bogus. The Heligoland and Jamaica are reprints. The Victoria are genuine, but damaged; ditto the green Italy. Reprints are worthless.

H. B. The stamp belongs to German South-west Africa, a new German Colony.

Excelsior asks what a set of supposed "Jubilee" stamps, recently sold in Fleet Street, is worth? Just as much as the paper they are printed on is worth. They were never official.

Boer asks whether the new issue for the Transvaal, of which I spoke on page 180, is now likely to be issued? That all depends. While there can be no doubt as to the final issue of the present war, the results of the issue have yet to be seen. Whether the republics under arms will revert to British territory is an open question. If they do, the future stamps will be British, or perhaps Transvaal stamps surcharged "V. R. Transvaal."

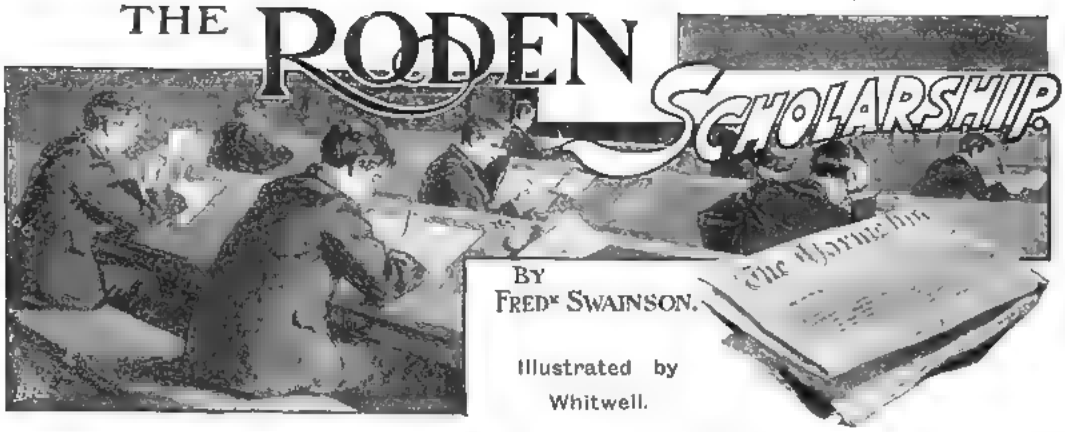
HOW TO BECOME A PHONOGRAPHER.

(In reply to "T. M. H.")

IT is quite possible for anyone to learn shorthand without attending classes, but it is not advisable, for this reason: Shorthand is essentially a progressive study, in which one form of outline gives way to another, and if, at the beginning, you misunderstand an exercise, you will become confirmed in the error later on, so that it becomes impossible for anyone to help you without your starting the tuition again, from the beginning perhaps. If you are not in town each day why not join one of the evening classes at the Board school? There is, I believe, no age limit, and the class of scholar is infinitely superior to the children attending day school. The teachers are fully qualified, and have to pass certain examinations; you may, therefore, be sure of receiving sound tuition. If you have no evening classes at Harrow, could you not get to Willesden? There are sure to be some there. The books you would require would be 'The Teacher' (this is 6d., and you might get through this alone), 'The Manual' (about 1s. 3d. and more difficult), and 'The Reporter.' A dictionary would be useful, but is not absolutely necessary; moreover, outlines change from time to time as the system progresses, so that it is not long before a dictionary is out of date. You will find it of assistance to spend a few pence upon one of Messrs. Pitman's monthly publications, to be obtained from the Metropolitan School in Southampton Row, W.C. When you have gone through the books above mentioned (some also add 'Reporting Exercises') you should take, as exercises, some of the leading articles from the best dailies. Write them in shorthand and transcribe them again into longhand. This will not only improve your shorthand, but also your composition. Having done thirty or forty of these you should be fit for the Proficiency Examination of the Phonetic Society. You can enter for this at the Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, W.C.; the fee is, I think, 2s. 6d. When once this is passed, speed practice begins, and, if you wish to be successful at this stage, you must attend classes, lectures, etc., etc., regularly and frequently. A speed of eighty words a minute is a very useful one for correspondence, etc. But of course, if you aspire to verbatim reporting, nothing below 140 would be of much use.

A. E. M. F.

THE RODEN SCHOLARSHIP.



BY
FREDK SWAINSON.

Illustrated by
Whitwell.

I CAN easily explain how much the winning of the Roden Scholarship meant to me. My father had distinctly told me that if I failed to get it he could not afford to send me to Cambridge, and that the minute I left school I must come into his business, a silk merchant's in the city. I had not the least fancy for city work, but to go to Cambridge seemed to me then almost like going to Elysium.

Besides, I meant to make Cambridge but the stepping-stone to an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. Two of our fellows had done so, and, because of the mathematical training which they got at the university, each had headed the list. One was now the administrator of a huge district as big as Ireland somewhere out in India, and the other was a "personage" at Simla, one of the men who turn the wheels which make India work. For anything I know, Kipling may have written about him, for he is a very great man. I wanted—I meant—to be like Anderson and Armitage, and to this end the winning of the "Roden" was an absolute necessity.

I am not a clever fellow—a fair average, old Prosser, the Head, says I am—and so I knew I should have to work like one o'clock if I had to pull it off. And I did work hard. I backed out of my house eleven for "footer," much to the captain's disgust, for I *could* play "Socker," and, bar an hour's kick-about after dinner, I spent my spare time through the Michaelmas Term in breaking the back of the work for the Roden. Through the Easter Term, too, I left the cross country runs *et hoc genus omne* severely alone, and when I felt seedy from too much "book," I'd take an eight-mile walk out and home to clear the cobwebs from my brain.

Why not, say some of you, have had a spin with your house fellows? I knew that if I once put on running shoes, I'd have to go the whole hog; my spirit would be willing for books, but the charms of a jolly run on a clear bright February day would be too strong, and I'd let slip the hope of Cambridge in endless runs; so I refrained. The exam. for the scholarship was in June, and when I heard the click of the cricket bats down in the fields as I pored away over my classics, or when, on Saturday afternoons, I took my seat on a shady bench and watched the school eleven—I might have been one of them but for the Roden—running up their score against the Zingari or the Old Philbertians, etc., I thought that if I did really miss the scholarship I'd be the most savage fellow St. Philbert's had ever held. I had really worked for success, and, said I, between my clenched teeth, "By Jove! I deserve it. I've worked one whole year without a breather."

About a month before the exam. I felt that, bar one fellow, I could pull off the Roden. That fellow was Jessel. Now he is a clever fellow if you like. We are both in the Sixth, and it is an axiom amongst the form that Jessel, if he set his mind to it, could sweep off every prize that St. Philbert's could offer, just as easily as you could sweep off a dozen wine-glasses from a tray. But Jessel does not give his mind to it. Instead of confining himself to strictly school work, he wanders all over the shop reading Spanish and Italian, instead of Latin and Greek, and fooling over authors that none of us ever heard of, instead of crawling through his "trig" with Marshall, the mathematics man. The beaten path isn't wide enough for Jessel. But sometimes old Prosser will give him one—a nasty one—for his unprepared work, and then Jessel begins to show us fireworks — for a week. Then he seems like a lion who's been sleeping,

and we like little mice who've been running over his nose till we've awakened him. Up go his paws, and we scuttle for our holes, but he's soon asleep again, and out we scurry once more. If Jessel took the Roden seriously I should not have the ghost of a chance, but I hoped and believed he'd been footling with Tasso and other discountable authors as usual. Thus, of the six fellows who were going to sit, I dreaded none but Jessel.

The examination came off in the long room, and as there were three or four other exams. besides my own due at the same time, there would be quite thirty of us all writing away for dear life. The examiner from Cambridge sat and talked in whispers with Prosser and Marshall and Bultitude and other masters, whilst we covered sheet after sheet, and I was only too delighted to think that I had never any time to glance towards Jessel in his corner, who would probably be writing what would astonish the fellows who would look over his papers. As the first, second, and third days were left behind, I felt quite satisfied with myself, Jessel did not seem quite such a terrible nightmare, and already I pictured myself an undergrad., marvelling at the glories of King's Chapel. But the last paper of the exam., on the afternoon of the fourth day, sent a cold shiver down my back. It was the ancient history paper, and instead of taking us up and down at a hand gallop through the ages, and asking for such general information as "The Fall of Babylon," etc., the examiner pinned us down to one century, and that Greek History, and of Sparta into the bargain. Of ten questions, nine were on Spartan affairs. I nearly tore out my hair with vexation and horror, for not one question could I answer in any detail, and as for dates, which were demanded with fascinating directness, I could not put the cover over more than three. I felt that I had come a cropper at the last fence. However, I stuck to the work, cudgelled my brains for facts, and dredged my memory for dates, and occasionally I brought up some buried treasure from "the vasty deep," and put it down on paper before it sank again. Within one hour I had put down all I knew on the subject, as well as odd things I did not know, and had spun out what I had to say into as many sentences as I could; then I dared to lift up my head and look at Jessel.

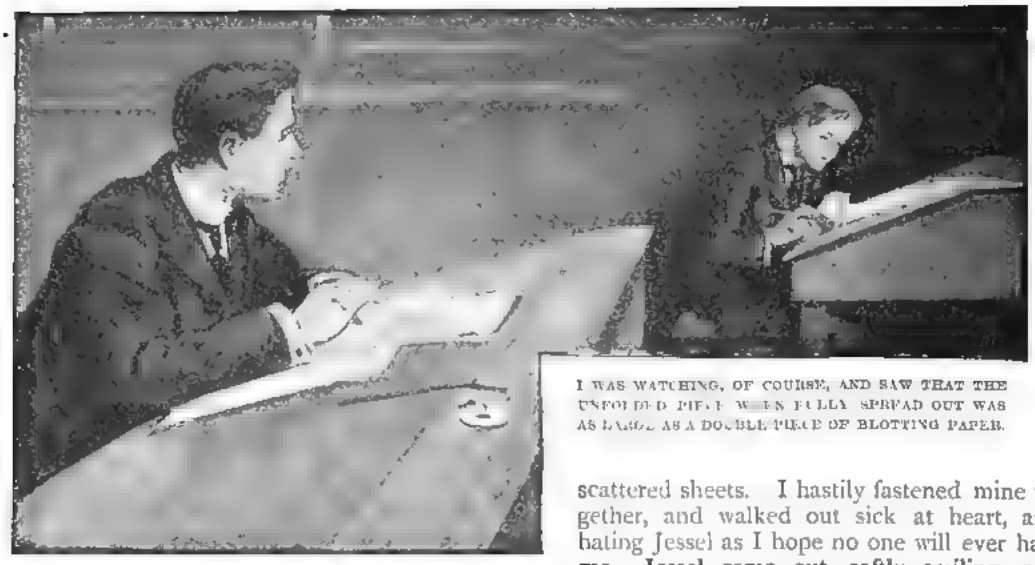
I never was more delighted in my life than when I saw his face. It was puckered up into an expression of intense disgust, and he stared at his paper as though he'd like to jump on it. He was biting his pen furiously, and his hair was rather like a very untidy mop. "Good!" said I in ecstasy to myself; "he's on the rocks of Sparta, too. Please stop there, Jessel, for my sake." Of course, I'd expected to see his pen waltzing over the paper in fine style, but he was evidently in just such a *cul de sac* as I was.

There were two hours before us yet, and I, though I might as well have got up and gone out, like the four other Rodenites, thought I'd wait, perhaps for an inspired thought on Sparta, and in any case I determined not to go out before Jessel took his departure. So I sat and waited and watched Jessel, in despair whenever he hinted at writing. He was sitting in a corner made by the old—centuries old—fireplace, and for anything the examiners on their dais could see of him he might as well have been up the chimney. But they never moved from their perches, but talked in whispers among themselves, and the Cambridge fellow seemed to be quite the *crême de la crême* of a joker, for Bultitude's and Marshall's sides visibly shook, and Prosser's keen blue eyes had a frosty twinkle in them. Yes, there was a high old time on the dais evidently.

Jessel, as I have tried to make out to you, was evidently at the end of his tether with regard to Sparta, and from his wry face it was evident he did not half like it, but after a little bitter thought, an idea—a bright idea, evidently—seemed to come into his head. He smiled slily to himself, and then edged slowly to the end of his seat and peeped round the corner, looking keenly towards the dais. The jokes were still on tap there, and this seemed to give Jessel satisfaction, for he edged back again and took up his pen. Then, feeling carefully in his inside pocket, he took out a pink piece of paper and quietly unfolded it. I was watching, of course, with all my eyes, and saw that the unfolded piece when fully spread out was as large as a double piece of blotting paper, and, even from where I was, I could see the handwriting upon it, and it was *not* blotting paper. Jessel spread this out quietly on the desk in front of him, and glanced rapidly and hurriedly over the writing. When he had skimmed through it he took his pen and scratched over the exam. paper at lightning speed. Then in my heart I was sure what he was doing: *he was cheating*. I knew as well as though I saw it that the pink paper held history notes, and Jessel was cribbing from them at express speed.

You are not at St. Philbert's prone to think that another fellow is an arrant rogue—we have "no use" for rogues at our place—and had it been any other fellow but Jessel I should have said confidently: "That pink paper means nothing at all."

But Jessel is not popular at St. Philbert's, being an unconscionable fellow, everlastingly



I WAS WATCHING, OF COURSE, AND SAW THAT THE UNFOLDED PIECE WHEN FULLY SPREAD OUT WAS AS LARGE AS A DOUBLE PIECE OF BLOTTING PAPER.

poring over books, and not seeing fellows when he's staring straight at them. And though there *was* nothing against him actually, he was regarded pretty generally as "a difficult animal," and—remarkable thing—he did not boast a chum. So I was being cheated out of the Roden—my year's work counting for nothing, my hopes of Cambridge vanishing into thin air, and I was seeing myself stuck on a desk in pater's office, all because a fellow was not playing the game fair—a fellow for whom no one had a good word.

What was I to do? What could I do? I *could* tell the examiner. But there are things that an average fellow sticks at, and I stuck at that. Tell Prosser after the exam.? Jessel would, of course, be struck out; but old Prosser would break his heart when he should hear that one of his darling Sixth, the Sixth of St. Philbert's, the grand old school, had been found cribbing in a public exam. I did not think of *that* twice. So I did nothing, but sat and hoped that one of the examiners would take a turn up and down, and hound Jessel off his evil work in time. But no, the jokes went on, and Jessel wrote on, now referring to his notes, and I looked on fascinated. Sometimes someone on the daïs would move a foot, and then Jessel would stop writing instanter, listening if there was anyone astir, and, this proving a false alarm, would write again. I sat all this out to the bitter end.

When the examiner called out, five minutes from time, "You had better fasten your papers together now," Jessel hurriedly put down his pen, and as hastily crammed the pink paper into his pocket. Then he began to collect his scattered sheets. I hastily fastened mine together, and walked out sick at heart, and hating Jessel as I hope no one will ever hate me. Jessel came out, softly smiling, and walked with a triumphant swing up the street, and then I saw him vanish into Bultitude's yard. To me there seemed a rakish shrug of the shoulders as he turned into his house that was simply maddening. I could bottle up my rage no longer, and with a very shudder of anger I went after him.

I knew his quarters well enough, and probably was only about a minute behind him. At his door I stood for a second considering how I was to open the ball, and whilst I was rapidly thinking it over, I distinctly heard him chuckle within, "And not one of them twigged it!" Thereupon I knocked.

"Come in."

"That's quite a mistake, Jessel," said I, *sans* explanation; "I twigged it right enough." Jessel had thrown off his coat on to the table, and the pink paper peeped guiltily from the inside pocket. Jessel, who was washing the ink-stains off his hands, wheeled round smartly at my entrance.

"Twigged what, Calthorpe?"

"Your cheating."

"H'm," said Jessel, turning pale at the ugly word. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you're driving at."

"In a word then, you cribbed in the history this afternoon. That isn't running fair for the Roden, and I don't fancy competing with a cheat."

"Calthorpe, if you really mean that I cheated, I have great pleasure in calling you a liar!"

"Very well," said I; "I should be delighted if I'm wrong. Let me look at that pink paper sticking out of your pocket there."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Jessel,

becoming livid, and nervously reaching for his coat.

"You are a cheat!" said I, beside myself with rage.

"I'm not, and again I say you're a liar. Why don't you go and tell Prosser?"

"That sort of thing isn't done here; but, of course, a fellow like you would not be expected to know it. I shall probably lose the Roden on account of your dealings, and you've twice called me a liar. I feel I must have satisfaction somehow. Will you step outside now?"

"You mean will I fight?"

"Exactly."

"I'm very busy to-night," said Jessel, with unspeakable coolness, and yet with obvious relief, "but I'm at your disposal to-morrow."

"Then turn up about six at the wall. We'll see it through before breakfast. There's no need for any seconds, or any formal rot, I think."

"I don't want any seconds."

"Naturally," said I, with intense contempt.

On the morrow morning after half-an-hour's fighting, I stood over Jessel and asked him if he had had enough. He said, "Quite enough, thanks," though he showed me, by his rather odd manner, that in his mind our little "mill" had settled nothing definite. I, however, felt much better despite my damage. I'll pass over the other fellows' remarks about our variegated features, and Prosser's barbed insinuations in his little disquisition on "Is the age of brutality dead?" only saying that I kept my opinions of Jessel to myself, and he on his side was as uncommunicative as ever. In fact, a good number of the Sixth scouted the idea of our having fought each other as absurd, and they were not undeceived.

About a month later, the results of the Roden Scholarship came to hand from Cambridge, and, to make Prosser's announcement as short as possible, I am only going to say that I was first and Jessel second, the rest of the entrants coming in a ruck miles behind. Prosser concluded, "I can congratulate Calthorpe most heartily, for his success can only have been gained by hard work, and Jessel's place would have been most creditable to anyone but himself. The detailed results will be found on the Sixth Form notice board after morning school." I almost, in my great joy, felt sorry for Jessel; his abominable meanness had not prevailed.

I waited until the Sixth had oozed away from the notice board, and then strolled up to it myself to enjoy the pleasure of seeing my success in black and white. I'm too ashamed,

"YOU ARE A CHEAT!" SAID I, BESIDE MYSELF WITH RAGE.

really, to give you each result, but in every paper I had beaten Jessel, and you can very faintly imagine my utter stupefaction when my eye caught this stinger at the end of the list:—

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Calthorpe, A. ... ... 61 marks.
Jessel, V. ... ... 17 „

I stared at this result as though it fascinated me. In fact, it did fascinate me. A quiet voice behind me made me almost jump. "Seventeen marks looks an odd sort of result for two hours' continuous cribbing. At least it strikes me in that light, Calthorpe. What do you think?"

"There's something rotten somewhere," I said, turning round to Jessel, who had moved noiselessly up. "I—I—I——" stammered I. "I don't understand it at all."

"Yes," said Jessel coolly, "there is something rotten—somewhere. And you did understand the business quite well a month ago. Came to my room, in fact, and explained it to me very carefully lest I shouldn't see it, didn't you?"

"Look here, Jessel," said I, in a blue funk, "I believe I've made a horrible mistake, and am an unspeakable cad. Will you explain any——"

"Why should I?"

"I don't know," babbled I, in horror, "but it would relieve my mind." I got no farther, for Jessel laughed a quiet, calm laugh.

"Well, since you nearly relieved me of my front teeth a month ago, I suppose it is only reasonable that now I ought to relieve your mind. You won't like it," he said, giving me a long, keen look in which—and when I saw it a lump rose in my throat—there was not a particle of ill feeling. "Shall we turn in to your room?"

I led the way to my den, and, honour bright, it was as miserable a stumble as I ever want to walk again.

"I'm going to explain the business to *you* this time, though, really, Calthorpe, you aren't shining much in it. That ancient history paper was so much Chinese to me, and I think the examiner must have been some old Spartan come to life again to set us—me, anyhow—riddles about his country's history. I did as much as I could, apparently up to the limit of seventeen marks, then I was bowled out. So much for the ancient history. Now, do you know the *Harmshire Post* newspaper?"

"I do; most of the fellows in the school take it in."

"Well, ever see the three columns of stray notes about things in general—writer signs himself 'Ajax'?"

"Rather," said I. "We Sixth think 'em no end clever."

"Thanks," said Jessel, with a faint smile. "I write 'em."

"Eureka!" said I, beginning to see a little light.

"I send my notes to the editor on Thursday night, as the paper is printed Friday afternoon. Generally he sends me a rough draft of what he wants me to touch upon, and his official paper is often pink. In fact, you know its colour as well as I do."

"Go on, Jessel," said I hoarsely.

"When I was bowled out at the history I thought to myself, 'Here have I some beautiful foolscap paper, a good pen, the editor's notes for my weekly masterpiece, a comfortable seat, a quiet room, and two hours to write in. What more natural for me than to write quietly in the exam. room rather than in my den, with some beastly fags playing a lively game of cricket—ink-bottle and rulers, of course—just outside the door?' Mind you, I confess that doing so was irregular, and so I kept one ear open for our friends on the dais, but there was nothing smacking of cheating or cribbing in it. I am, Calthorpe, more or less, a gentleman."

I felt miserable, but said blankly, "Jessel, you *looked* guilty when I came in. You didn't want me to see the pink paper. That would have cleared up things at once."

"Why should I clear them up at once? Besides, then I did not want anyone to know I wrote for the *Harmshire Post*, and the editor didn't either. Each of us considered we were doing something *infra dig.*, he in employing a school-boy, I in writing for cash. I'm not of that opinion now, but he is, so please oblige me by letting Ajax remain Ajax."

Jessel was nineteen, and looked rather more than the school-boy, but I said nothing except, "What are you going to do, Jessel?"

"Do? Oh, nothing. I'm not fond of fighting. Fool's game in my opinion, but I'll give you a little advice instead of knocking you down. Don't ever believe a quiet, bookish fellow is necessarily a cheat, and, because a fellow does not explain, that he can't. That's all. And now, Calthorpe, we'll shake hands on that, and you shall give me some tea. I sincerely congratulate you on pulling off the Roden. *I* mean to go in for newspaper work when I leave."

* * * * *

Two things I learned that memorable afternoon First that quite the nicest fellow in St. Philbert's was Jessel, and we had never found it out; secondly, that I was the biggest cad, *plus* fool, that had ever carried off the Roden. What do you say?

CHESS NOTES

AND A NEW PROBLEM.

I HAVE before me a little book, the purchase of which I can recommend to every youthful chess student. It is called the 'B.C.M. Guide to the Openings,' and is published by Messrs. Trubner & Co., Charing Cross Road, London. The price is 2s. 6d. It contains 178 games, and includes the following openings: Giuoco Piano, Evans, Max Lauge, Two Knights' Defence, Ruy Lopez, Scotch, Petroff, Centre, Vienna, Allgaier, King's Gambit Declined, and the French. The games are short, pleasing, and instructive, and cannot fail to be of immense assistance to the young player.

Another useful accessory—it costs half-a-crown also—is Messrs. De La Rue's pocket chess-board and men. It is much used by fellows on railway journeys, and other suitable occasions. I have purloined one at times from young enthusiasts who mistake the significance of evening preparation.

A mistake young players are apt to make consists in their unwillingness to meet more advanced players. There is nothing like practice with a better player than yourself. I urge every boy and girl who aims at becoming proficient to seize the opportunity of being beaten by a strong opponent, and, secondly, don't refuse to take odds.

CHESS COMPETITION FOR JANUARY.

The key-move of the problem set for competition in the December number is: B × P.

I am giving another problem composed by Mr. Glynn for this month's competition.

WHITE (eight pieces).—K on KKt8, Q on KKt2, R on QB8, B on KB8, Kt's on Q3 and KB4, P's on QB3 and K5.

BLACK (five pieces).—K on K6, R on K8, Kt on QR5, P's on QR4 and Q4.

White has to play and mate in three. For the guidance of competitors I will say that the key-move is made by the rook. Give all possible mates.

Age limit: Twenty-one. First Prize: 10s. 6d. Second Prize: Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN.

NOVEMBER CHESS COMPETITION.

SOLUTION.—1, R—KB7; 1, K—K3; 2, Q—K8, mate. Although this was an exceedingly easy end-game, 69 competitors gave wrong solutions (2, Q—Kt6 is not mate, nor is 2, B—B4); 106 competitors sent correct solutions, but 53 of these did not state their ages. I shall in future set problems involving a greater number of variations. Taking all things into consideration, the first prize (10s. 6d.) is awarded to ARTHUR JAMES HEAD, 256, Marylebone Road, London, W.; the second prize (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) to HAROLD BURTON, Button Park, Pontefract.

Honourable Mention: J. L. Plumbridge, H. Dickins, L. H. Pascall, C. B. Joyner, A. E. H. Cable, J. Snellgrove, H. Krall, B. H. V. Gadsden, W. Mann, B. O. Willis, A. S. Atkinson, M. J. Hart, A. N. Thomas, G. MacMahon, E. J. Druce, B. Crafer, H. R. Walker, C. G. Wodehouse, L. Larquet, R. T. Hicks, R. H. B. Clark, H. G. Davies, A. Dewar, H. K. Shaw, A. H. Fowler, E. O. Tancock, V. Wells, H. A. Diboll, C. Harte, H. W. Lemon, R. C. Jennings, C. H. Barfield, F. M. Pinsent, F. Harris, H. T. Crichton, S. R. Masters, C. K. Granger, E. H. Nieass, E. H. Hodgson, H. Kershaw, C. Fox, H. H. Taylor, J. S. Staniforth, N. A. B. Hunt, F. A. Pruddah, P. Wilkins, J. H. Wright, C. Robbins, J. A. Rose, R. M. R. Thursfield, F. W. Ball.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lyddite and others.—A for Q was a printer's error.

J. Newton.—(1) No competitor may be more than twenty-one. (2) Notice that Kt—QB3 was White's second move, not Kt—KB3.

"One who Hopes to win a Prize."—Shortest solution, of course.

W. G. H.—The pawn may become anything, whether a piece has been lost or not.

A. T. Cameron.—You cannot castle (1) when king is in check, (2) when king or rook has moved, (3) when king would, in castling, cross the line of action of any of the opposing forces.

M. Fitzgerald.—Thanks for your ingenious problem. Have written to you about it.

THE CHESS EDITOR.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine (October) gives "Our Mr. C. B." a pat on the back, and advises all its readers to devour the football articles in THE CAPTAIN. Speaking quite without prejudice, I think the *A.G.S.M.* is right.

The Bathonian (July) tells, in its editorial, how the College Company, during the first half of the summer term, considered as to whether it should, or should not, go into liquidation. Mainly owing to the exertions of the head master, however, a new scheme was formed which saved the situation. With the editor, I trust that the new company will control successfully the destinies of the school for many years to come. If the quality of the magazine is any criterion, all should go well.

Brighton College Magazine (July) is conspicuous for the variety of its contents. Particularly interesting, even to a non-Brightonian, are the letters of old boys that come from all parts of the world. I strongly advise the editor to run this feature for all it is worth.

The Carthusian (November) is considerably brighter in tone than I have ever seen it. In one or two parts of the editorial the writer almost verges on the skittish. This is certainly a fault on the right side. Carthusians will doubtless find some dark pages to read after they have left the old school; they can do with a little laughter now.

Choristers' Magazine (June) is the *organ* of St. Paul's Choir School (that is one of those puns, I believe). I wish the cover would *stop* on (that's another, very likely), but, of course, it's not *bound* to. (Not bad, that last one.) "A Holiday Walk and Talk" is long—let me leave it there.

Cranleigh School Magazine (October) does not please me with regard to its school notes. A little comment would be refreshing. Every big tradesman publishes a catalogue.

The Droghedean (September) utters the usual editorial groan for the incapability of the editor, but winds up very strong with rather more than six pages of advertisements. To adapt a sentiment from a popular song,

"I don't think that's the way to treat a reader."

The Edward Alleyn Magazine (October) has drawn *Punch*,—or, to be more exact, has obtained permission to republish a *Punch* drawing by Mr. E. T. Reed. The sketch deals with W. M. Bradley, the Kent cricketer, who is an old Alleynite. This is a triumph indeed.

The Elizabethan (October) strikes me as being "shoved together," rather than edited. The school notes are dull. I wonder why?

The Erasmian (September) reaches its second number, and is brimming over with legitimate jubilation at the fact. The *Erasmian* has been—may I say it?—wise enough to take a hint from these columns, and goes in for plenty of "Notes." The result is a very readable magazine. Continue to follow the mag. from Burleigh Street, Mr. Editor, and there will always be—well, a kindly word for you on this page.

Esmeduna (October) is the magazine of the Liverpool College, Shaw Street, and has been forwarded to me by Master Barclay. I thank the young gentleman for his courtesy, and agree with him that *Esmeduna* is well worthy of notice. The same correspondent also enclosed several pen-and-ink sketches, some of which were good, and all of which I shall keep in my strongest treasure-box.

The Exonian (October) has done fairly well for itself in the way of advts., but I observe one empty column. If I had been the editor, I think I should have filled that column with reading matter. But no; there it is—empty! a blank reproach to all Exeter people who deal in draperies or groceries. Ah me!

The Haileyburian (November 3rd) is, as usual, in excellent taste. I am always delighted with the "Poet's Corner" in the *Haileyburian*. Sorry I have no room to quote this month.

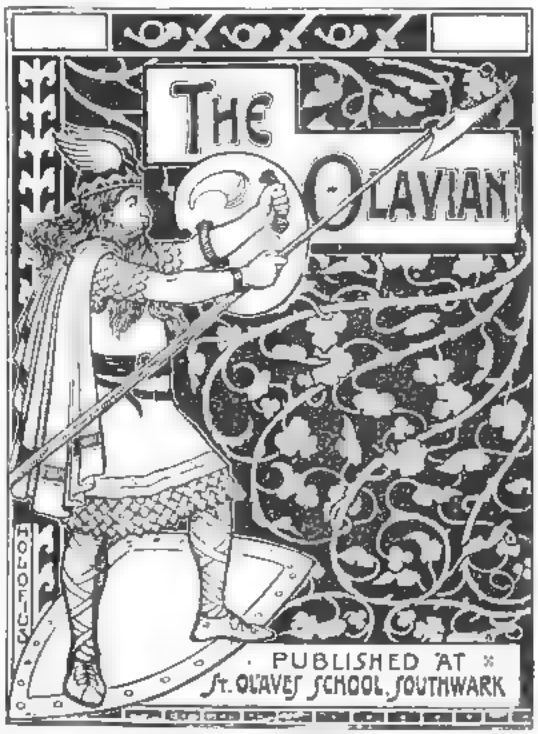
The Hurst Johnian (October) is again crammed full of good things. Its excellence, combined with its handy size, must tempt many people to read it in prep. But, of course, they don't get further than being tempted.

The Lancing College Magazine (October) is very varied in its contents, but perhaps a little scrappy. I should advise the editor to note review of the *Cranleigh School Mag.* just above.

The Magazine of the Congregational School, Caterham Valley (September) is terribly dull. An obituary notice of five and a-half pages is, I venture to assert, too long. I also observe with alarm that an article on "The Mural Painting in Chaldon Church" is to be continued. I shall not read it.

The Malvernian (October) is one of the best school mags. published. Every possible subject is dealt with, and dealt with well.

The Marling School Magazine (summer term) is one of those newly-born publications that fill me with mingled feelings of pride and apprehension—pride, because it is modelled very nearly upon the lines I have always laid down in THE CAPTAIN; apprehension, lest the originators should have tired already of their enterprise, and see fit to hold me responsible for a catastrophe. In the case of the *Marling School Magazine*, however, my apprehension is soon laid to rest. The tone is thoroughly good; irrelevant matter is sternly suppressed; school news is faithfully recorded. Go on in this way, Mr. Newcomer, and you are pretty sure to succeed.



The Mill Hill Magazine (November) contains a very lengthy article on the "History of the Natural History Society," which might have been "cut" with advantage, and these "Rugger" verses, which are quite worthy of quotation:—

Mill Hill! Mill Hill! shove with a will,
Shove with a will with the ball at your feet;
No slacking or shirking, but good honest working,
Shove all together and never be beat.

Back up directly, and pack up correctly,
Three in the front row, and get the first heave;
Hold them, or screw them, or straight ahead through them,
Or heel out at once when the word you receive.

Right! right come round, boys! keen as a hound, boys!
Now look up smartly, and off in full cry,
Right away! rush them! smother and crush them,
Keep the ball moving! Hurrah! it's a try.

N.E.C.S. Magazine (Summer Term) is, I may remind some of my readers, the journal of the North-Eastern County School. The editorial staff have evidently taken some pains with the mag., but they seem to lack the saving grace of humour. I should advise them to turn the school wit loose now and then.

The Newtonian (October), if we may believe the editor, circulates very little amongst the old boys. I am not altogether surprised. It is too dull. Brighten it up, sir, and try again.

The Novocastrian (November) contains a story entitled "Foiled," which runs to four pages. It may be an excellent story from the pen of a worthy writer, but I consider the pages of a school magazine thrown away on short stories that have no bearing on the school itself. I may be wrong, but I have always thought that way. The rest of the journal, barring the ads., is good.

The Olavian (October) is as sumptuous and bulky as ever. Observe the cover, which could give points to many a publication to be bought at railway bookstalls. The bill of literary fare leaves nothing to be desired.

The Ousel (November 7th) is the journal of Bedford Grammar School, and appears weekly. It is not every school that could fill a weekly paper, even if funds would permit of its production. But the *Ousel* quite justifies its frequent printing.

The Peterite (October) is sober and sedate, but I cannot find any serious fault with it, unless it be the seriousness itself. The examination blunders are meant to afford comic relief, I expect, but I fear that line has been overdone.

The Quernmorian (October) very sensibly quotes the pith of Mr. Fry's article on "Hints to Football Captains." That the editor is a man of discernment is also borne out in the rest of the paper.

The Scribbler (October) is as irrepressible and enterprising as ever. This time it is a "Transvaal War Number," and a *book* on the French drama is given away as a supplement. By the way, I hear the proprietors of the *Scribbler* did rather good business out of my last review.

S. Andrew's College Magazine (September) comes from Grahamstown, and I suppose that is why I received such a soiled copy. However, I am glad to note that the cadet corps has been doing great things. It now only remains for the Boers to storm S. Andrew's College, and then history would be made fast enough. Good luck to all Andreans!

(Several reviews held over.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page X. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

When competitions are to be sent on post-cards, no coupons should be attached, as this is contrary to post-office regulations.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 16th.

No. 1.—**Special Prize.** A "Gramophone" **(value £5 10s. 0d.)** will be presented to the reader who sends in the most correct list of the "Best Twelve Short Stories" which have appeared in THE CAPTAIN since its commencement, up to, and including, December, 1899. Those who missed the early numbers can order them through their newsagent, or direct from the publisher, post free, 9d. Likewise, Vol. I. may be had for 6s.

This competition will be decided like the "English Team for Australia" one, *i.e., by vote.* Each short story named will receive one mark, and when it has been found how many marks each story has got, the lists will be gone through again, and the competitor who has the "Best Twelve Short Stories" in the most correct order will receive the "Gramophone." Send lists in thus:—

I consider the following Twelve Short Stories, in order of merit, to be the best that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN *since its commencement.*

STORY.	NAME.
(1) Mrs. Smith's Little Boy ...	John Jones.
(2) Red, White and Blue	Peter Brown.
Etc., etc.	

Age limit: Twenty-five. Last day for sending in, January 16th, 1900.

No. 2.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract on "Resolution." Age limit: Twenty-five.

[Competitors should take care not to send in any extracts which have already appeared in our poetry pages.]

No. 3.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for best Association football team composed of amateurs and professionals mixed. This will be decided by vote, as in the foregoing comps. of this kind, and the winning list will be published in our March number. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**10s. 6d.** for the best map of South America. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—**10s. 6d.** for the best answers to the following geographical conundrums. All the answers are to be found in a good map of Great Britain. Age limit: Sixteen.

1.—Name a good place for pig's cheek.

2.—What town has a provoking name?

3.—Which is the best river to find a good kind of marble in?

4.—Name a noted town for gossip.

5.—Name a windy town.

6.—Where is it they both labour and eat together?

7.—What town comes very near an interjection?

8. Where ought one to get good bread?

9.—At what place ought Alfred the Great to be shown as having neglected to look after those cakes?

10.—Where would you expect to see them burning a thing very useful in your garden?

11.—Where are you always too late for a dance?

12.—At what place is it natural to suppose you would meet with a man named Cox?

No. 6.—Three prizes of **5s. 0d.** for the three best written copies of the first column of "The Professor and the Plot" (see page 372). This competition will be divided into three classes, *i.e.*:

Class I.	Age limit: Fourteen.
Class II.	Age limit: Twelve.
Class III.	Age limit: Ten.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Consolation Prizes will be awarded in every competition—age being taken into consideration.]

(For particulars of Chess Competition see page 407, and for "Sphinx's" great "War Puzzle" see back of frontispiece.)

Weak Eyes comes along with a moan. He declares that the "Answers to Correspondents" are printed "so small" that by the time he has finished them, his eyes "ache and smart." As I have received complaints of this sort before, I am printing my "Answers" in nice big type, technically known as "long primer." But I am wondering how my readers will like the change, and shall be glad to hear from them on the subject. Now let's get right on with all the other "moans."

A New and Ardent Reader says that he hopes I won't put myself to any inconvenience on his account, as he knows that I am too hard worked already. He is quite right there. After informing me that he has had a little kitten given to him, and that he has called it "Captain," he inquires where he can get nigger dialogues for a Christmas entertainment. I think he had better write to Messrs. French & Co., theatrical publishers, Strand, London. This correspondent also wants me to tell him two songs that he can sing, and mentions incidentally that he is not very good at high notes. I should advise him to give "The Mulligan Guards," and "Tommy Atkins." When a high note has to be sung my "new and ardent reader" should get the pianist to "crash" down in the bass. This will drown "new and ardent reader's" failure to reach the vocal Alps he mentions.

Tabbycat says she won't begin by deploring the fact that she is "only a girl," and then, in a strange and sudden manner, asks me (1) whether I can tell her the addresses of Rudyard Kipling and Ranjitsinhji. Now, I have had occasion to write to both Rudyard Kipling and Ranjitsinhji, and have found them both very difficult gentlemen to "corner." I can't say where either of them are at present, but they have both published books, and so "Tabbycat's" best plan would be to write to them "c/o" their publishers. (2) She should enclose a stamped envelope. (3) All letters to Mr. Fry must be addressed: C. B. Fry, Esq., care of the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

"A Young Fag" wants to know if a competitor can enter for more than one competition in the same month How many more times have I got to answer this question? "A Young Fag" can go in for as many competitions as he likes (provided he comes within the age limit) so long as he attaches a coupon to each competition. If "A Young Fag" had taken the trouble to study the conditions which are printed every month, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing this letter

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Observer says that whenever he sees anything wrong, he *must* mention it to the people who are responsible for it, and so he writes to tell me of various typographical errors which occurred in a recent number of this magazine. I have, for instance, printed "*buhses*" instead of "*bushes.*" I am very sorry. If such a thing occurs again I shall give the head printer notice to quit. "Observer" adds that his old school — Felsted — possesses the best public-school bugle band in England. I congratulate Felsted. If any other "observer" has any little item of interest he would like to send me about his school, why, let him send it, and I will "run it in."

An Old Boer wants to know "if you or your old pals can tell him what will cure spots or pimples." I am strongly of opinion that an "An Old Boer's" blood is out of order, and that he ought to look carefully after his

diet, eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, and obey the usual laws of health. Instead of writing and asking me questions that he ought to put to his mother, or doctor, why isn't "An Old Boer" helping his countrymen in the Transvaal? A little "roughing it" in that magnificent air would soon put "An Old Boer's" blood right. I may add that a second-class passage to the Cape costs £17.

Douglas Adams would like to know something further about the competition rules. He says that "he answered one competition quite correctly, but got no prize, and thinks that he must have made a mistake in some other way." Well, my dear "Douglas Adams," although I have said before that I cannot enter into correspondence concerning the competitions, I think I will answer your letter. Very often a good many competitors send in the correct answer, and, in such cases the prize is awarded to the author of the neatest list. You may be sure that all competitions connected with this magazine are judged quite fairly.

"Training Simplified" is a handy shilling manual published by Messrs. Sands & Co. Open it where you will, you find something interesting. Mr. Robert P. Watson, the author, takes "common sense" as the keynote of his book. This is what he says:—

Concerning food. As the tissues alter considerably in the ordinary natural course, so the food must vary, thus contributing to the entire body, and not to any special portion of the system. Mutton, stale bread, beef, rice, beef-tea, salt, raw eggs, porridge, skimmed milk, lamb, asparagus, arrowroot, old ale, brown bread, cabbage, jellies, fowl, cauliflower, oysters, tapioca, tea, sago, and rabbit may be highly recommended. Also, by way of variety, beetroot, claret, cocoa, coffee, mutton chops, fish, fruits, lettuce, puddings, and watercress. Abstain from carrots, pork, crabs, lobsters, bacon, celery, cream, cucumber, curries, duck, goose, jams, salmon, sausages, bottled stout, and beer.

"Dear Mr. Old Fag,—Seeing that in THE CAPTAIN you said you did not see why girls always begin with, 'I'm only a girl,' I am going to tell you. Of course, it is very silly; but some girls have got into the habit of thinking boys are much better than they are; in truth they are not, though sometimes they are better fun. But because a girl can't generally go out and earn her fortune and play footer, and fight, and everything (in public at least), but has to sew and wear gloves (which are horrid!), and not talk much slang, boys are apt to look down upon them, and think themselves far superior, and so some girls think so too. A girl can be every bit as brave as a boy, and when a girl does a brave thing it generally looks braver because she *is* a girl. Nowadays, girls can do most things boys can, and be much nicer too, sometimes. I am a girl, and I *am* proud of it, only I think that every girl ought to try at the same time to show that she is as good as a boy, by being and acting as a lady—as a boy ought to as a gentleman—as well as being good in lessons and sports. Because a boy never begins 'I am only a boy,' it shows that he is not at all modest, and girls frequently are. — Yours ever, SMITE-THEM-HIP-AND-THIGH."

WREXHAM CHURCH TOWER.
Taken from the base by Howard Sinclair Browne.

Aunt Buttons is a very kind aunt who sends THE CAPTAIN every month to her young nephew at school. He appreciates it greatly, and never inquires why it sometimes turns up rather late and with its corners somewhat the worse for wear. "Aunt Buttons" would be obliged if I would have a competition "age limit, sixty," so as to give the old folks a chance. (N.B.—"Uncle Buttons" also desires to send his kind regards.)

P. S. H. (Cork) writes as follows:—

"Dear O.F.,—As you invite criticism of THE 'CAP.,' I think I may as well give you mine. It's 'A 1' in many respects, but needs improvement in the most important point in connection with a boys' paper, viz., serials. You cannot give a representative serial from any decent author in six numbers, and as for three numbers

—well. It won't do to abridge them, as in the case of 'King's Red Coat,' and I think you ought to run two long serials through twelve numbers. There's nothing disgusts a boy more than a short serial. Look at the length of Talbot Baines Reed's school stories (the best stories for boys ever written). Any of them would make twelve of 'The Two Fags,' or 'Red Ram.' I would suggest the following authors for THE CAPTAIN :—

"SCHOOL STORIES: Charles J. Mansford, Harold Avery, R. S. Warren Bell, Andrew Home.

"SEA, OR PIRATE STORIES: S. Walkey, J. R. Hutchinson, Gordon Stables, Harry Collingwood.

"ADVENTURE: G. M. Fenn, David Kerr, Fred Whishaw.

"HISTORICAL AND 'OLD TIME': G. A. Henty, Edgar Pickering, Henry St. John.

"Of course, this list could be vastly improved upon, but these are my favourite boys' authors. I leave out such authors as Max Pemberton, who have taken to writing novels after winning their laurels in boys' literature. Your short stories and competitions cannot be improved upon. I would suggest a 'Biography of Boys' Authors,' living and dead, from J. G. Edgar to the latest favourite. THE CAPTAIN has a very good sale here, and I hope it will have a very prosperous career."

"P. S. H." will observe that I have let him have his say in full, and now I will beg him to remember that this is a monthly magazine, and not a weekly paper, and that our space is necessarily limited. I only run serials for six months because I like each volume to be complete in itself. My policy in this respect having met with the approval of the bulk of my readers, I don't think I will alter it. At the same time, I thank "P. S. H." for his outspoken criticism.

E. H. L. forwards a contribution, "hoping these poems of so rude-cut garb will meet your approval, and that you will allow them to cast a darkling cloud o'er the illumination of your splendid magazine." I am sorry I cannot accept Mr. "E. H. L.'s" poems. It strikes me that he is the sort of young gentleman who, nothing daunted by hard-hearted editors, will go on turning out reams of verse for many years to come. But I hope he won't send them to me. I can't afford to let "E. H. L.,' or anyone else, cast "darkling clouds" o'er the illumination of "my splendid magazine."

Mr. Andrew Home seems to be a very busy man. Before me lie two of his latest books: "The Fellow who Won," and "The Spy in the School," excellent volumes both, costing 3s. 6d. each.

"Association Football," by Mr. N. L. Jackson, ought to be in every school library, as the author deals most comprehensively with his subject. There are chapters on "Ancient History," "The Association Game," "The Play and the Players," "The Game and How to Play it," "The Schools," etc., etc. There are photographs of Westminster, Charterhouse, Brighton College, and Forest School football grounds, and a number of other interesting pictures.

"Sphinx" has sent us an engrossing War Problem, which you will find on the white side of the frontispiece. A prize of £1 1s. is offered for the best solution. Age limit: Twenty-one.

"How to Box" (first article) appears this month. The series is being written by a practical instructor, who some years ago taught the gentle art to large numbers of "undergrads" at Cambridge. However proficient you may be you cannot fail to pick up a number of hints from this series, while novices will find Mr. Mace's advice most valuable.

"Tom Browne's Comic Annual," is on all the stalls. Don't miss it. Personally, I consider it to be a sort of literary and artistic plum-pudding. The tales will make you jump about like Spring-heel Jacks, only worse. If you want to make "pax" with your worst enemy give him a copy of this rib-cracking publication. The price is 6d. I have spoken.

OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S. G.—What on earth is the man doing with his arms spread out in that way?

Phyllis Dale wants to know the highest total scored at cricket by a girl under fifteen.

B. G. S. wishes to correct the list of the Bedford Grammar School Corps which appeared in our November number. The school has eight officers, and thirty N.C.O.'s. The commander's name is Captain Glunicke.

Hilary (GUERNSEY).—I hope the Rugby game will never die out. It is a glorious game. No doubt many schools are obliged to play "Soccer," because to form a Rugby fifteen you want heavy fellows, and only very large schools possess a sufficient number of these.

A Loyal Captainite. — Your letter warmeth my aged heart. The photos you enclose are very interesting.

D. Hawkins.—I cannot say off-hand what I consider the twenty best books for boys. Some like one book, and some another.

An Ardent Reader.—If you go carefully through all your CAPTAINS, up to the present number, you will find that the majority of the prizes have been won by *boys*.

Doris C. warmly upholds her sex. *She* doesn't pine to be a boy, she declares.

A. E. Kino.—(1) I will deal with Australian boys all in good time. (2) Every month more copies are sent to Australia.

X. E. R.—Sketches not quite up to our standard, thanks.

Small.—Do not attempt to stop your growth. You may stop sooner than you want to, for all you can tell. Yes, smoking is a harmful habit. Do not smoke until you are a full-grown man, and then only moderately.

An Old Boy.—I will think it over.

Enthusiastic Reader. — I like the sentiment of your verses, but consider the metre a little "wanting."

A. D. D.—You will observe that I am altering the "get-up" of our cover.

A. S. C. F.—If you will supply me with a few extra tons of paper every month I will have articles about every sort of indoor and outdoor sport. As it is, I must keep to articles which appeal to "the many" rather than to "the few."

T. Nicklin, referring to our recent article on "Medicine," says it should have been stated that the Cambridge Science School is vastly better equipped than the Oxford. He adds that 140 freshmen are reading Medicine at Cambridge this year (1899). His information *re* naval chaplains I have handed to Mr. Manning Foster.

H. B. Claude Bussey.—I have read your letter with a great deal of pleasure. I intend to start that list of "New Books to be Read" very shortly.

Pew. — Your verses, "When We Rally Round the Old Flag," are very spirited. If you had missed the "l" out of "Flag," how complimented I should have been.

J. M. C.—(1) Nine or ten miles an hour should be a good average cycling pace for a girl; (2) Alas! too late now for a Christmas card comp.

Albert P. T. (1) says that he has adopted me for his elder brother. All right, I'm willing. Suppose Albert P. T. comes along and cleans my bicycle! (2) As regards the second part of his letter, he should get the doctor to have a talk with his mother *re* football. In any case, he must abide by the wishes of his mother. (3) Drawing on envelope very accurate. Ten marks.

D'Artagnan wishes to thank the numerous ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly answered his query *re* the parentage of "Raoul."

G. B. Owen-Tuck.—I have made a note of your suggestion *re* Prize Poems and Essays. You see, our competitions must deal with subjects which appeal to the great bulk of readers.

R. H. Southern. — One article on hockey, perhaps; no space for a series.

G. B. M. Power (CLIFTON).—I am using your photograph.

Edwin Todd.—The little verse is rather too well known to quote.

Pipes and Tweedles.—If you read your CAPTAIN thoroughly you will observe that our tales deal with all kinds of schools. So long as I can get a real good yarn I am not particular as to what kind of school it deals with.

Constant Reader says "Rugga Feetball" (the article in our November number) loosened two of his teeth. Poor old chap! He seems a good sort and a sensible sort, for he sent all his back numbers of THE CAPTAIN to Southampton for the soldiers to read on their way to the Cape.

G. A. Hedger.—The only Rugby club playing at or near Barnes is the Hammersmith F.C. The hon. sec. is T. G. Gordon-Tilley, 71, Shaftesbury Road, Hammersmith, W. A 3d. Rugby Handbook in the "English Sports" series has just been issued by Wright & Co., 29, Paternoster Square, and this gives a list of the clubs in membership with the Rugby Union.

Tomboy.—I wish I had space and leisure to write a long answer to your interesting letter. You and others to whom I appear to devote little space must take the will for the deed. You're a good sort, "Tomboy"—I can see that.

A. B. (BUENOS AYRES).—A description such as you require would take up too much room. Can't you get a practical electrician in your part of the world to explain the matter to you?

J. M. B.—You go along to the nearest farm, and have a chat with the good wife there. She'll tell you all about it. I don't know anything about ducks myself.

C. L. B. (VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA) tells me that he has to pay ninepence for THE CAPTAIN out there, but thinks it would be cheap at half-a-crown! Now if I were a young man this would make me conceited.

Spider.—I thank you for your interesting letter.

Arthur J. King.—As you are strong and fit I think volunteering would do you a lot of good. You needn't "catch on" bad language unless you like, and, as you seem to be a fellow of some strength of mind, I don't think you need fear joining the volunteers on that account. If you keep from using bad language, in spite of what the other fellows do in your office, you will earn their respect, and, in time, your influence for good will be felt. It is not at all manly to use bad language. Some of the greatest men that ever lived were never in the habit of swearing—General Gordon, for example. I am sure you will make a good volunteer, as you are the sort of fellow we want in our "citizen army."

B. H. K. Orchard (PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, S.A.) writes: "It is with pleasure I at last read of a competition open to Colonials in the October number of THE CAPTAIN, and which I shall take part in. I wonder where W. H. G. is now. For at time of writing, Newcastle is in the hands of the Boers, and it was evacuated ere the Boers entered it. We are having stirring times in Natal now, but that does not hinder me from reading THE CAPTAIN. I am sending all my past numbers to the front for the use of the wounded men of our glorious army and volunteers in hospital."

Lindleau has "a great many tokens of public-houses and shops," and can I tell him if they are worth anything? I don't know. Perhaps some reader does, though.

Sarnia.—Sorry I cannot ask you to do the interview you mention. I thank you for your suggestion.

D. O.—I think the writer of that article on girls has been sufficiently jumped on. He says that in future he will confine himself to such subjects as "The Honorificabilitudinity of Homer," because Homer can't hit back like you girls did.

W. H. A. R.—Photo received. I will keep it until I have enough "pretty sisters" to make a page.

Sent from the Stormy North.—There are some splendid "Puzzles" in the Puzzle King interview. Boxing article, No. 1, in this issue. See August "Editorial" for hints on black-and-white work.

G. E. M.—"Conjuring Tricks," with many other subjects, must wait their turn.

An Amateur Editor.—As regards your question *re* "How to start a school magazine," see answer to "W. R." in the June number (No. 3).

T. M. H. wants to become a phonographer. Mr. Manning Foster has written a little article on the subject which "T. M. H." will find on page 401.

Several readers having written to me for information on models and model engineering, and little electrical matters, I beg to inform all such that they cannot do better than study the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*, price 2d. Address: 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C. The *Model Engineer* is full of information and pictures.

Mr. Joseph Hyles, 5, Wensleydale Road, Thornbury, Bradford, informs Mr. L. S. Argent that he has a copy of the "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, to sell, price 10s.

G. N. says he is fifteen, and wants to cure his knees, which knock. I should advise him to write to Eugen Sandow, Esq., Savoy Street, London, W.C., who tells me that his system will cure knock-knees.

C. Edward Stockton, John Cox, Guy Centaro, "Muriel," and others are thanked for their kind letters and suggestions. When a sufficient number of school cricket results have been received a third list will be published.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on "The New Year."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to GEORGE STRATTON, 76, Mackintosh Place, Cardiff.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reginald Holte Southern, Lilian R. Ormiston, Norman Smythe, Frances Bernard, William Armstrong, Elsie Stevenson, Thomas Kembery, Lila Lang, Ernest Tancock, Alice Lennox Scott, H. M. Paul, Madeline Mather, Arthur Silcock, H. S. W. Edwardes, F. D. Thomas, Ethel Coppock, Beatrice Porter, S. G. Woodhouse, Herbert Brown, Mathew Cleland, Gordon Smith, Jean M. Thistlethwaite, F. Lucas, Cecil A. Stephens, J. Mathews, G. B. Owen-Tuck, Evelyn Mather, Herbert Fleming, Harold Brough, Gertrude Mallam, R. Harold Royle, A. Burt, V. E. Fanning, Alice Mackenzie Tickle, W. N. Hollowell.

No. II.—Best "How to Make" Article.

£2 2s. divided between: T. J. CHILD, 137, Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E. (*How to make a 10-Rating Racing Model Yacht*); and H. S. W. and ARNOLD EDWARDES, 30, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood (*How to make a Bicycle House*).

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: B. BURT, Evergreen Cottage, Roxborough Road, Harrow; W. F. LITTLE, 145, London Road, Croydon; and GORDON MCVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James F. Lyall, James Thomson, R. Trevethan, J. Corbet Browne, James S. Paterson, C. F. Jerman, F. C. Lucas, Cyril H. Smith, Alan H. Todd, F. W. Mullins, Eric Falkner, L. E. Walsh, F. W. Pounds, Arthur Harrington, Albert Coleman.

No. III.—Best Essay on "Good Resolutions, and How to Keep Them."

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: IDA WILD, 23, Tremadoc Road, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: WINIFRED A. EVANS, Brimscombe Court, Stroud, Gloucestershire; and HEDLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Morris, William Reilly, John A. Blackburn, Ernest Prahl, Richard Care, Abraham Elkin, Gladys Peacock.

No. IV.—Best Drawing of "A Fireplace."

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: ALFRED RIGBY, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexander Park, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hully, C. H. Leigh, Stephen C. Wace, Henry S. Chamberlain, Irene Martin, S. Constance Kirkpatrick, Percy Bartlett, Herbert Macklin, Thomas Slater, Ellen Frances Cross Brown.

No. V.—Most Lively Account of an "Association Football Match" between two Teams composed of Favourite Authors.

£1 1s. divided between: JOHN M. SMITH, 2, Henry Nelson Street, South Shields, and S. G. PIGGOTT, "Rapsley," Ewhurst, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: L. HOWE, "Broadview," Carlton Colville, Lowestoft; and A. G. H. ELMSLIE, 1, Cambridge Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald Hedley, Harold Kingston, Stewart Davenport, F. Dolley, James Forrester, Bernard Charlton.

No. VI.—Best Copy, in Plain or Coloured Printing, of the following Verse:—

> I hold it truth with him who sings,
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Ker-Fox, Raymond Binns, Frederick Higgins, Eric Morley, Everest Windsor, Jack Mosse, E. Brooke-Hunt, W. Richards, J. Attner, Hazil Browne, E. E. Walker, Margaret Cannan, Edith Humphreys, H. J. Carter, T. Slater, junr., Maude Gerrard, Robinetta Bradshaw.

No. VII.—Best Description of "My Favourite Picture."

10s. 6d. divided between: GWENDOLEN BRADDELL, "Trematine," Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick, W.; and G. L. BOURNE, 25, Goodrich Road, E. Dulwich.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: V. WAKEFORD, "The Yews," Glencagle Road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lilhe Lowes, H. T. Crichton, Edwin S. E. Todd.

No. VIII.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit, Fourteen.)

10s. 6d. divided between: LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro, Cornwall; and FRANK THOMAS TURNER, 51, Plashet Lane, Upton Park, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: J. P. LINE, Westheld House, Baker Street, Reading; and LEONARD JOHN SMITH, 24, Gladstone Place, Aberdeen, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. S. Longman, Alphonse Blackmore, Vera M. Brunt, Lily Atkins, Bertram James Crafer.

No. IX.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Twelve.)

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Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

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He! He! He!
He! He! He!

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